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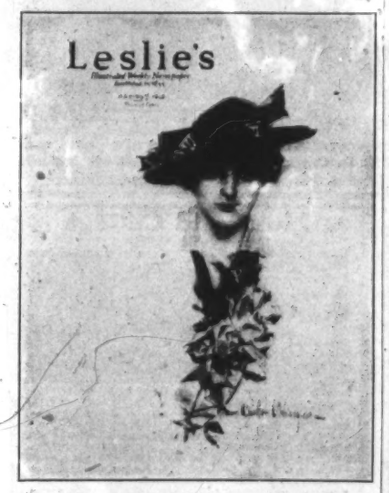

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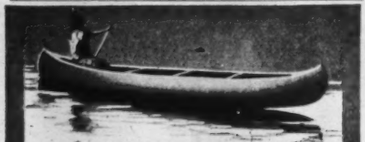

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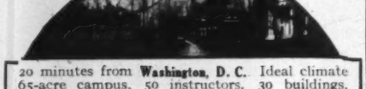

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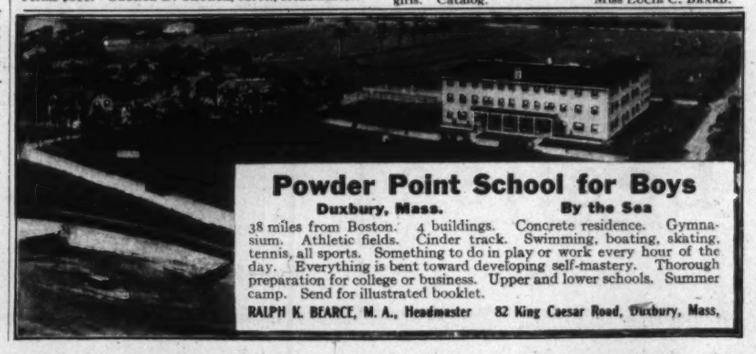

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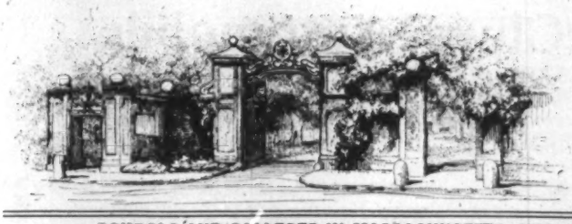

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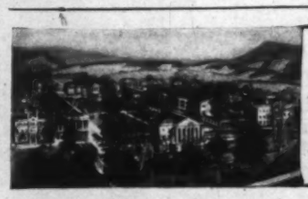

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McClure Automobile Department

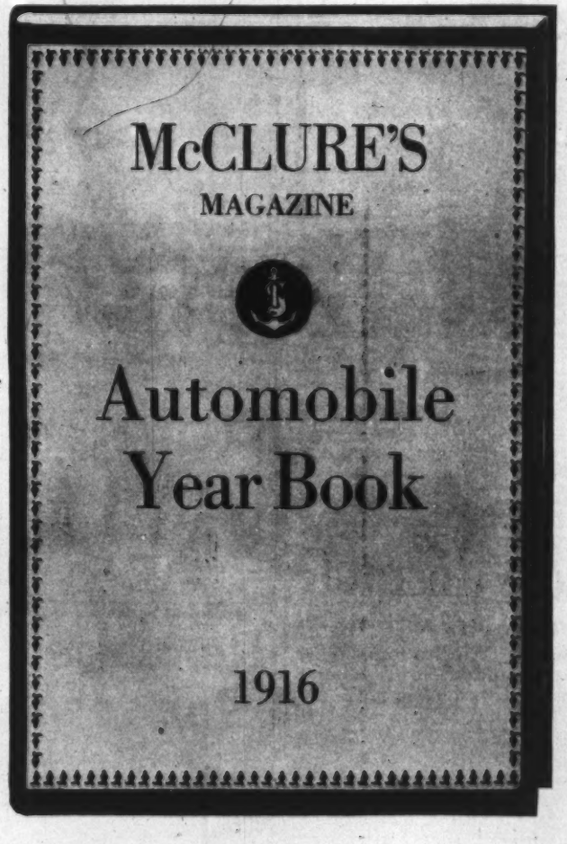
AN automobile department, which will be a permanent editorial feature, has been established by McClure's Magazine. The first article for this department, entitled "Must We Pay More for Automobiles?" by Waldemar Kaempffert, editor of the Popular Science Monthly, appears on page 77 of this issue. There will be an article each month by Mr. Kaempffert dealing with some important phase of automobiles and the automobile industry. These articles will not be technical—they will interest you whether you own a car or not, and you will always feel repaid for having read them.

McClure's Magazine Automobile Year Book

IN every large city each year there is held an automobile show. It is a big event. Thousands attend each year, but thousands living at a long distance cannot attend these shows. To those who are especially interested in automobiles because of owning a car or expecting some day to own a car, McClure's offers an automobile year book. This book virtually brings the big automobile show to your home. McClure's Magazine Automobile Year Book will contain illustrations of all of the principal cars, both pleasure and commercial, that are made in America. Specifications and prices will also be given. In this respect the book will be made very helpful for the average man who wishes to compare the specifications, designs and prices of all the principal American made cars.

The Care of a Motor Car

IN this Year Book you will also find an important article on the care of a motor car. This article in the estimation of many men is alone worth the price we are asking for the book. Another article, giving practical advice to the man who has just purchased a car, is also incorporated in this book. Such an article as this has never been published in a book for general distribution among automobile owners and we believe will be greatly appreciated. By way of example, you will find in this article some pertinent advice as to just what to do when you stall your engine for the first time going up a hill, advice about how to avoid skidding, and just what to do if your car does suddenly skid while going down hill. These and other topics suggested by practical automobile men are treated in an intensely interesting and helpful way. There is also a list of all of the best makes of automobile tires, with table giving sizes of treads, prices, etc.



THE McClure Year Book is bound with a stiff board cover—size 5½"x7⅞" over all, and about 300 pages. It is well printed on coated stock, and is a book you will undoubtedly have occasion to refer to often. It will be sold for fifty cents and will be sent prepaid to any one sending that amount in stamps to McClure's Magazine. Address all communications to McCLURE AUTOMOBILE DEPARTMENT, McCLURE BUILDING, NEW YORK.

McClure's May Bulletin

of Pure Foods and Toilet Preparations

THE following food products, beverages and toilet preparations, advertised in McClure's, have been investigated and approved by Professor Lewis B. Allyn, Food editor of The McClure Publications. In recommending these goods to McClure readers through this Bulletin each month we believe that we can help you safeguard your buying. All have been advertised in McClure's Magazine within the past year. Others will be added to the list each month. Watch this list and use it as a buying guide.

Baby Foods
Borden's Condensed Milk Co.
Eskay's Food
Mellin's Food

Baking Powders
Royal Baking Powder

Beverages
Walter Baker & Co.
Blooker's Cocoa
Horlick's Malted Milk (Page 62)
Pacific Coast Condensed Milk Co.
Postum
Rose's Lime Juice
White House Coffee

Candies and Confections
Ambrosia Chocolate Co.
Luden's Cough Drops
Lowney's Chocolates
Sterling Gum (Page 38)
Whitman's Chocolates

Cereals
Cream of Wheat
Grape Nuts (Page 39)
Post Toasties
Quaker Oats Co. (Page 51)
Shredded Wheat

Crackers and Biscuits
National Biscuit Company (Page 80)

Fish Products
Burnham & Morrill Fish Flakes (Page 81)
Frank E. Davis Fish Co.

Fruits
Atwood Grapefruit Company

Miscellaneous Food Products
Beech-nut Packing Company
Heinz 57 Varieties (Page 45)
Swift & Co.

Soups
Campbell Varieties (Page 35)

Sugar
Crystal Domino Sugar

Tonics
Malt-Nutrine (Page 71)
Peter Moller's Cod Liver Oil
Vinol
Sanatogen (Page 6)

Toilet Preparations
Baldpate Hair Tonic (Page 56)
Chas. Baez Azurea Face Powder
California Citrus Cream
Carmen Powder
Colgate's Products (4th Cover)
Cuticura Soap (Page 50)
Depree Chemical Co. (Page 61)
Fairy Soap
Florence Mfg. Co.
Hinds, A. S.
Ivory Soap (Page 8)
F. F. Ingram's Milkweed Cream
B. J. Johnson Soap Co.
Lambert Pharmacal Co., Listerine (Page 64)
I. W. Lyon & Son
Mentholatum
Mülhens & Kropff Products (Page 56)
"Mum" Mfg. Co.
Murray & Lanman's Florida Water
Newskin Company
"Nujol" (Page 87)
Nyal's Face Cream Soap
Oakland Chemical Co. (Page 83)
Packer's Tar Soap (Page 2)
Palmolive Products
Pears' Soap
Pebeco Tooth Paste (Page 36)
Pompeian Night Cream (Page 40)
Resinol Soap (Page 72)
Rexall Hair Tonic
Paul Rieger's Perfumes (Page 87)
J. B. Williams' Products
Woodbury's Facial Soap

Miscellaneous
Pompeian Olive Oil (Page 65)

All food products and beverages advertised in McClure's Magazine must conform to the Westfield standard as follows:

The McClure-Westfield Standard of Pure Foods

Foods shall not contain added ALUM, COPPER, FORMALDEHYDE, SULPHUROUS ACID or its Salts, BORIC ACID or its Salts, BENZOIC ACID or its Salts, FORMIC ACID or its Salts, HYDROFLUORIC ACID or its Salts, SALICYLIC ACID or its Salts, nor any other non-condimental preservative.

Food shall not be colored with COAL TAR DYES, nor with poisonous VEGETABLE COLORS, nor be contaminated with inert fillers, nor shall any substance be taken therefrom or added thereto so as to injuriously affect their quality, strength or purity.

Foods shall be packed and sold under sanitary conditions and package goods shall bear no DISHONEST LABEL nor labels bearing any EXTRAVAGANT or OBSCURE STATEMENTS.

Prof. Lewis B. Allyn (Food Editor of the McClure Publications) has made Westfield, Mass., nationally known as "The Pure Food Town," and his exacting food standards can likewise make your home "A Pure Food Home."

The Westfield Pure Food Book, compiled by Prof. Allyn as chemist for the Westfield Board of Health, will give you a complete list of products that have been analyzed and certified as safe, pure and wholesome—over fifteen hundred of them. By special arrangement with the Westfield Authorities we offer you this book at its cost to us.

It contains 72 pages and is bound in stiff covers—size 9¼ x 5¼. It gives you advice on the food values of various foods as well.

Fill out attached coupon and mail to-day with 25c in stamps or silver. The use of this book will keep impure foods out of your home. Your grocer can furnish you many of the certified brands under any classification. *Send for it to-day.*

Pure Food Department, McClure Publications, 251 Fourth Avenue, New York City (McC)

Enclosed find 25c for which you will please send a copy of The Westfield Pure Food Book to

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Street _____ My grocer is _____

P. O. _____ Address _____

THE ETRUSCAN

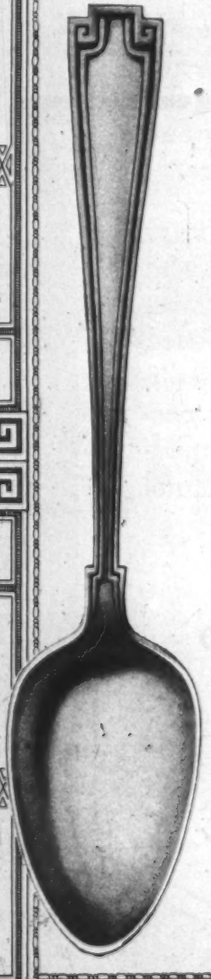
A distinctive Gorham design in solid silver

THIS design, with its Greek fret, or key *motif*, is a pattern of singular simplicity and strength.

It embraces a complete assortment of Table Silver, Dinnerware and Tea and Coffee Services.

A silverware pattern of such merit and distinction is not to be limited in its uses, but is worthy to officiate in all departments of the table.

TEA SPOON ACTUAL SIZE



Best of all, it is a pattern of which you will never tire, for the Etruscans flourished 1000 years before the Christian era, and after 25 centuries the world still does honor to Etruscan art.

The art which has survived 25 centuries of change is a safe choice in period silverware.

It is Gorham made and bears this indenture

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For sale by leading jewelers everywhere

THE GORHAM CO.

Silversmiths and Goldsmiths

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SOFT silky hair, smooth white skin, delicate little garments—from head to foot everything about a child says, "To keep me clean use Ivory Soap".

To the mother who knows Ivory Soap nothing else seems quite good enough; nothing else seems to have the purity and mildness which she desires.

For thirty-seven years Ivory Soap has been associated with the most exacting of toilet, laundry and household uses. Wherever cleaning tends to irritate or injure, making necessary a soap of extreme mildness and purity, it is natural to trust to Ivory.

IVORY SOAP

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Volume XLVII
Number 1

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

FREDERICK L. COLLINS, *Editor* CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, *Managing Editor*

MAY
1916

The conductor came running up from the rear, and behind him crunched the hurried steps of the brakemen and what passengers were not in their berths

The Lone Rider

by B. M. Bower and Buck Connor

A MOUSE-COLORED mule, packed heavily with bags of sand from a dry arroyo a mile or so away, the bags covered with a dirty square of canvas and tied firmly in place with a beautifully made one-man diamond hitch, stood squarely across the railroad track near Dry Devils River and brayed into the night. A bag that tantalized him with its smell of grain was bound over his eyes so tightly that he could not even blink. Worse outrage to the feelings of a well-meaning mule who has borne uncomplainingly the burdens of a haste-harried master, his two front feet were hobbled with a chain and the chain was padlocked to the rail that hummed faintly with the coming of a train somewhere back among the hills.

His two hind feet were hobbled also and the chain that held them together was padlocked to the other humming rail. And so, more helpless than a bug impaled on a pin, he switched his skimpy tail like the erratic swinging of a pendulum gone mad, and laid back his long, protesting ears and lifted his nose and brayed raspingly. Brayed until the coyotes in the far cañons hushed their yapping to listen. Brayed until it seemed as though the harsh, ripping noises he made must be the lining of his lungs tearing loose. His nose was pointed toward a star that was sliding nearer and nearer to the tip of a certain rough pinnacle until it threatened to slip behind it and away from the clamor.

Once — just once — a horse whinnied, back at the opening of the cut in the hills where the mule had been placed. The mule hushed for a minute, as though satisfied that he was not, after all, deserted. Then his great ears flapped forward as his nose dropped investigatively to the louder drumming of the rails; and, fresh alarm tingling along every strained nerve in his bony frame, he began braying again. Once after that he stopped to listen. That was when, close and menacing, the train whistled shrilly for the crossing of a trail that wound down toward Dry Devils River.

On a rocky hillside that sloped steeply away from the track, a white light showed; lengthened to a brilliant brush that flicked a farther hillside; swung back to the top of the cut where the mule stood braying, and bathed it brightly so that every little clod of earth was sharply defined. It broadened there — the searching white light; then it was snuffed out for ten seconds so that only a glow remained in the sky. It returned, and flashed upon the opening of the cut, revealing a saddled horse that stood ten paces from the track, with dropped reins and all his weight resting upon three legs. The horse threw up its head and looked straight into the blinding glare of the headlight. Standing so, he oddly resembled a startled person with big spectacles, for the white blaze in his face curved down under his eyes in perfect half circles, and his forelock, extending down under the brow-band of his bridle, hid the white that was on his forehead.

Up in the cab of the engine the fireman sat leaning out of the window for a breath of cool air after some

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sharp work with his fire. He was a young fellow, not so long a fireman that he had lost interest in the little incidents of a night run. He saw the horse and he grinned at the queer look of spectacles on its face. Then the engineer swore and reached for the air valve, and the fireman's hand went mechanically to the whistle cord even as his eyes left the horse and swung ahead to the track. The engine screamed hoarse warning, and the fireman swore a duet with the engineer. The pack mule did not move, except that his long ears flapped forward and back with his braying, which the frenzied blasts of the whistle could not altogether drown.

When the train came to a grinding, panting pause the mule was so near to being a dead mule that the point of the "cowcatcher" was nosed in under his shrinking paunch. You can't blame the engineer and fireman for going white. There was something uncanny about that squarely planted pack mule that brayed and trembled and yet did not move. Furthermore, it was so close a call that they could scarcely believe in the reality of their escape from a wreck. They climbed down to shoo the animal out of the way. The conductor came running up from the rear, and behind him crunched the hurried steps of the brakemen and what passengers were not in their berths. The mail clerks craned out of a half-opened door, warned by that mysterious sixth sense, which scientists have failed properly to name, that something unusual had happened.

An attempt to wreck the train, the group huddled around the chained mule pronounced it. Curiously, the thought of robbery did not occur to anyone just then. There had been labor troubles on that line, and revenge is a plausible motive for every crime under the sun. So they never thought to go back and see what was happening in the express car. The fireman forgot all about the queer, spectacled horse standing back there with dropped bridle reins. He was busy, as were the others, with the hobble chains on the mule. With a hammer from the tool box on the engine, he smashed the padlock that held the hind feet fast — which, when you stop to think of it, was a foolish thing to do; for the instant the chains were unwound from the rails, the mule humped his back and kicked, and the fireman forgot everything he had ever known. The group scattered; and after they had picked up the fireman and yelled for water and whiskey and other restoratives, they returned with much caution to the mule's head. They wrangled over the ethics of shooting the mule before they unchained him, and they yelled warnings at every man who approached gingerly with the hammer, and in one way and another they spent fifteen or twenty minutes over the problem of removing the obstacle as painlessly as possible to all concerned.

The fireman came to, but he was a sick young man and his conversation consisted of weak curses heaped upon the mule and his own carelessness. A brakeman took his place in the cab, and the fireman was carried to an empty tourist berth. The conductor went back along the train to the smoker, the bell clanged, the conductor gave the "high sign" with his lantern, and the engine, snorting disgustedly, moved on through the cut and began boring its way through the hills again, trying to make up the time it had lost.

Later, it was found that the mail-and-express car had been robbed. The gagged clerks gave thick-tongued testimony which tallied exactly, even under biting cross-questioning. One man had entered the car through the end door, which had been left partly open for sake of the cool breeze that blew in. He had covered them with two guns, and had made one man bind and gag the others, he himself performing that unpleasant operation upon the last. Then he had taken what he wanted — which was everything that looked like money, and included a large shipment of gold and currency consigned to a bank in El Paso — and had departed without a word. His orders when he first entered he had given in a hoarse whisper. He was masked, and he wore a long, loose coat which concealed his figure, although they got the impression of a bulky frame and great strength. They all agreed that he was tall, considerably above the average in fact. Beneath his mask a brown beard hid his chin and throat.

The company detectives immediately began nosing for clues, and failed to find any. The mule was a stray. They found him with the sand still packed on his back, and they removed it and turned him loose — a thankful mule that took to the deeper hills and stayed there. The saddle bags were like thousands of the kind, the canvas was just dirty canvas, the rope disheartening non-committal. The chains could be duplicated anywhere. The padlocks were just ordinary padlocks and a grain bag is just a grain bag, wherever you find it. Even a pair of famous man-trailing police dogs sniffed a peppery scent and quit. So the company detectives threw up their hands, figuratively speaking, and after furnishing every bank and every sheriff in the country with the serial numbers of the stolen banknotes they went about other business.

So in the course of time the case was turned over to the Texas Rangers — it being frequently their lot to take the trails on which other men have failed. Captain Oakes, sitting before his desk at the Ysleta headquarters, read twice the meager details of the hold-up, sucked at a cigar and meditated for a minute. Then he stepped to the door and called Bill Gillis out of the lounging group that was mingling voices and cigarette smoke in a shady place.

Now Bill Gillis was little, and he had friendly eyes and a smile that was like sudden sunshine on a day of lowering storm-clouds. He had a genius for telling funny stories in the negro dialect, and he could explode into swift, swearing anger quicker and with less cause than any other man in southern Texas. But in a tight place Bill Gillis was as unemotional as a bored street-car conductor taking up fares on the last run of his shift. On a blind trail Bill Gillis never thought anything too trivial for investigation. At the head of a scouting party his discipline was unyielding, his leadership never questioned.

He came, still chuckling over a joke he had just succeeded in "putting over" on one of the boys, and he flung a retort of doubtful propriety over his shoulder while he pinched out the fire of his cigarette. But he reached the office in a third less time than the average man would have taken, and he stood before his captain with the straight back of a soldier and the alert look of a hound being given the scent.

"Gillis, you are to get to work on that train hold-up case down at Dry Devils River. Here's the report as I got it, and the numbers of the stolen currency. That's the only clue, so far as anyone has discovered. You can have two men, and this time I'll let you name them if you'd rather."

"Charlie Horne and Van Dillon, then," replied Gillis briefly.

The captain's eyes twinkled at the promptness of the choice; for although rangers are comrades all and clannish, special friendships are bound to take root and grow in that soil of constant danger and absolute loyalty to their creed and to one another. He had known beforehand whom Bill Gillis would name: Charlie Horne, his faithful pal from the time of their intrepid service together in the Philippines, and Van Dillon, the kid whom Bill had taken under his wing from the day of Van's joining the force.

"Take your outfits with you on the train, and get horses where you land. You may be out for some time. This trail, if I guess right, will go beyond that hold-up, and into some of this border rottenness we're trying to clean up. So shape your actions accordingly, Gillis, and take your time. You can catch the seventeen."

That is why three young fellows checked their bedding rolls and a meager camp outfit for the evening train going east from Ysleta, and deposited themselves and their cased carbines in the smoker. Throughout the trip no man saw them speak to one another. They sat far apart and were incurious toward their neighbors and smoked or dozed the time away. But had you watched them you might have noticed that never did the three doze at the same time, and never did a passenger enter or leave the car unseen by at least one of the three. And so, in time, they arrived at Del Rio, which was their destination. Thereafter their movements were more obscure.

"Down here on that Dry Devils hold-up case, ain't yuh, Bill?" he questioned with a sharp glance. "I figured it was about ripe for the rangers to pick——"

Little Bill Gillis was sitting on the counter of the general store which held the post-office at a place

we shall call Cobra, though that is not the correct name or anything like it. Bill was sitting with one elbow on the wooden rim of the showcase which held pipes and things like that. His big gray Stetson was pushed back on his head, and he was kicking his spurred boot-heels together and telling a funny story to the half-dozen men who surrounded him while they waited for the mail. At the opposite counter Van Dillon — just a big, good-looking kid to whose smooth face the feel of a razor was yet a novelty — was inspecting a pile of violent silk neckerchiefs with some thought of buying one.

Bill paused before the point of his story and glanced out through the open doorway to where a man was just dismounting from a rangy black horse with high hip bones and a lean sweaty neck. Bill's eyes came twinkling back to his audience, and while he finished the story and got the laugh he played for, he lifted his hat and reset it on his head at a different angle; which caught the slant-eyed glance of Van Dillon, who turned at the signal to see who was coming.

The stranger, a slight, medium-sized man with an easy smile, came in with that peculiar, stiff-legged gait which tells of long rides in the saddle and of high-heeled boots. At once his eyes went to the face of Bill Gillis and rested there.

"Why, hello!" he cried, not loudly, but with eager welcome. "Haven't seen you for ages. How you coming, ole-timer?"

"Comin' right along with the bunch," Bill drawled humorously. "How's things?"

"Aw — all right in spots. Say," he added with an odd look in his eyes, "I want to show you my new horse before I leave. I'm just in after the mail."

"Sure." Bill looked toward the post-office, where the pine board was sliding up from the delivery window. "I'll be right with yuh, Wolf." He slid off the counter, hitched his gun belt up on his slim hips and followed the group that had shifted its attention to the grimy hand that was pushing letters and papers through the bars of the little window. He stood close to Van, and he muttered over the fresh cigarette he was rolling:

"Wolf Masters, an old school pal of mine. Brand Inspector now for the Cattlemen's Association. Wants a talk with me — maybe knows something. You go on out to camp. I'll be along *pronto*."

Van bought the lemon-yellow neckerchief which he happened to hold in his hand and which he was not at all sure that he wanted, and strolled out with that sublime insouciance which always tickled Bill Gillis when he saw the kid assume the pose to cover his secret sense of importance. Wolf Masters got his mail and went out and stood on the narrow store platform, rolling a cigarette and glancing idly up and down the squalid, adobe-bordered street. In a minute Bill Gillis followed him out with a letter or two in his hand. Wolf glanced toward him carelessly and started down the steps towards the lean black that watched his approach interestedly.

"What yuh think of him, Bill?" Wolf inquired clearly, nodding toward the horse. "Got him in a trade — traded off that pot-bellied pinto you always laughed at."

By then the two were standing beside the horse, and Wolf's voice lowered a full tone.

"Down here on that Dry Devils hold-up case, ain't yuh, Bill?" he questioned with a sharp glance. "I figured it was about ripe for the rangers to pick — the way the rest have been messing around stepping on their own feet and getting nowhere at all. If you ain't down here for that, it's none of my business what brought yuh, Bill; but if you are, I can slip you a little dope I got while I was riding after stock down that way."

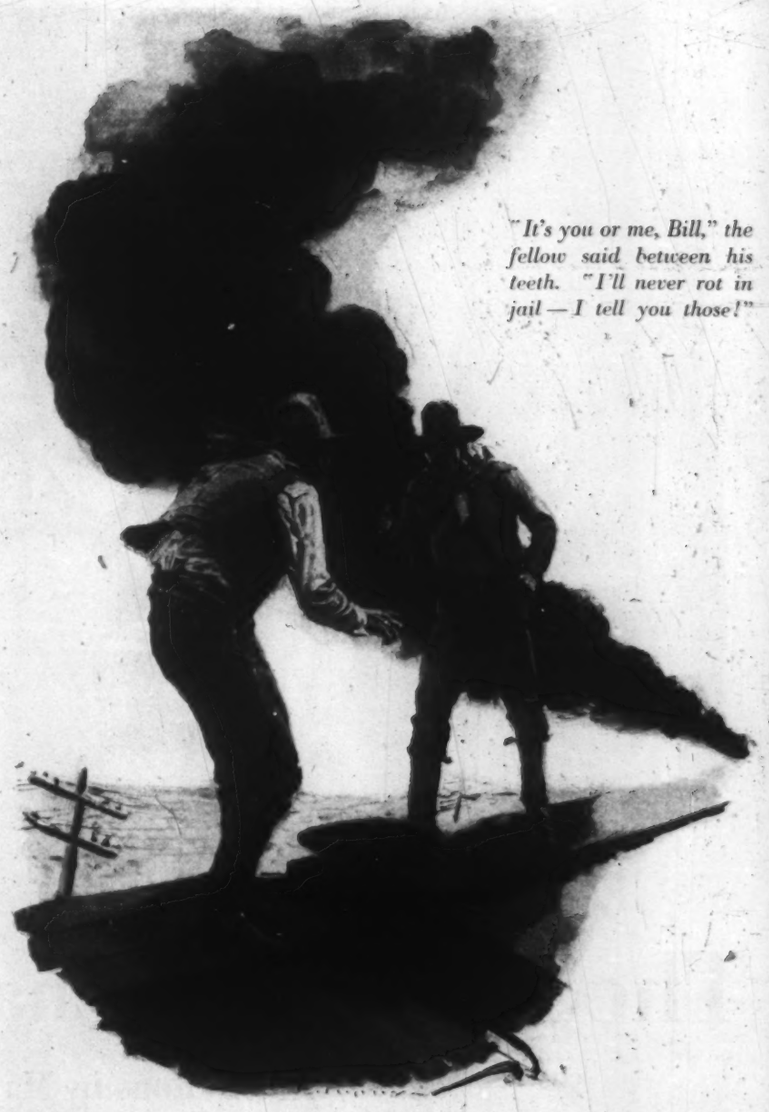
"Much obliged, Wolf." Bill moved toward the horse's nose, from where he had a clear view of the store front. "Shoot — I need all the dope I can get my hands on."

"Well, to cut it short — I've got a long ride to make yet today — I was riding for the Association down that way, just the next morning after the hold-up. I'd heard about the train being held up there. So I swung around and come up the Dry Devils trail to the place where it happened — see? And I scouted around there on my own hook to see what I could make of it. Uh course it wasn't in my line of work, and I hadn't any authority but my own curiosity. But, anyway, I found where a saddle horse had stood for an hour or more, I should judge. I couldn't see signs of more than one, though. I took up the trail and followed it for three or four miles, maybe, down toward Dry Devils. I lost it in a rocky draw that has got two or three ways out — and I didn't have time then to try and pick it up beyond there. I can show you the place, though, if you like. I'm going down that way again, tomorrow or next day. Today I've got to go up above here and look through a bunch of stock. There's been a lot of rustling around here lately — keeps a fellow humping."

"Wish you could go down there today," Bill mourned. "I'll have to get on the job right away, I reckon. Whereabouts is that draw?"

"Well, you strike the cut just this side of the third tunnel, at the Del Rio end — that's where the fellow left his horse. You take across the track — see? and you go down kinda angling—" He pulled a pencil out of his pocket and turned a dangling corner of his yellow slicker up against the saddle skirt. "This scorched spot I dropped a match on," he said, "we'll call the cut where the train was held up. Right here's where the horse stood, we'll say. Now the fellow crossed the track and rode down along this little cañon." He proceeded to sketch roughly the trails and the various draws which made rough going down Dry Devils way; and as his pencil pointed the way, he explained in curt, vivid phrasings just where and why he had lost the trail of the man who robbed the train.

"If them boobs had savvied trailing," he went on, "I'd have told 'em what I found. But they left it to the dogs — and when the dogs quit they quit. Believe me, Bill, I'd rather take a chance with my own eyes and trail sense, than bank on a brindle dog's nose."



"It's you or me, Bill," the fellow said between his teeth. "I'll never rot in jail — I tell you those!"

Bill's eyes were lingering on the crude map, and he only nodded.

"Well, I wish yuh all kinds of luck," Wolf summed up his attitude. "If I get onto anything else I'll slip it to you. And if you'll let me know about any funny brands you happen to notice, I'll say we're square."

"Sure, I will," Bill promised. "Where you stopping, Wolf?"

Wolf eased himself into the saddle and grinned down at him. "Wherever I throw my beddin'-roll," he replied sententiously. "I'm doing two men's riding these days. I wish the Association would make a holler for ranger help. I could hand you some fine long rides, Bill."

"Oh, I'm pretty well provided for in that line," Bill drawled, his eyes twinkling with humorous sympathy. "Don't ever come up to Ysleta looking for the rest-cure, Wolf. *Adios*."

"*Adios* — be good, Bill," Wolf called back as he pivoted his horse to head down the street and into the trail which led north. He jerked his hat forward to tighten it on his head, tilted his rowels toward the horse's flanks and went loping away, singing a bit of a song as he went. Bill looked after him until he had turned the corner of a squat adobe warehouse. Then he got his own horse and jogged out of town toward the camp he had unobtrusively pitched in a tiny pocket in the hills where there was water and a little grass for the horses.

He was half tempted to overtake Wolf and ask him his opinion of the hold-up. Wolf's business carried him all up and down the border in this section of the State, and if anyone had a theory that was worth anything upon the matter it would be Wolf Masters.

But Bill never liked to go around begging advice or information from his friends. He did yield to the impulse, however, sufficiently to stop his horse at the end of the crooked little street just where it ended against a sandy knoll, and sit there for a half minute debating the question. When he started on, he turned into a narrow alley that opened into his own trail near the farther end.

A horse nickered expectantly from an adobe ruin at his left. His own horse perked its ears that way, and Bill twitched the reins and moved closer to the windowless hut, and glanced in. To an iron ring fixed in the farther wall, a saddled sorrel horse was tied with a yard or so of the twine that is used to sew grain sacks. He swung half around and looked at Bill inquiringly; and Bill, always observant, saw that he was a blaze-faced sorrel with the white patch blending into the sorrel hair and making light roan half circles under his eyes. But having heard nothing about the horse which looked as if he wore spectacles, he rode on never dreaming that he had been within ten feet of a real clue. He did wonder why the horse was tied there in that ruin of a cabin instead of outside somewhere, and he thought it queer that the horse was tied with a piece of binding twine that a sudden jerk would be sure to break. Beyond that his interest did not go; at least, not until he had ridden a few hundred yards farther and heard a clattering in the rocky trail that angled along the sidehill away from his own.

Bill swung around in the saddle and saw the blaze-faced sorrel galloping riderless out of town. He pulled up for the second time, half-minded to take after the sorrel — for there is an unwritten law in the rangeland concerning the catching of runaway saddle horses and the like. But he did not go farther than a rod or two. He saw the sorrel whip into a little, deep wash and disappear, and he pulled his horse back into his own trail.

"Darned fool — if he hadn't any better sense than to tie his horse with a string," he muttered. "Learn him a lesson, maybe."

Van was in camp alone, his attention fully occupied with the lemon-colored neckerchief and a pocket mirror the size of a dollar. "Charlie ain't here," he announced to Bill, and slipped the mirror shamefacedly into his pocket. "Looks like thunder," he apologized, twitching the neckerchief loose. "But they didn't have any black ones, and you shooed me off to camp so quick ——"

"Just so the health officers don't see you in it and quarantine yuh for smallpox," Bill bantered him. "Funny, where Charlie went to."

Just then Charlie rode up, having taken another trail out from Cobra. The horse he

[*Continued on page 80*]

"Knittin' for the Chinese. Seems to me, though, we're always knittin' for some forlorn nation"

The Aliens—*by* Charles Hanson Towne

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

CHARACTERS

HENRY LOGAN — *A nouveau-riche contractor.*
EMMA — *His wife.*
THOMAS CARTER — *Logan's friend.*
KATIE — *His wife.*
GREGORY — *The Logans' son, and, oddly enough, a poet.*
CONSTANCE — *Betrothed to Gregory, his distant cousin.*
WENDELL — *An elderly English manservant.*
PORTRAITS *in the gallery which afterwards come to life:*
THE MONA LISA.
REMBRANDT'S "MAN WITH HELMET."

PLACE — *Private art gallery in the home of Henry Logan, New York.*
TIME — *Several years after the present War.*
SCENE — *The gallery is beautifully furnished. The portraits are placed side by side, almost in the center, and there are landscapes in other parts of the room. The frames are gorgeous — too gorgeous. At rise, the door, left, opens, and reveals a stairway landing. The gallery is evidently at the top of the house. Everything is dark, until this door opens, which is almost immediately. Wendell, in a gorgeous livery of blue-and-gold, touches an electric switch near the door, and the upper light in the room goes on; not, however, the lights directly above the paintings. He then stands aside, obsequiously. Voices, vulgar voices, are heard, as if several people were coming up the stairs slowly.*

MRS. LOGAN — (*without*) Oh! I'm all out o' breath! (*She enters. She is short and stout. Looks back*) Come on, Tom. But watch out for that last step! (*He falls, partially in view*) Oh, that's too bad! I *told* Hen somebody'd fall there, sure's the world. You're not hurt, are you?

CARTER — (*picking himself up*) No, I guess not.

MRS. LOGAN — *That's* good! (*She helps him in, with* Wendell's *solemn assistance. Voices are heard without.* Logan's: "*Too bad, Tom. Did you hurt yourself?*" *And* Mrs. Carter's: "*I told you so!*" *They enter immediately. Everyone is flushed, as if from a too-good dinner. Mrs. Carter is fanning herself with a beautiful fan. All are in evening dress, the men somewhat rumpled*)

CARTER — Oh, I'm all right. (*brushes himself off*) I'd forgotten that last step. Was it always there, Em?

MRS. LOGAN — Of course, you silly! You've been up here many a time.

LOGAN — Mebbe it was that 1816 Burgundy, eh, Tom? (*slaps him on the back playfully*) Liked it, didn't you?

CARTER — You bet!

MRS. CARTER — Liked it too darned much. I *told* you not to take that seventh glass — you with your gout.

CARTER — Ouch! (*rubs his arm*)

MRS. CARTER — *I* know! That ain't from the fall — it's the fall from the water-wagon. Ain't you ever goin' to learn no better, Tom?

LOGAN — Oh, let him enjoy himself, Katie. We've only got one life to live — we're a long time dead. Here, Wendell, turn on them picture lights. I want Mr. and Mrs. Carter to see the paintings. (Wendell *does so, and the portraits are revealed in all their beauty*)

MRS. CARTER — Oh, ain't they pretty? (*Uses her lorgnette*)

LOGAN — Bring up the coffee and liqueurs, Wendell. And hurry up.

WENDELL — Yes, sir. (*Exits, with dignity, closing the door after him*)

CARTER — (*impressed*) Say, those *are* pretty good, Hen. How much?

MRS. CARTER — Tom! What a question!

LOGAN — Well, I guess Tom knows me well enough to ask that, Katie. Don't he, Ma?

MRS. LOGAN — Yes, indeed. The Money Leeza was the dearest, wasn't it, Hen?

CARTER — Ought to be, from its name. (*He laughs*)

LOGAN — Yes, it was. Had a hard time gettin' the old gal, too. You know she was stolen from the Loover in Paris about twelve years ago, an' they never found her until after the War.

CARTER — Seems to me I remember somethin' about that. Ain't they always talkin' about her smile?

LOGAN — Yes. I remember when she was stolen from that there Loover Gallery, I says to Em, "The smile that *did* come off!"

CARTER — That's a good one, Hen. Better'n mine. (*laughs*)

LOGAN — And then here's what they call the "Man with Helmet" — like that one pretty good myself. Gee! Those European countries couldn't afford to keep anything like these here paintings after the War was over. That's where us rich Americans won out! (*puffs his cigar continually, as does Carter*) Great for us, wasn't it? A damn lucky strike, a mighty fine investment, eh, Tom? I hear Carnegie got ten o' the best — Madonnas, though, mostly, wasn't they, Em? Never cared for them much myself. Morgan got a lot, too, and Vincent Astor seemed to grab all the Eyetalian school. I tell you, America will be the sight-seein' place hereafter!

MRS. LOGAN — Hen was sayin', Katie, that if we ever got busted we could open our gallery at a dollar a head for European sight-seers! Did you ever? (*laughs*)

MRS. CARTER — Why not? I'll bet Tom would if he had such masterpieces! *He* couldn't let a Yankee chance like that go by!

LOGAN — Of course I was only foolin', Katie. Think of Em lettin' all those Dukes and Duchesses and Lords and Queens troop over this house!

CARTER — (*from a corner, where he has retired*) And trip on the last step! Trippers, sure enough! (*laughs*)

MRS. CARTER — (*before the Rembrandt*) What makes paintings like these so valuable, Hen? Honest Injun, now, tell me. *I* don't see much in this one, do you? I'm an awfully frank person, you know. My feet used to ache so, even when I was younger, trottin' through all them Galleries in Europe. An' I never got much pleasure out of it all. What do you want them for? — unless fer what you said, showin' 'em to foreigners at a dollar a head?

LOGAN — Well, for the Lord's sake, Ma, can you beat that? She wants to know what makes 'em expensive? Wish she could 'a' seen all the cheques I paid out, eh, Ma?

Wendell *enters with a tray with coffee, liqueurs, cigars, etc., which he places on a small table near the door, and immediately begins to serve.*

MRS. LOGAN — I should say so! Why, Katie, you ain't much of an art cornersewer if you don't know the value of these paintings. I thought you'd be crazy about 'em. I was sayin' only yistiddy at lunch to Hen, "Hen," says I, "Katie'll like ——"

MRS. CARTER — Oh, I *do* like 'em, Emma! Only ——

CARTER — Only wha' Katie? You ain't very polite, I must say. (*Takin, coffee which* Wendell *hands him; he seems to have taken a bit too much to drink*)

MRS. CARTER — (*flustered*) Oh, I didn't mean to be rude. Hen and Emma know that. Only ——

LOGAN — (*laughing*) There you are again, Katie — *only!*

MRS. CARTER — (*more flustered*) Well, only — only I don't see why they should be so valuable. The color's pretty, an' all that. But I think the frames is the nicest things about them, really. (Wendell *hides a smile. . . . There is a strange sigh, distinctly heard by everybody. A sudden, overwhelming silence*)

MRS. LOGAN — (*Rising from the settee*) What was that?

LOGAN — I don't know. Was that you, Wendell?

WENDELL — (*perfectly calm, pouring a liqueur*) No, sir. Certainly not, sir.

CARTER — (*Rising to a sitting posture*) Guess it was that 1816 Burgundy. What? (*All laugh, the women a bit nervously*)

MRS. LOGAN — It was funny, though, wasn't it? I wonder if this house is haunted? Makes me think of what Gregory says — that he wonders if pictures like these don't have real feelin', like human bein's. Did you ever! He's the most imaginative boy.

LOGAN — Where *is* Gregory? Why don't he and Conny come up?

MRS. LOGAN — Oh, don't you remember when you was young yourself, Hen? You an' I used to like to spoon down in the parlor — I mean the drawrin'-room. For Gawd's sake let the young folks enjoy themselves.

LOGAN — But he likes the pictures so — spends hours up here all day by himself, an' sometimes with Connie. I should think he'd want to be here now. Wendell, go tell Mr. Gregory to come on up.

WENDELL — Yes, sir. (*Exits*)

MRS. CARTER — (*before a landscape*) Is this one a Turner, Hen?

LOGAN — I don't know. Where's the catalogue I had printed, Em? (*looking at it hurriedly*) Yes. Good, ain't it? I tell you, I'm proud of these new — I mean old — paintings. Gregory says they're wonderful. *He* ought to know. Never see such a boy for likin' fine things. He tramped all over Europe with his tutor when he was about twelve, an' he never got through talkin' about the Loover, an' the Sistine Chapel, an' the Tête-à-Tête Gallery, an'——

MRS. LOGAN — Oh, do hush up, Hen! (*laughs*) Tête-à-tête! 'Tain't that — it's Tate — once — quick like that — Tate!

LOGAN — Gee! How Ma *can* call me down! (*drinking liqueur at one gulp*) But ain't this one a dandy! Eh, Katie? This one's a Rembrandt. (*pointing to Mona Lisa*)

MRS. LOGAN — (*who has seated herself on the settee and brought out some knitting*) No, Hen, you're wrong. *That's* the Rembrandt. This one nearest to me is by Tit-tian.

MRS. CARTER — Emma certainly does know a lot about Art, don't she? What are you doin', Emma?

MRS. LOGAN — Knittin' for the Chinese. Ain't it awful how Japan is treatin' them poor benighted creatures? Seems to me, though, we're always knittin' for some forlorn nation. (*Voices without; sounds of running upstairs*) Here comes Gregory and Connie, I guess. They certainly are the spooners! Ain't they, Hen?

Gregory, *in a dinner-jacket, appears at the door, with* Constance. *His hair is rumpled, and he has the happy look of a lover.* Constance *is simply dressed.*

GREGORY — Hello!

LOGAN — Come on in, Gregory. Here, Connie, sit by me. (Constance *crosses to* Logan *and perches on the arm of his chair.* Wendell *enters and offers* Gregory *a cigar, which he takes.* Constance *declines a proffered liqueur*)

GREGORY — How wonderful the pictures look tonight! Oh, that smile, that strange smile! (*before the Mona Lisa*) It would be terrible to light a cigar in her presence. (*puts down cigar.* Wendell *looks pleased*) Wouldn't it, Connie? You remember what we said?

CONSTANCE — Yes. (*to* Logan) Gregory thinks it's a sacrilege to drink and smoke up here.

LOGAN — Well, I'll be hanged! What's a picture gallery for, I'd like to know? Why, Gregory, why?

GREGORY — Why? As if one could explain, father!

MRS. LOGAN — It does beat all, Gregory, how you talk. What's a few inanimate pictures! (Wendell, *unnoticed, looks amazed, and solemnly shakes his head*) A few inanimate pictures! (*The sigh again, even a little louder than before. All are startled, except* Gregory *and* Constance. *There is a general movement*)

GREGORY — There it is again, Constance!

LOGAN — Again! What do you mean?

MRS. LOGAN — Have you heard that before?

GREGORY — Why, of course. It's the Mona Lisa and the Man with Helmet. They're unhappy!

MRS. LOGAN — Gregory, sometimes I think you're crazy! Whatever makes you say such queer things?

CONSTANCE — It isn't queer. Gregory and I know, don't we, dear? (*goes to him. He puts his arm about her tenderly*)

GREGORY — Yes, we understand. Poor Mona Lisa! Poor Man with Helmet! How they long for the Old World, for the old dream, the old glory — the old affection and love! They're lonely here — with only us to love them, Constance. But — (*He seems to speak to the pictures*) — we come as often as we can, dear friends!

MRS. CARTER — Ain't he strange?

MRS. LOGAN — Talkin' as if they were alive!

GREGORY — They *are* alive! (*excitedly*) Constance and I know. All Art is alive. They live, they breathe, they were created just like you and me. They were conceived and born in great men's brains. Oh, the pity that you don't understand, that you never *can* understand! The Mona Lisa's smile changes — it is never the same! Look! See! She is smiling down on us now! (*He looks ardently at the painting,* Constance *still close to him. The Mona Lisa's smile changes, almost imperceptibly*) Oh, if she could only speak!

LOGAN — Say, I don't like this! It's uncanny! Did you see that, Ma? (*He gets up, and goes over to his wife. She drops her knitting*)

MRS. LOGAN — Something certainly did happen, Hen. Gregory, are you playin' any trick on your old father and mother?

GREGORY — Bless your heart, mother, no! Only — don't you agree with me that it does seem too bad to use this room as a smoking and drinking resort? And — (*a snore*) Well, and a bedroom! (*He points to* Tom Carter, *who, unobserved, has curled himself up on the small couch in the corner and gone to sleep*)

LOGAN — (*as* Mrs. Carter *goes over to wake him*) Oh, let him sleep, Katie.

MRS. CARTER — No, I won't. Gregory's right. It's sacrilege. (*She shakes* Carter) Wake up, Tom! You're a disgrace. This ain't home. (Carter *rouses with strange noises, and says, half awake, "Guess Mooney Leezy cost a lot!"*)

MRS. CARTER — Oh, shut up, Tom! I'm goin' to take you home. Bed's the place for you. (*She drags him to his feet.*)

LOGAN — Oh, don't go, Katie. Tom's havin' a good time.

MRS. CARTER — Too good. You spoil him, Hen. *He* don't appreciate Art the way I do, and the way you and Em does. Home for him!

CARTER — Guess it was that 1816 Burgundy, Hen! (*rubs his eyes and then his leg*) Gee! but I'm gouty!

MRS. CARTER — Good night, all! Enjoyed the pictures *so* much. Sorry Tom ain't educated up to such things! (*She starts out, pulling the disheveled* Carter *after her. He reaches for another liqueur, behind her back, and gulps it down as he exits, tossing the empty glass to* Wendell, *who calmly catches it*)

CARTER — *Good* night! (*They both disappear down the stairs*)

MRS. LOGAN — Come, Hen, we must see them to the door. (*She follows, leaving her knitting on the settee*)

LOGAN — All right, Em. Too bad Tom can't drink like he used to. Gettin' old, I guess. (*He goes out*)

WENDELL — (*to* Gregory, *who remains*) Are you coming, sir? Shall I leave the lights on? (*understandingly*) I'll turn off the center light, sir, and leave just those over the portraits, sir. (*does so*) Beautiful, if you'll pardon me for saying so, sir.

GREGORY — Why, Wendell, you like them, too, don't you?

WENDELL — Yes, sir; very much. I used to see them when I traveled with young Lord Brockburn. I got to know all the Galleries, sir, and all the masterpieces. I always liked these two particular, sir; but——

GREGORY — But what, Wendell?

WENDELL — Pardon me, sir. But ——

GREGORY — Go on.

WENDELL — I know how you and Miss Constance feel about the portraits, sir, and——

GREGORY — Yes? And you feel the same? — that they're out of place here, eh, Wendell?

WENDELL — That's just it, sir. I know they suffer, too.

GREGORY — Ah, Wendell, you're right. God bless you! Now go on down like a good fellow. Miss Bartlett and I are going to stay.

WENDELL — Thank you, sir.

(*He goes out. The door closes loudly, as if behind them all; but* Gregory *and* Constance *are standing by it, visible to the audience. They are on a level with the portraits. A silence and a pause*)

MONA LISA — (*moving and sighing, leaning from her frame*) O Man with Helmet!
What strange place is this!

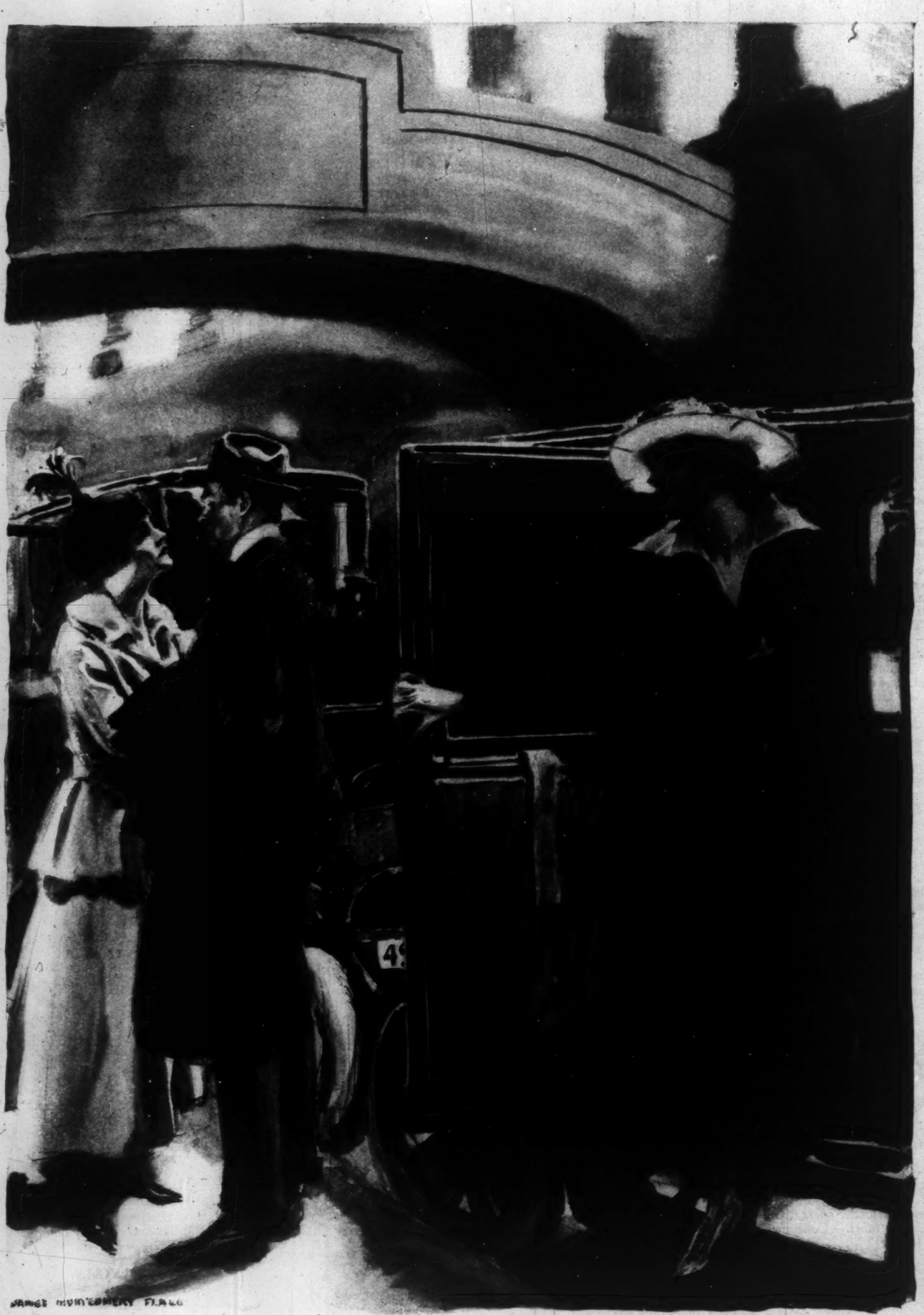
MAN WITH HELMET — I know not. I am weary for my home.

MONA LISA — O for the long deep shadows of the Louvre,
And those who stood before me, reverent,
Wondering what da Vinci's smile could mean!
I sicken for the Old World and its peace.

MAN WITH HELMET — Would I could hurl my helmet at this room
Where strange irreverent people come at night
To whisper of the beauty of the frame
That hems my wonder in! Who brought us here,

[*Continued on page 76*]

"O poet, art thou here? Pray answer me for I am lonely in this crowded room"



As I started to step from my taxi, I saw him standing at the curb — with a woman — just such a woman as Molly Prentis saw with him in Washington. I could see she was pleading with him

Am I My Husband's Keeper?

Being Extracts from the Diary of a Once-Happy Wife, as Told to

Anna Steese Richardson

HERE is another of the big divorce articles McClure's is printing. A human document, a woman's heart revealed to Mrs. Richardson, a shot fired in defense of Birth Control.

SEPTEMBER 14th: Born, this morning, our third child, Elizabeth. A true child of love.

September 15th: I still have a curious sense of being under the influence of chloroform or some other drug; also vague recollection of unusual confusion in my room before Elizabeth was born.

September 18th: I can grip my pencil more firmly today. Miss Hoyt says I am her first patient to keep a diary. Modern women are too busy, I suppose. But if anything should happen to me, I want to leave this record of a joyous wife and mother for Ned and for our children.

September 22nd: Youth must be patient with age, but Mother annoys me. She is developing a most trying habit of asking me if I feel quite myself. I always resent sympathy when my babies come. I want eight of them. Ned is prospering. We can afford them.

September 23rd: Junior tiptoed into the room this morning when no one else was here. I asked him if he would like to hold his new sister. He held her in a stiff, boyish way, but he looked at me with questioning, unboyish concern. Some day he will hold his first-born thus, and, understanding life's greatest mystery, he will look at his wife with eyes in which there is no dread, or fear, just Love.

September 27th: Wonderful news! An invitation to dinner from Mrs. Barclay. This is our first bid to the new house on the Bluff, and it means much to Ned. Mr. Barclay's influence is enormous. When Mother comes we will look over my evening gowns. The freshest must be brought up to date.

October 1st: Ned pooh-poohed the idea of a made-over frock for the Barclay dinner. Fraser, who makes Aunt Helen's smartest things, has been given *carte blanche*. As a special favor she is coming here to talk it over with me. Ned must have made it worth her while. He thinks my appearance at the dinner very important.

October 3rd: Dr. Payne suggests that I wean Elizabeth gradually; he says the modern woman cannot nurse a large family, as her grandmothers did. I wonder why. I have always been so strong. When I appealed to Ned, I was surprised to have him side with Dr. Payne. He says my social cooperation is necessary to him and I must not be chained to a nursery. Of course I am proud to find how much I mean to Ned. But my heart cries out to my baby. I shall miss her soft, warm hands creeping over my breasts.

October 5th: Mother, Aunt Helen, Ned, all approve the design Fraser submitted — softest green satin clouded with chiffon, lightly powdered with iridescent beads. Fraser, in French with an American accent, raved over my pale gold hair and delicate coloring. Ned fairly beamed on her. Oh, I am so glad I am beautiful — for his sake. As a girl, I accepted my good looks as a matter of course. Now I begin to think that a beautiful wife may be counted as one of her husband's assets. I wonder if homely women ever question the love of their husbands?

October 12th: Fraser's head fitter comes tomorrow for the final fitting of my dinner-gown. Really, Ned is spoiling me. I am quite sure I could go to Fraser's in the machine. But Ned insists that I must conserve my strength and magnetism for the great event. Perhaps he is right. I do want to look and be my best. I love to see joy of possession glow in Ned's eyes, to see his glance follow me as I talk or dance with other men. He seems to say, "Go ahead — enjoy her while you may — but she's mine — all mine!" But I love even better the moment when we enter our own home and Ned shuts out the rest of the world while he tells me how proud he is, how much he loves me.

October 13th: Is thirteen really unlucky, I wonder! Fraser's fitter made me stand so long that I fainted. Never before have I done such a thing. Perhaps Dr. Payne is right. I am not strong enough to nurse my baby. I will wean her completely. I must allow nothing to come between Ned and me, not even my children. So many women think their wifely duties are less when the babies come. I want to hold my husband always. He is my happiness, the father of my children — life itself — and such a life — all joy!

October 17th: The Barclay dinner is over and we are firmly entrenched in their social lines. I sat on Mr. Barclay's left. I must have made the right impression, for afterward he said the nicest things to Ned. But toward the end of the dinner, I felt the strain. Mrs. Barclay had the room too warm, and so heavy with the scent of roses. When we reached home, I crumpled up in the silliest way. Jane unhooked my frock while Ned gave me sips of brandy and water. I have promised to see Dr. Payne about this tendency to fainting.

October 18th: I saw Dr. Payne. He talked vaguely about the strain of child-bearing, the possibility of a nervous breakdown, change of climate, a long rest, and so forth. This irritated me exceedingly. I can imagine nothing worse than being classed with Mrs. Perkins, Mrs. Clayton and other semi-invalids now under Dr. Payne's care. I demanded specific information as to my true condition. And I got it—oh, yes, I got it! Out of the mass of medical phrases, I gathered one great, appalling fact. I can never have another child. Something went wrong when Elizabeth came. As he talked, my brain worked its way through the curious haze which has enveloped me ever since her birth, the confusion in my room on the night before Elizabeth was born, the tremendous effort to throw off the drug that held me in its grip for hours and hours. The dream was a hideous reality. The strange doctor was no figment of imagination, but an eminent specialist summoned in haste. I can never again become the mother of a little child. I can never bear another son to the man I love. And we have always pictured him with two stalwart lads. If only Helen or Elizabeth had been a boy. A man needs sons to perpetuate his name and to take up his work.

October 19th: I have told my husband a lie, the first untruth that has come between us. He asked me whether I had seen Dr. Payne. I told him "no," but I said I would go today. I wanted to tell him the truth — the awful, heart-breaking truth — but I haven't yet had time to think it out. I must prepare him gently and spare him the shock which I received yesterday. It has left me shaken and weak. I will marshal arguments that may console him. And, above all, I want to look better than I do today. How often have I heard Ned pity men with invalid wives, and thank God that I was not as they!

OCTOBER 20th: I have told him. It was unnecessary. He has known it for weeks. I started in so bravely with my petty, futile arguments, about the importance of storing up strength for the social campaign which seems so important to a rising young lawyer. Then the expense of raising children today! We ought to spend more on keeping up appearances to advance his interests than on my own selfish joy in motherhood. He agreed with me so quickly and completely that I ought to have been suspicious, but not until I found him helping me in my halting effort to break the dreaded news, did I realize how tenderly he had been safeguarding me all these past weeks. I cried myself to sleep in his arms.

October 21st: I am quite calm today. I appreciate that this is Ned's disappointment, as well as mine. He shall not have the added burden of hysterics and scenes. More than ever I must make myself essential to other phases of his life, to his happiness and his success. I must plan for our three children with infinite care, that his pride in them and in me may more than balance his disappointment in not having any more. After all, a large family is a heavy drain on a man's income and energy. So many couples are happy with two children, with one — even without any. We have three. How foolish of me to imagine that Ned would love me any less, simply because our hopes for a fine, large family are dashed. Tonight I will greet him as if nothing had happened. I have ordered his favorite dishes, and will allow Junior and Helen to stay up for dinner. When he comes in we will all be grouped around the piano, singing, as he loves to find us. Why, oh, why, did I give way to despair? Have I had so much sunshine in life, that I droop under the first tiny cloud?

Midnight: It seems as if years instead of hours have passed since I wrote that last sentence. I am old — I am tired — and I am alone! I left Ned pacing the library floor. I cannot recall just how it came about.

The children looked lovely and behaved beautifully at table. Jane served a perfect dinner and gradually I saw the old sense of domestic security and contentment stealing over my husband. I played softly while he read his evening paper, and then we sat down before the open fire for a talk. It seemed so simple to explain to Ned how I had planned to readjust our life. And I crept closer and closer into his arms.

"We have each other, dearest," I was murmuring. "The greatest thing in life — each other and love. Even if I cannot have any more children ——"

His hand gripped my wrist and he held me away, so that he might look into my eyes.

"If you *cannot* have any more children —" he repeated. "Is that — what Payne told you — that you cannot bear another child?"

"Why, yes. Isn't it true? Is there any chance?"

Ned hesitated; then quietly he took my face between his hands, and said very firmly: "You misunderstood Dr. Payne, dear child. He did not say that you *cannot* have children. He said you *must* not. There is a difference between 'cannot' and 'must not,' and that difference is represented by — your life."

AT first, I could not understand. I could not speak, even to ask what it meant. Then very slowly I felt myself slipping away from my husband, down, down, among the cushions that I had piled at his feet. I can bear another child, but I must not take the risk. If, through love for him, I take the risk, I will pay with my life. I may live and love a little while, only to leave my children motherless. Or I may live long with my children — and put love out of my heart.

I do not know how long I knelt there among the cushions until all this came to me clearly. When I could look up, Ned sat with his face buried in his hands. The logs on the andirons were cold and gray as I was. My husband is an understanding man. He allowed me to come to my room alone. . . .

I must look in the medicine chest for those powders Dr. Payne left when I was so restless before Elizabeth came. I want to be quiet when Ned comes to our room. But I shall know he is there — even through my drugged slumber.

November 7th: Our wedding anniversary! As usual, Ned sent me a gilt basket. This year it is filled with orchids. I never thought to see the day when Ned could afford a *basket* of orchids. Once, a single bloom was a reckless extravagance. Hidden among the flowers was a pearl crescent with a note:

"To my wife, who has given me eight years of unalloyed happiness."

What a husband! He never suggests for an instant that anything has come between us. Other years we have celebrated our anniversary in the most intimate fashion — a dinner at one of the little restaurants where we went while engaged, or a run in the car to the quietest, coziest country inn we could find. Tonight we gave a large dinner and theatre party. Ned chose the guests — the brightest, gayest people we know. Home very late. He insisted upon sleeping in the yellow guest-room so that he would not disturb me in the morning. On our wedding anniversary! It had to come — but why tonight?

November 8th: As I am not sleeping well, I suggested to Ned that he settle permanently in the yellow guest-room. He is working hard and should rest well every night. I feel sure that I disturb

[*Continued on page 86*]

"I can't understand it," said the porter. "You don't look the same somehow. You look different every time"

The Flight of the Butterflies

by

George Kibbe Turner

Illustrations by Orson Lowell

MY Sister (said the model, leaning back with a languid air) was always very fond of luxury. That was why she would join it in the first place, though we begged her not to. And, naturally, when it stopped the way it did, it was a terrible shock to her.

She stood there in her golden frame, with her arms cut, waiting to come to life next. All around her were those other very beautiful girls, and all those wonderful clothes — thousands and thousands of dollars' worth; and there in the center Mabel Carew, in La Reve, with all those wonderful diamonds on — thousands and thousands and thousands of dollars, and a paradise worth at least two hundred and fifty dollars alone.

And then, right back of her, My Sister heard this voice:

"Good night for them. They're through. The lights go out tonight."

And she knew it was one of those three detectives from the town.

"They got away, both of them?" asked a second voice — another detective back there, peeking through.

"Yeh," said the first one. "They're gone."

And when she heard it, everything seemed to swim around her, and My Sister almost fell forward out of her frame. For she saw right away what had come. The manager and that head wardrobe woman had gone finally. The Grande Merveilleuse Fashion Show had stranded, and there they were — all the twenty-four of them, in New Orleans, fifteen hundred miles from New York. All these thousands and thousands of dollars of gowns and jewels on them tonight, and tomorrow not fifty cents to take them home.

"Go on the job now," she heard the head detective whispering. "This is the next to the last act. Be ready after the next one to jump right out and get our stuff. Get the diamonds first. Understand?"

"Yeh."

"Who's taking care of the New York stuff?" asked the third one.

"Old man Purfle, I expect. All that's being done. The creditors have taken it over."

And then it was My Sister's turn. She knew she had to go. She shivered slowly, and looked up and stretched out her hand, like reaching for a flower, and came down the two steps, all dressed in this Mona — black velvet, and king's blue broadcloth — one of Paquin's; terribly plain, but terribly expensive. She came down the two steps, and out on the stage, with those free, joyous steps for afternoon costumes. And turned around twice, and in and out, and over to the rest of them. And by this time she had possession of all her faculties, and they said she never looked or walked more ravishing in her life. Then whir-r-r — down came the curtain — while they all stood there, looking off with that dreamy, luxuriant air they taught them, out over the heads of the audience.

And everybody jumped to make the change for the next act — right there on the stage. But the sextette that My Sister was in had it comparatively easy in that last tableau. All they had to do was to slip those long black coats on over what they wore, and those black, twelve-button spats. And yet, all My Sister had time for was to whisper it to one or two of them.

"Oh, my God," said Lura Leroux — the one with the red hair. "And tomorrow pay-day!"

"The creditors have taken over everything," said My Sister. "They take it all. All the dresses and everything."

"What!" exclaimed Miss Leroux, flushing up. "And we get nothing!"

"I guess so," replied My Sister.

"Yes! We can starve to death!" said Lura Leroux bitterly.

"Oh, what'll we do?" Lucile Wister begged, starting crying.

"Dry up," whispered Lura. For the curtain was starting up again. And there they were for that last tableau.

It was a terribly sad thing to watch, knowing what My Sister knew. There they went, all through it — unconscious of it all; all that wealth and luxury around them — furs and silks and lace and lingerie, clear down to their skin — all smiling in that scornful way; and moving like they were overcome by riches. And waving back and forth together in that last Good Night song. Then bing — down came the curtain for that last time. And the detectives were taking the diamonds off of Mabel Carew; and that paradise, and all those goods loaned by the local merchants. And everybody was going into hysterics altogether.

The sextette got one side by themselves, while they were doing it. Nobody paid any attention to them; their gowns were all covered up with their coats anyway. And the three maids were rushing around, trying to get the others back to their dressing-rooms, and get the costumes off of them, before they tore them, or spotted them, or ruined them with hysterics.

"I don't know why they do it," said Lura Leroux, watching them.

"What?" asked somebody.

"Take care of them like that," said Leroux. "With nobody to hand them to. Look," she said, "what's to prevent anybody taking anything they want to, and getting out — now those two are gone?"

"Oh, there's somebody," said Vera Simpson.

"For those creditors," added Leroux. "Well, there better be. Or they might lose it! Listen," she said. "You don't know yet what you're up against. You don't know what it is to get left in a town like this without a dollar — fifteen hundred miles from home. It's something desperate."

They stood and looked at her, without saying anything. She was the only one of them that had been on the road before. And the more they thought of it the more they knew she was right. It was desperate. My Sister got numb just thinking of it. It was terrible.

"Listen," said Lura Leroux, after a while, looking out back. "Who's that sketch from Uncle Tom's Cabin, out there by the door?"

"Who's that?" My Sister asked a stage-hand.

"Old Man Purfle," answered the fellow.

"What doing?" asked My Sister.

"Keeping watch on the property for the creditors. They've taken it now."

"What for?" asked Lucile Wister, stopping crying a minute.

"For the money they owed them, naturally. What do they generally do," said the fellow, walking off, "when they can't get it any other way?"

"Listen," whispered My Sister, peeking out back again. "They owe us money, too, don't they?"

"They certainly do," said Rosamond Murphy.

"Our money's just as good as theirs is," My Sister continued. "Let's beat it!"

"With these?" questioned this Vera Simpson.

"Why not?" asked My Sister.

"You're on," said Lura Leroux.

"But look. Wait a minute. What could you do with them?" this Vera Simpson came in again.

"What could we do with them?" exclaimed Lura. "What could we do with them? Five hundred dollars apiece!"

"Fifty dollars would get us home," said Vera. "I looked it up."

"We can't lose anything — that's sure," said Lura Leroux.

"But how could you?" asked Lucile, looking out herself. "There he sits — right by the door."

"Oh, him!" said Miss Leroux. "Walk right by him. He wouldn't know what you had on. The last woman he saw was in 1865."

"We could do it, I believe," said My Sister, "in these black coats and small hats. So long as you didn't carry anything."

"Oh, take a chance," urged Lura Leroux. "Come on."

"Come on!" echoed My Sister.

So out they went — just like that. One after another. They never even knew, when they thought it over, who went out first. They just got started and they went — right by that old man in the chair.

He sat there when they went, looking up a second and down again. A strange looking old man, with a big slouch hat, and long mustache like a pirate in a show.

"Good night, Mr. Purfle," Lura Leroux called out, when she got by. And she waved her hand.

"Good night," he answered, looking up, and down again.

"You oughtn't to have done that," My Sister told her.

"Oh, I should worry," answered this red-headed Leroux.

"He had terribly sharp eyes," said My Sister.

You may have attended one of these Fashion Shows (said the model, pursing her lips, and pausing). Many men do. But if you never have, you have no idea of the fortunes they cost — and the terrible lot of money that is put into them by the people who supply

The promenade they gave in the window that morning was the most successful thing my sister was ever in. Everybody was crazy over it

the gowns — thousands, and hundreds of thousands — and millions of dollars, I was almost going to say.

The commonest kind of a dress will cost them three and four hundred dollars, and plenty of them in the thousands. And then the lingerie and the jewelry; and fur coats, sometimes, that cost fifty thousand, and a hundred thousand, and one even three hundred thousand dollars, they say. And you can see how careful and particular they must be, when I tell you that all these dresses are designed for them exclusively by this Poiret and Paquin and this Worth — and all those terribly extravagant dressmakers. All these gowns are given a French name of their own; and there are maids waiting all the time to take them, just as soon as they come off the girl, and put them up in tissue paper right away. For the slightest fingermark might cost hundreds of dollars — they're most of them so fine and delicate.

So when I tell you this, you will understand a little how My Sister and those girls who were with her felt when they came together in My Sister's room about midnight that night. They had just taken these things and gone, without giving it much thought, you might say — because, when they saw the other creditors were taking them for their money, why shouldn't they? But now they had them, and had time to think, what were they going to do with them next?

In the first place there was that September Dawn that this Leroux girl had — silver over flesh-colored satin, that cost not less than eight hundred dollars, at the very smallest; and there was that Desiree, that pale petunia, with pearl trimming that Lucile Wister had — not less than seven hundred dollars. Then My Sister's Mona; and that La Cerise that Rosamond Murphy wore, and that Ravissante, that apricot brocade, that Vera Simpson had on. All together, with those coats that the sextette had, and shoes and hats and lingerie, they knew there were thousands of dollars' worth in that room. It kind of impressed them, naturally. And everything so very delicate — all of it. My Sister's was the only dark gown there.

So they sat there, five of them, not saying much, looking at the door, and waiting for that last one, that Hope Bracewell, My Sister's friend, to show up. They sat very stiff, with their coats still on; and you could see they were all uncomfortable, with that feeling they must be so terribly careful of their clothes. And all the time more nervous.

"Lock the door," said somebody. "She'll come!"

So they did. And right away this Leroux girl began to talk, looking at My Sister.

"Have you got it all thought out?" she asked.

"What?" said My Sister.

"How we'll get the money on these to get back home with."

"No," answered My Sister.

"Why haven't you?" demanded this Leroux girl. "You ought to. You're the one that got us into this!"

"Me!" exclaimed My Sister, taken off her feet.

"You certainly did," chimed in two or three of them. And this Lucile started to sniff, looking at her.

My Sister didn't answer. She couldn't. Just from the injustice of it.

"Now we've got 'em," said this Leroux, still looking at her, "where does it get you? You're just as far from home as you ever was."

"You can't eat 'em," said Vera Simpson. She was the girl that was always thinking about eating.

"You can't sell 'em," said Lura.

"Why can't you — if you wanted to?" questioned My Sister. She was getting very angry.

"What would you wear when you were selling them?" asked this Lura.

"All our clothes back there!" exclaimed Vera Simpson.

"It isn't practical, I believe," said Rosamond. She was a gloomy nature, looking at the worst side of things. A regular kill-joy!

All this time, naturally, My Sister was growing angrier and angrier. She saw then that everything that had happened they were blaming on her.

"The next thing," she said, "you'll be saying they aren't so good as your old twenty-five dollar suits you traded them off for."

"Well, are they?" asked this Vera.

"It isn't practical," said this Rosamond a second time.

"Listen," said My Sister, very angry. "You can all do what you want to. You can take yours back. A three-hundred dollar suit is good enough for me. But you take yours back."

"It's too late," answered this Rosamond, looking down all the time. "It's too late now. They might arrest you."

"Arrest you nothing!" exclaimed My Sister. "How could they arrest you? Who'd arrest you? The management's gone, isn't it? Then who'd arrest you — the other creditors?"

"I don't know," she said.

"I guess you don't," replied My Sister. "But if you're scared," she said, "that's simple, too. All you've got to do is to take them back tomorrow, and get your old ones."

"Isn't it terrible?" whimpered Lucile, bursting into tears. "Hundreds and hundreds of dollars on your back, and you might just starve to death before you got away from here, back home."

"Here. Listen. Stop!" said My Sister, grabbing her coat together up around that Desiree, that Paquin thing she had on. "Have some sense. Don't you know how that petunia satin spots?"

For they all realized one thing they must do. They must take care and not ruin those terribly expensive gowns. For if they did, what good would they do anybody?

"I guess the best thing we can do," said Lura Leroux, "is to take them off and go to bed and think it over. I'm sleepy anyhow," she added, yawning.

So they did. After a while they all got out. But My Sister sat there, thinking, waiting for that Hope Bracewell. It was one o'clock and after when she got there.

"Where have you been all this time?" asked My Sister.

"Listen," said Hope Bracewell, instead of answering her. "I wouldn't be in your place for a million dollars!"

"Why not?" questioned My Sister.

"That's what they're all saying."

"A lot I care for them," My Sister told her.

"Look," said Hope, "they figured it all up. Altogether, counting everything, you must have got away with close to three thousand dollars' worth — altogether."

"Suppose we have!" My Sister said.

"There's bank robbers serving life for less than that," said Hope. "And that's easy compared to this. Stealing from a bank is simple to this. Look, how do you think you're going to get away with it — with these things on? A circus parade is nothing."

"Listen," said My Sister, getting dignified. "Don't let that worry you. It don't us. They owe us money, don't they — all of us?"

"Yeh."

"Well, we took these clothes for what they owe us," said My Sister. "That's the regular thing — what they all do, when they're creditors, isn't it?" she asked. "Didn't all these other people here take them, for their money?"

"I s'pose so," admitted this Hope Bracewell.

"Then why wouldn't we?" asked My Sister. "Besides," she said, "who is there there to give them to, with the management all gone? Nobody but the other creditors."

"No."

"Well, then, why not?" asked My Sister, looking at her. "Isn't our money just as good as theirs is? I can't see the difference myself."

"Probably you're right," said Hope. "Probably you've thought it out more than I have."

"Probably I have," said My Sister.

The more she talked about it, the clearer it was to her.

IT was four o'clock that morning (said the model, gazing at me sadly) before My Sister got asleep. She was thinking all that time. What Hope Bracewell said didn't worry her much. The real worry was, now that they had those terribly expensive dresses, what could they do with them?

The whole thing had been done in an instant, you might say — without any time to think it out. And now as she lay there thinking, she could see it was going to be hard in some ways; and there was quite a lot in those criticisms the other girls had made.

They couldn't sell those gowns because they wouldn't have anything to put on while they did. And it would certainly look terribly strange for five very striking looking girls like that to come into any store and offer to sell the gowns off their backs — no matter how fresh and expensive they were. And it would be the same with a pawnbroker. It would arouse suspicion right away. And, besides, she could see they had no right to sell them — not yet, anyway. They had a perfectly good right to hold them, like the other creditors had. But they had no right to sell them really, till the folks that owned them — whoever that was — had a chance to pay them their money, and take the dresses back again.

And yet, on the other hand, they had to have money, and they had to have it right away, to pay their room rent and to get something to eat. To say nothing at all of getting back fifteen hundred miles to New York. It was just what Lura Leroux had said. It was desperate.

It was a terribly hard thing to think out; it was after four o'clock before she did. But then suddenly it all came to her — the way such things do, sometimes — all at once. And she turned over finally, and fell asleep.

They went out and took their breakfast that next morning, as they generally did, at a lunch place — five of them together, all but that Hope Bracewell. For she wouldn't come. And when they were there My Sister told the others her idea. And they all thought it was splendid. They started right away for this big department store on this main street. And the other four stayed in the ladies' waiting-room, while My Sister went up to the office.

"I want to see the proprietor," said My Sister.

"He's away," answered the man at the desk.

"The next one, then," said My Sister. "It's terribly important!"

Then he went back inside of the glass office, and somebody looked out, and right away this young man came out — in a fine black and white checked suit.

"I am the proprietor's son," he remarked smiling. "Will I do?"

He was a nice looking, fleshy young man, with round, shiny cheeks — and very polite and friendly.

She told him she thought he would, but she would have to see him personally, alone.

"Why, certainly! Go as far as you like," said the young man, showing her into the glass room. And she made him that offer there.

"Fine idea," he said, when she told him. "Fine!" He saw it right away.

And after they had talked as long as she thought they ought to — about all sorts of things — he sent out and got his manager — a tall, lean, red-haired man.

"You know that Fashion Show," he said.

"Yes. Bust up, didn't it?" questioned the manager, looking at My Sister.

"Not quite," answered My Sister.

"Last night," said the manager, still looking at her. "We got all our stuff back, didn't we?" asked the proprietor's son.

"Yes, sir. But the way I heard was, the manufacturers that were backing it put a man in charge of everything, over there."

"This don't look like it, does it?" said My Sister, and showed him that dress she had on.

"No, it certainly don't," admitted the proprietor's son. "Look," he said. "I've made arrangements with this young lady, and four others, to pose for a fashion parade for us today, in these gowns they've got."

"And any other show gowns you've got and you want us to wear," said My Sister to the manager.

"How'll we do it?" asked the manager, objecting all the time. "We ought to advertise it first."

"Oh, put cards in the window," said the proprietor's son, "or something!"

"We could promenade there in the window, once or twice, if you want us to," said My Sister.

"Fine," said the proprietor's son, getting up. "Anything you say. Go as far as you like. It'll be a great thing. I can see that."

"And now he'll take care of you," he told her, looking at the manager. "And I'll be down to see you later."

That promenade they gave that morning was the most successful thing My Sister was ever in. Everybody was crazy over it. And the other girls were pleased to death.

"One week of this will get us home," said Lura Leroux. "Great work."

My Sister was naturally way up in the clouds, when just before noon, she saw this woman — this saleslady beckoning her.

"There's a young lady out here wants to see you," she said — "private. Very particular."

So My Sister went on out and there was this Hope Bracewell — all out of breath.

"Oh, I thought I'd never find you," she said. "Listen," she urged. "Run! Before it's too late."

"Late," said My Sister.

"He's over there!"

"Who?"

"That old man, that old Colonel Purfle — that one at the theatre last night. At the rooming house!"

"What for?" said My Sister, grabbing her.

"For you!" said this Hope. "He's got warrants for you all. He says it means prison for all five of you. When you took those clothes, you committed a prison crime, and he's going to arrest you."

"But he can't — he can't arrest us," said My Sister. "He don't own the goods. He's just acting for the other creditors. They haven't any more right than we have."

"He's going to. I saw the warrants myself. He says he's acting for the folks that own the clothes."

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NEXT MONTH: Robert Hichens, Mary Heaton Vorse, Porter Emerson Browne, Holworthy Hall, Elmore Elliott Peake, Freeman Tilden, Will Levington Comfort, Dana Gatlin, Waldemar Kaempffert, and James H. Collins.

There was a hoarse, startled whisper, "Joe!" I saw a young woman standing just inside the window looking wildly at me

The Straight Road

California Baird's Own Story

Chapter II — The Flight

WHAT has happened: Finding life with her husband unbearable, California Baird decides to leave her home, taking with her their four-year-old boy. Callie, as she is called, had married Oliver Baird, who was a good deal older and lacked any of the finer qualities, at the instigation of her mother when she was only seventeen, and then only because of the shipwreck of a boy-and-girl love affair between her and Philip Stanley. Hoping that some of her childhood friends, now living in San Vicente, will befriend her until she can find work, she makes her plans to go there. She gets sufficient money for the trip from Mr. Flegel, whom she has supplied regularly with cream, and goes to the little station to await the train which is to take her away from the scene of her five years of unhappiness. While waiting for the ticket office to open, and walking back and forth on the platform, she meets Alva Pendleton, Jr., a young fellow of unsavory reputation, who it turns out is also going to San Vicente. He tells her that he has two tickets and begs her to use one. This Callie refuses and starts back to the ticket office as she hears the whistle of the coming train. By the time she has gathered up her little boy, whom she had left sleeping in the waiting-room, and her meager baggage, however, she finds she has not time to buy her ticket and rushes to the train, only to find it has already started. Callie is left on the platform, holding her little boy in her arms.

I STUMBLED back into the station. This man — nothing to me nor I to him — had come in my way with his foolish overtures — and lost me my train! Yet at the moment there wasn't room in me for anger against him; all other feelings were swallowed up in the tragedy of that missed train.

Boyce slept like a log. I went and beat on the closed ticket window. I could hear the telegraph instrument clicking away in there, but I was afraid that with the going of the train everybody had left the station. After a long time the board shutter was jerked up; there was the agent, his hat on a corner of his head, one arm in a sleeve of the coat he was hunching into. He looked at me very crossly.

"Missed your train? There won't be another till five o'clock tomorrow morning."

He was going to slam down the shutter, but I put my hand in at the risk of having my fingers pinched.

"Wait a minute," I begged. "Isn't there a train that comes through here at twelve — a train that goes to San Vicente, California?"

"Yes, there is — Shasta Limited to San Francisco — through express. It doesn't stop."

Again he was going to pull the window down. Again I stopped him desperately.

"Couldn't it be flagged?"

"No, it couldn't. Is that all? It's after my hours, now. Five o'clock tomorrow morning's the best you can do — unless you want to try walking to the Junction. Take your hand away."

With that, the agent slammed the window down, indeed.

For a minute I stood, holding to the shelf, staring at the white painted boards of the shutter. I heard his heavy, clumping step cross the floor, and the outer door shut, leaving me, alone in the station. I was like a person who has had a blow on the head. No useful thought or suggestion came to me. I just went and sat down by the suitcase and the sleeping baby. There I sat, in a sort of stupor; and when I tried to think of any plan, there only thumped over and over in my mind the thought that it was all my fault.

There was a big clock, and it ticked very loud. I realized that the wind had freshened, and was coming through the open door. I covered Boyce mechanically. After all that I had done and tried in these last months, after that final struggle, there seemed nothing to do

but sit and wait. And that's what I did, for more than an hour.

What finally roused me like a slap in the face was the sight of Flegel's gold-piece still clutched in my hand. The Flegels — five o'clock was the milk train — they would be down to it. Oliver would have had my note before that; he might be there, too. I couldn't bear it. I got up and hefted the suitcase. Six miles to the Junction. It was out of the question to walk that far. I looked at the clock; the hands were close together at the top — almost time for the Limited.

I became suddenly aware of a queer trembling through me — yet I felt strong with it, not weak. My own efforts had failed; now something from outside seemed to take hold of me, and move me about — quick, skilful, unhesitating. The Shasta Limited, away down below the cut, whistled for Meaghers. I caught up Boyce, took him out and laid him, sleeping as he was, on a baggage truck close beside the track, flew back for my suitcase, set it by him, jerking down a poster from the wall as I passed, ran a little way along the track to where the first tall electric light would give the engineer a good view of my figure, and stood there. When the train came out of the cut at the foot of the valley I began to wave my poster across the tracks. It was half a mile away then, coming like a cannon-ball, but I waved frantically till it got close, and I could see and hear the speed slackening. Then I threw down the cardboard sheet, turned and ran the few rods back to the station, and was waiting there with my baby and my baggage when the great train came to a grinding halt at the platform and two or three men jumped down, demanding to know what was the matter.

In the confusion, I scrambled on, and was in the vestibule of one of the Pullmans — the train carried no other kind of cars — while they swore and hammered on the station door, and tried to find who had flagged them, and why.

For a minute they ran around like men fighting a fire; then I heard the shout, "All aboard!" and the conductor came jumping into the vestibule where I was, grabbed the bell rope and pulled it. The wheels were moving before he saw me — that saved me from being put off the train.

"Good Lord!" he snapped, stopping there with his arm raised, staring down at me. "Was it you children that flagged my train? You ought to be whipped!"

I stood up meekly, and he saw the length of my skirts.

"A woman grown," he said, astonished, "and don't know any better than that?"

"I'm sorry," I answered. "I just had to get this train."

"Had to get this train!" he spluttered. "Well, madam, do you know that you have trifled with the lives of hundreds of people? We don't dare lose or gain a minute, madam. The next time you run out and wave a petticoat at a train because you want to ride on it, I wish you'd choose the local."

The brakeman came up behind him and stood listening with a boy's grin. He was a young fellow with reckless, light blue eyes under his visored cap, and not enough chin to warrant them. From behind the conductor's shoulder he gave me a wink of encouragement. I let the angry man scold me like a father — or a Dutch Uncle. When he was through, he seemed relieved, for he turned all at once to the brakeman and asked if there was any more comfortable place than the vestibule for me to sit, adding:

"We can't afford to stop again. She's on here and going to stay. You may as well look after her, Tipton. She'll have to have some place to lay this kid, anyhow."

"Sure!" And the boy ducked quickly into the Pullman.

"I haven't the money for a berth," I said hastily; "only a little more than enough for my fare to San Vicente."

Good old conductor, whose name I never knew — his bark was so much worse than his bite!

"I can't accept a money fare to San Vicente," he grumbled. "This is a through train — got nothing but through tickets. How'd a local money fare look in my accounts?"

Something almost like a smile passed between us.

"I'd be perfectly willing to pay," I said. "I know it was outrageous of me to stop your train. But I just *had* to — I'm going down to San Vicente to get work."

"My — my trunk isn't here," I said in some embarrassment. "It's to come later"

He gave me a long look; I guess he "spotted" me, too, as the man at the station put it. Then his eye finally settled on Boyce.

"Fine boy you've got there. Going to get work, hey? Well, if you show the nerve holding up San Vicente you did in holding up my train, you'll make it."

He went on. I offer my thanks to him here. I hadn't the wit to do it then, nor would he have wanted me to.

The brakeman came strolling back with that light-hearted air of his, followed by a tall, broad-framed, very black man who looked as though he had just been waked up, and said airily:

"Bice 'll let the kid sleep on the seat where he is."

The negro bowed to me gravely, his eyes fastening themselves on Boy, who was awake now and standing beside me. He bent to pick the child up, and I got a blast of whiskey breath that showed me why the man's eyeballs were so reddened. I thought Boy would be afraid of him, but he put up his arms instantly and cuddled down on the broad, hollow shoulder. We all started back into the Pullman, the young brakeman whispering to me as we went:

"Bice just got fired — on the wing, as it were — for drinking."

"Oh," I said, looking at the big, kind creature carrying Boy, "what a pity."

"Yep," assented the brakeman. "He was a star porter, but the railroad don't stand for John Barleycorn. He and the brakeman smuggled in a bottle, and they fired 'em both — picked me up at Silver Hill to make the run back, and grabbed a coon there to take Bice's place. They'll carry him on to San Francisco and turn him loose."

The black man put my son down on his own folded overcoat. He handled the child deftly; the liquor seemed only to make him more dignified, as it does some people.

"Will the lady wish this seat?" he asked when Boy, comfortably placed, lapsed again into slumber.

His speech startled me. It was a big voice brought down to a beautiful whisper, (we were in the end of a Pullman full of sleeping passengers) and the negro's pronunciation was that of an English gentleman. He was offering me the only place he himself had to sit.

"Oh, no, thank you," I said. "I'll take the camp-stool out in the vestibule if it won't be too much trouble for you to look after my little boy here."

"No trouble, madam," he said, then dropped into the seat like a thing whose mechanism has run down, his head went back, and he began to snore almost instantly.

I was loosening Boyce's shoes when he suddenly opened his eyes wide.

"We on train!" he exclaimed, as though just realizing it. "Where Boy's candy?"

"Oh, Boy —" I began, but the brakeman took the words out of my mouth.

"Sure," he said, "you're dead right, young man — this is a train, and your candy's in the next car. I'll get it for you."

"Now?"

Boyce's eyes were closing as he spoke; he was asleep when I tucked his shoes in beside him.

I shook my head to the brakeman, breathing softly:

"No need to get any candy. See, I'll buy some tomorrow."

"Yes you won't," was the whispered answer. "I'll get the kid's candy. I don't want anything of his size bawling me out for not keeping my promises. Gee, he's a good looker! Got eyes like his mamma."

He carried the stool out for me. After I was seated on it in a corner of the vestibule, he stood looking at me a minute, then reached over and tried the big brass lever that lets down the floor to open the vestibule. I watched him dully.

"Sometimes they throw themselves in front of engines," he explained; "sometimes they throw themselves off the trains; but either way, I'm ag'in it."

I smiled a little, and he went on, seeming rather relieved in his mind. He was gone some time. When he came back he brought the candy and put it in my lap, suggesting, "Have some yourself."

"Thank you," I said, "I couldn't eat — but I'm awfully thirsty."

He nodded.

"Sort of like me. If I had as good an appetite as I have a thirst, I'd be bigger than Bice. Ain't he a whale? West Indian darkey from San Domingo; been

butler in me lud's family down in those parts, and steward on a big mail steamer; but he couldn't get it through his nut that when the railroad said 'Nix on the alcohol' it *meant* nix."

"Is it all right to leave the child with him?" I asked, a trifle anxiously.

"Sure it's all right! The poor old guinea's as gentle as a kitten. Drink only makes him more polite. When I came through there just now the kid had waked up and asked for something. Bice was waiting on him like he was the heir apparent to the throne. I tell you the tourists used to feel as though it was a privilege to be allowed to slip him a five dollar tip."

"I — I know so little of such things," I stammered. "How much ought I to give him for letting Boy sleep on the seat there?"

"Nothing. He's down and out himself, you see — he's not the porter. It makes him feel kind of good to get a chance to do something for somebody. He's not like the common run of darkies."

"He did look very different to me," I said; "so big, and so very black; yet his features are almost sharp."

"He's a Kaffir," nodding. "I was born on a Virginia plantation. Down there, I used to hear them talk about Kaffirs. Always said they couldn't use one in the fields — except for a boss. They won't mind anybody but a white man, you see — or a white lady — but they made fine butlers and stewards. I'll bring you that drink now — I guess it's time."

He fetched the water, and watched me drink. As I handed back the empty glass with thanks, he remarked:

"I ain't asking what your sorrow was, but I am inquiring if broken doses of conversation might relieve it. Yes? Introductions are in order. My name's Joe Tipton, of San Vicente, Calif. Pleased to make your acquaintance. Mrs.— er — er — ump — ump?"

He paused with raised eyebrows. I laughed and filled in, "Mrs. C. A. Baird."

"And C. A. stands for California, America."

"You pretty nearly guessed it." The boy's daredevil air would have disarmed anyone. "My father named me California for the State he was born in, and my mother added Ann to it. Most people call me Callie."

"Nup!" Young Tipton shook his head. "I never should. I've got a name for you. California's too long a handle."

He didn't say what his name for me was, and I didn't ask. He kept coming back every once in a while, and on one of these visits I questioned him about San Vicente.

"It's a pretty good old burg," he said. "About forty thousand — give the Chamber of Commerce a couple of drinks and they'll claim eighty, but forty's nearer the figure. Got many friends there?"

"No," I said hastily. "I only know two people in San Vicente — a Mr. and Mrs. Watkins."

"Well — they'll meet you at the station, will they? San Vicente ain't London, but it's a kind of a wicked big town for one little lone bunch of calico."

"Oh, no," I said, "they don't know anything about my coming. I haven't seen either of them for nearly seven years. I knew them back in Stanleyton."

"What are you going to do then?" Joe asked. "Not that I want to pry; but I'm just determined to find out."

"Why, I must get an inexpensive boarding-house and then look for work."

He stood silent, shaking his head.

"Oh, say," he began hesitantly, "it would be too bad for you to have to go to a beanery."

"I'm used to economizing," was all I said to that.

"But, you see, a dame with your looks — all alone — at a place like that; take it from me ——"

The engine whistle broke in on his speech with some signal which sent him hurrying away. When he was gone the memory of those silly, slangy words, "A dame with your looks," kept me a kind of pleasant company. One would have said they were as free and impertinent as Pendleton's "a baby doll;" yet Pendleton's speech had repelled and scared me, and I got no feeling of offense from what this boy said and did. He praised my looks. How long, how long since I had given a thought to them! Certainly not since mother died. I spread my hands out on my threadbare skirt. They were still soft and little and white — the palms not much calloused. Through all the slavery of the ranch I had kept up the care of them that mother always made so much of. Nights when she was so worn out that she would fairly go to sleep on her tired feet she would stand and brush my curls. She wanted me, even after I was married, to let them hang, because it was good for the hair, she said, but I knew it was because she was so proud of them.

Poor little mother, sleeping quietly on the Oregon hill there beside father, while her girl, with the curls all tucked in under a cheap hat of two summers back, faced the world with just those two small, bare hands between herself and starvation!

We roared on through the night. That song of the wheels, "Going away! Going away!" that always comes to the unaccustomed traveler, was loud in my ears. I had done it at last. I was off. How many years of slow misery, what hours of frenzied revolt had gone to the making of this moment! The speed of the train hurling through the dark stimulated me. I shouldn't be any further from Meaghers because I was going so fast, yet somehow it seemed as though I should.

Meaghers — I thought of the Flegels. I went over in my mind the scene at their house; my trouble afterward with young Pendleton at the station made it clearer to me. That article in the weekly had given me hint enough about Alvah Pendleton's son — if it were needed, and I could see how his manner had instantly changed when he found that I was one of the women who can't come under the ordinary rules; not a wife with a husband to speak up for her, nor a girl to be approached with some little indirection.

A dreary prospect? My heart rose to it, shook its wings like a poor cage-bird that has made escape, and yet has no reason — save the bare one of the existence of those wings — to believe that it can fly. I looked with a sort of tragic amusement toward the great brass lever that Joe Tipton had examined so uneasily. They threw themselves under the engines and off the trains, did they? Not the mother animal with its young to live for!

The brakeman came loitering back and studied me briefly with his casual, sidelong glance, before he inquired:

"Well, how's every little thing?"

"Fine," I answered him, and really meant it. "It's good that I get into San Vicente in the early morning. I'll have all day to look for a place."

"Say!" He hesitated, then cocked his cap to one side and went on, "I believe I've got hold of the dandy scheme for you. I want to send you to mother."

I had a vision of the widowed Virginia lady in her tiny cot.

"Will she have room for me?"

"Plenty. I've got my two weeks' vacation. It starts when I leave this train at 'Frisco." He fished out a card. "You can take that to mother, and she'll let you use my room while I'm away."

On the card he put in my hand was printed, "The Poinsettia, Arbolado Street, San Vicente, California: Mrs. Col. Joseph Edwardes Tipton, late of Greenbriar Springs, Va., proprietress."

"It's a classy place," he assured me. "The handsomest house on Arbolado Street — dago artist built it to look like his ancestral castle at Bingen-on-the-Rhine — and went broke on it. Mother gets it cheap, and she's got a nice bunch of dames for boarders. It's the very hang-out for you."

"Oh, but I couldn't afford such a place!"

"Forget it," he waved a hand. "There's no money in the deal. You're walking right back to the old homestead this time with your che-ild in your arms, and the paper snow coming down, to soft music. I won't be in San Vicente for two weeks. That'll give you time to size up the situation and see what you can do."

"You're very kind," I said.

"Oh, I don't know." He took the card from my hand again, and began scribbling on it. "My room's a fright. I'm telling mother to sort of hoe it out and let you into it."

"What will she think?"

"It doesn't pay to think, where I'm concerned — Mother knows that. I've brought her up right. Say — I wish I could be there to see

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WOMAN AND WAR

By Richard Le Gallienne

I HAVE heard praise of you, because you fling,
Tearless and proud, son after golden son
Into the maw of this abhorrèd thing
That even poets grow ashamed to sing:
This bloody dream of bayonet and gun,
This obscene idol shutting out the sun,
This goblin with so wild a glory crowned,
So decked with dazzle of old words that flame
Along the heart, and girt with such sweet sound
Of lying music—men still call it fame
To do this murder with a laureled name.

Ah! women, blindly noble, now to you
Is given Time's divinest deed to do:
To pluck this madness from the mortal brain;
To root from out the very thoughts of men
This dread inheritance, this ghost that dwells
In the dark swamps beneath the soaring soul,
This shuddering larva of old lusts and hells
Feeding on radiance, making foul the scroll
Of man's ascension; out of language tear
Any bright word that makes this foulness fair,
Strip off the gold, and show the monster there—
Till men forget, or a wild legend deem,
That such a thing as War was once a dream,
And man's supremest vanity to kill.

The upturned faces of a million dead
Plead to the sky; there is no help but you,
O women! you that proudly harvested
Out of your travail all this flower of men
That rots like rubbish out in wind and rain;
With cynic fury, like a shattered hoard,
Broken and wasted—the young future furled
In heart and head gone like a vanished world;
Treasure of bodies piteously adored
In ribald violation tossed and torn
That desecrates the holy name of Death —
Were they for this so mystically born,
And from your hearts so strangely filled with breath!

Ah! battles worthy of the soul to fight
There shall not lack; for still the Ancient Night
Girds us about, and slowly climbs the morn.
For these, O women, mighty is our need
Of men, to do a more courageous deed
Than rushing blindly on an open grave.
O teach us nobler ways of being brave,
And other harder ways of being strong;
Rear us up sons, and rear us daughters, too,
O women, for we have no help but you —
To dare new conflicts with new ways of wrong —
But give no more your children to the flame,
To glut this infamy that once was fame.

The Neutral

by

Porter Emerson Browne

Author of "Peace at Any Price" and "Uncle Sham!"

His daughter came after him, carrying his pants. He put his arms into the legs thereof, and they both thought he was dressed

IT was at the club. Gray was talking; Drake and I listening.

"I," said Gray, "am neutral."

I said nothing. What was the use?

"Here we are," said Gray, "the richest country in the world; contented; prosperous; and at peace. And if it so happens that, on the other side of the world, there are a lot of crazy people shooting one another, and blowing one another up, what business is it of ours? Why should we take sides?"

Drake took up the futile challenge.

"There's always a right and wrong to every side — to every cause," he asserted. "And a man who won't fight for the right and fight against the wrong, isn't a man; he's a fish, and a mighty poor fish at that."

"Bah!" said Gray.

"Do you *bah* Belgium?" queried Drake. "That crime of barbarism against civilization, that slaughter of might by right, that ravaging of humanity by bestiality — yes, and worse! for beasts only kill. It takes human beings to torture."

"War is war," returned Gray. "I suppose the aggressors were doing only what they thought was for their best advantage."

"Doubtless," returned Drake. "I imagine Captain Kidd had much the same excuse."

He turned directly to Gray.

"How about the *Lusitania?*" he asked, "and all the other submarine massacres? And the Zeppelins? The murder from the air of sleeping women and children! What extenuation have you for those? Any, except the one you've already advanced?"

Gray crossed his legs.

"You talk like a magazine article," he said, impatiently. "All we know is that there are a lot of nations fighting their heads off, and it's up to us to keep out of it, and stay out."

"Is that all we know?" asked Drake.

"Well, isn't it?" demanded Gray.

Drake shook his head.

"Not quite," he said. "We know that there are in Europe a lot of nations that, in modern times and under modern conditions were doing the best they could in the best way they could. We know that among these nations was another that coupled with a national efficiency higher than any the world has ever seen, an Idea that was older than murder. And that nation, combining as no nation ever has or probably ever will again, the brain of an Edison with the soul of an Attila, has gone forth into other lands to ravage and to ravish and to rape, with its magnificent equipment of the twentieth century—and its brutal ruthlessness of the tenth. What is it up to the rest of the world to do?"

"Go to bed and wait for it to get over," returned Gray. He rose, impatiently. "For heaven's sake," he said, "cut out all this jingo talk. You're one of these Americans that are going to help get us mixed up in this thing. What business is it of ours what they do in Europe? We're out of it, and if only we behave like sensible people instead of like a lot of darned fools, we can keep out.

"Here we are," he continued, "three thousand miles away. The country was never so prosperous; business never in better shape; everybody making plenty of money; everything going along great. And now you, and a lot of people like you, want to gum up the whole thing by horning in and taking sides and hollering your heads off for armies and navies and things!

"What do you mean, you folks that yell for preparedness, for a big army, and a big navy? Haven't you got sense enough to know that big armies and big navies cost a lot of money? Do you want to go and get your taxes increased, and the price of everything raised? Do *you* want to give up your business, and leave your home, and go and serve in the army?"

Drake nodded.

"If necessary," he said, quietly.

"Well, I don't," said Gray. "And these people that aren't satisfied to let well enough alone; that aren't satisfied to stay at home and attend to their own business and let the rest of the world attend to its, make me sore. And the ones that make me particularly sore are those fool Americans that go abroad knowing that war exists and that they're liable to be blown up, and then put up a holler when it happens to 'em. If they don't want to get torpedoed, why don't they stay at home, the darned fools?"

He grunted, disgustedly.

"They couldn't get me over there, you can bet your sweet life," he said. "No, sir. I'm neutral," he went on, "and I'm going to stay neutral. And furthermore, I'm going to stay at home and mind my own business. I should worry about Europe! They got themselves into all this mess. Let them get themselves out."

A boy came in. "Cable for you Mr. Gray," he said.

Gray took the envelope; tore it open; unfolded the single sheet it contained, and read . . . His eyes squinted. He took a short breath.

"Well, my Lord!" he muttered, feebly. "Well, for the love of — now what do you know about — Well, I'm a — Well, I'll be dad-blamed!"

And without a word, he rose and walked out of the room.

I met my friend at the dock — my friend who had told me about peace at any price, and Uncle Sham. He came down the gangplank tastefully gowned in a raincoat, a pair of carpet-slippers three sizes too big for him, a little white canvas boy's cap around which was a blue band bearing in gold the words, *La Provence*, a middy blouse, and a pair of overalls.

I stared in startled wonderment. Usually he was sartorially effulgent.

He explained as we shook hands.

"Von Tirpitz," he said.

"Good heavens!" I cried. "You weren't on the *America?*"

He nodded.

"On and off," he said.

"When they torpedoed her?"

Again he nodded.

"Come to my rooms," he said, "and I'll tell you about it while I change my clothes. I've been having a terrible time with these things. I can't remember whether I'm a stoker or a look-out. Still, blown-ups can't be choosers; and it was very nice of the steward, the stewardess, the mess-boy — mess being correct — and the crew of the captain's gig to give me these things. Otherwise I'd have had to stay in bed or run the risk of disorganizing the morals of the entire ship.

"Hey! Taxi!" he called; and, casting a cursory glance down at his heterogenous habiliments, he remarked, "For once, at least, I feel that I am about to enjoy going through the customs."

At his rooms, bathed, shaven, in fresh and impeccable raiment, he told me what had happened. This is how he told it:

The Dignified Old Party in the plug hat shoved his head under a seat of the lifeboat

It was just curiosity, I suppose. I wanted to go to Europe to see what made it tick. They don't pull off a war like this every year, thank God; and I wanted to see what it was doing to the people; how they were taking it; and I had a few letters that I thought might get me to the fighting. But I'll tell you about that some other time.

Nothing happened on the way over until we got

about a hundred and fifty miles off the Irish coast. It was a nice day. Three of us were playing ship golf: a chap named Henderson; a little lad with eye-glasses and a tummy — I forgot his name; and myself.

I was just squaring away from my drive at the fifth hole, which lay between the bitts, with a capstan for a hazard, when the Little Lad let out a yell. "A submarine!" he hollers.

"What!" I asked, slicing my drive into a flock of stokers that had come up for air.

"Look!" he says, pointing about three degrees abaft the lee quarter. Henderson and I looked. And sure enough, there was a periscope sticking up out of the water and not over half a mile or so — anyhow, it was a whole lot too near.

"Tell the captain!" yells the Little Lad. And then, without waiting, he piles up the companion-way. He knocks over an old lady and steps entirely on a valuable Pekinese and nails the captain just as he is coming out of the pilot-house.

All he can say is, "Look, Cap!"

It's enough. The Cap looks.

"Good God!" he says, and busts into the pilot-house and, pushing aside the officer in charge, begins to pull at ropes and handles and gongs and things until he looks like a Family of Swiss Bell Ringers.

In about seven seconds there was the most alarming alacrity, to say nothing of the most unprecedented celerity, that you ever saw. Looking over the rail, I see the flock of stokers disappear down a deckhole as one man. It's like chuting coal into a cellar. And in another minute, clouds of smoke began to pour out of the funnels; white water is whipped up by the screws, and, taking a zig-zag course, the ship starts off like a frightened fish.

And the passengers! . . .

It's funny how danger affects different people. Some it makes grim and silent; others noisy and abusive; others weak and pitiable; and still others absent-minded and helpless.

The Old Lady, whose dog the Little Lad had stepped on, took a pillow in her arms, and carefully placing the Pekinese beneath her, sat down on it and began to cry.

Henderson, who was beside me, said something that you couldn't print and stood silent, watching tensely, like a spectator at a race. . . .

A dignified old party who had been taking a siesta when the alarm was pulled, came out on deck dressed in a silk hat and a union suit. His daughter came after him, carrying his pants. He put his arms into the legs thereof; and they both thought he was dressed.

But it was the Little Lad with the tummy that furnished most of the excitement. He stood by the rail, shaking his fist and howling curses, while a female missionary who was returning from her vacation, stood beside him and encouraged him eagerly to further profanities.

"You swine!" he yowls, shaking his fist at the submarine, now awash and ripping through the water behind us. "You double-dashed, triple-asterisked, exclamation-point swine! Attack a peaceful ship full of non-combatants, would you? Why blankety, blinkety, blunkety blank your triply-qualified souls to noun! You just let me get to land and I'll fight you with anything from a lead pipe to a supreme court!"

My, but he was a wonderful cusser! With him, it was not a science. It was an art.

The ship was tearing through the water now, a mile this way, a mile that, the bow wave piling in huge, white masses that slithered along her sides. . . . And back of her was the submarine, dull, sullen, threatening, his back awash in the seas. . . .

Even as we looked, a little port on top opened . . . Men came out . . . A gun rose from somewhere; and a shell came whining over us. . . .

The Old Lady got up from the Pekinese; but its hopeful expression promptly vanished when she sat right down on it again. The Dignified Old Party climbed into a life-boat and his daughter followed.

The Old Lady took a pillow in her arms, and carefully placing the Pekinese beneath her, sat down on it and began to cry

But it was again the Little Lad by the rail that shone. The cussing that he had done before was but an amateur tryout to the splendid and truly artistic achievements that he now attained. And the Female Missionary got behind him and boosted hard. She seemed a firm believer in the theory that words constitute force. If such had been the case, the red hot missiles that the Little Lad was discharging would have sunk the *Queen Elizabeth* in ten seconds.

Another shell whined above our heads. It tore a hole in the forward funnel and buried itself far beyond in the sea . . . And then another. . . .

I can't tell you how long the chase kept up. An hour, perhaps; perhaps two; or maybe three . . . On and on we zig-zagged . . . After us came the submarine, firing shell after shell . . . Three times we were hit, but in no vital spot . . . And every time a shell screamed by, the Old Lady would get up from the dog and sit down on it again, Henderson would mutter, the Little Lad would boil over, and the Dignified Old Party in the plug hat would shove his head under a seat of the lifeboat and promise his daughter that if she ever wanted to go nursing again it would have to be within the three-mile limit of South Bend.

And then somebody said, "Look!" and this time pointed forward.

It was a British destroyer. She had got our wireless and was shooting towards us like a torpedo, smoke lying flat behind her, spray shooting over her tiny stacks. . . .

I have seen many beautiful sights in my time — the Alps, sunset in the Sahara, the Grand Cañon, Rio de Janeiro harbor and the Bank of England. But I want to tell you, my son, that the sight of that low, lean, hungry-looking destroyer made all the rest of 'em look like a wet afternoon in Lincoln, Nebraska. I wanted to have her picture taken and wear it in a locket!

The submarine saw it, too. With a parting shot, she turned and wallowed away, slowly sinking beneath the water . . . The Little Lad sent it on its journey with a parting volley of cuss-words, husky but deeply sincere. Henderson threw back his head, straightening tense shoulders. The Old Lady looked at the pillow she was hugging; gazed about her perplexedly; got up; picked up her flattened pet; and started in to readjust it into its former spherical shape. The Dignified Old Party climbed down out of the lifeboat. His daughter got a peep at him; said, "Ah!" shrilly, and both stepped hastily into the engine-room.

The Little Lad asked the first officer if the captain of the destroyer was coming aboard. He said he wanted to kiss him. . . .

It was while we were warping into the dock. The Little Lad with the tummy was standing beside me, his traveling-bag in his hand.

"Know anybody over here?" he asked me. "I mean, anybody of any account?"

I told him that I had some letters to people that rawthaw mattered.

"I've got a tough job ahead of me," he said; "good and tough."

He paused. "It's my daughter," he went on. "She was in a motor smash-up a little over a year ago. When help came all the others were there, but she was gone. The only explanation that anyone has ever been able to give is that she was hit on the head and lost her memory.

"A week ago I got word that she was in a hospital, in Switzerland — Geneva. She had been found wandering about in the streets in a dazed condition, and they had taken her in. The message said that while she was still far from well, she had got back her memory enough to tell them who she was . . . That's my reason for coming over . . . And now the thing is to find a way for me to get to Geneva and bring her back with me."

"I think I can fix it," I said. I told him where I was to stay. "Come around tomorrow evening, about nine."

He wrung my hand.

"You won't be sorry," he said. "She's a wonderful girl, that daughter of mine . . . Like her mother . . . You must come to see us, when we all get back home again."

I said I'd be glad to go. And we joined in the stream of debarking passengers. . . .

I had a lot to attend to next day. But I managed to arrange so that he should get a pass to Geneva, and to get a letter that would enable him to bring his daughter back to England when she got well enough to make the trip.

The next night, at about nine, I was sitting in the lobby of the hotel, waiting for him, when all of a sudden I heard a gun go off. Bang! And then another; and almost immediately a whole flock of 'em.

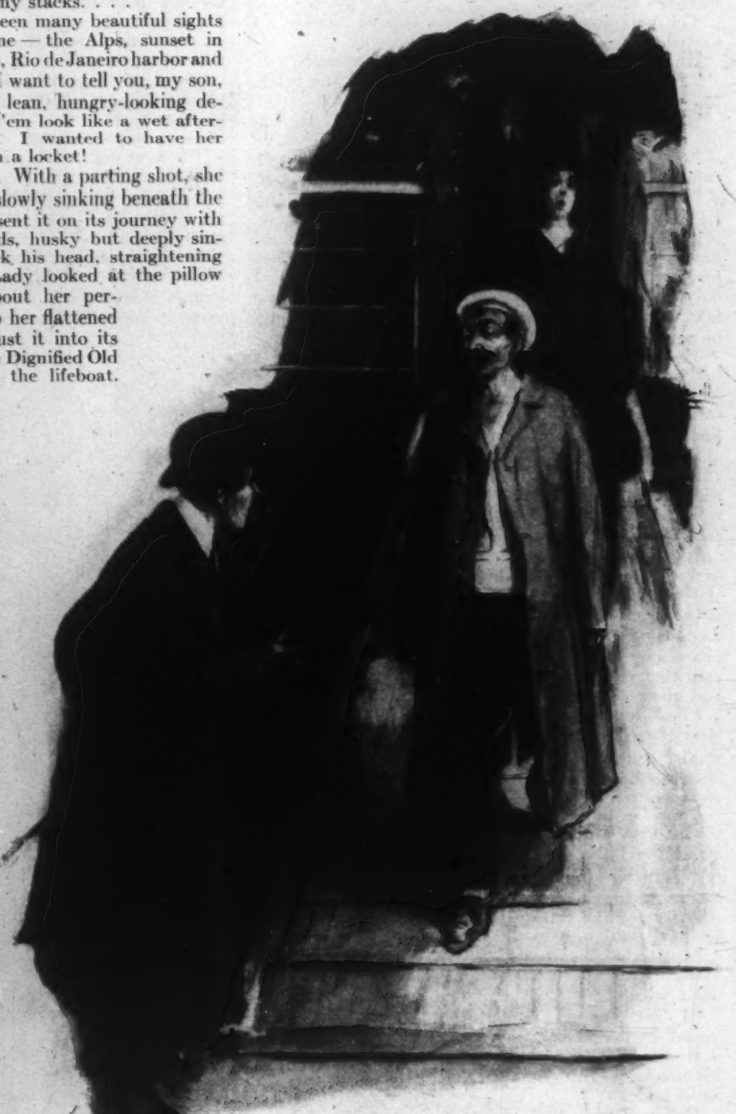
At which the bell-boys, the porters, a covey of chambermaids, a couple of clerks and all the customers poured out of the lobby and into the street. I detained a uniformed menial long enough to ask him the cause of noise and the ensuing exodus.

"Zeps!" he yells, and off he goes.

"Zeps?" I says. And then a light breaks in upon me.

"Oh," I think. "He means Zeppelins!"

And then, as if to corroborate my discovery, "WHANG!!" A bomb! The whole sky was lit up with a flash like a million bolts of lightning. And the noise that accompanied it sounded like the explosion that would result if you poured the Atlantic ocean into hell . . . You could hear glass crashing, and pieces of



I met my friend at the dock. He came down the gangplank tastefully gowned in a raincoat and a pair of carpet slippers three sizes too big for him

pavement . . . A dull rumbling as the fronts of houses caved in.

I rushed out into the street. It was crowded with people, half-stunned, dazed.

Just down the block it had happened. There was a hole in the pavement that you could have buried a whale in. The fronts were torn from four or five houses. . . .

It had killed a couple of children asleep in bed . . . The mangled body of one was lying shattered against the jagged wall, blown against it so hard that it stuck there . . . Bright blood was oozing from beneath yellow curls, to run down a sun-kissed little cheek . . . We saw it in the light of the burning house next door, from which came first screams, then groans — then silence. . . .

And an old woman had been killed while alighting from an omnibus. . . .

And in the morning would come the report:

Last night our air craft again attacked the fortified city of London, with the usual completely satisfactory results.

Two fortified children asleep in a fortified bed!

A fortified old lady alighting from a fortified omnibus!

And that's what they call war!

We helped bring down the children — dead little bodies still warm with the little lives that so swiftly, so terribly, had been taken from them . . . We laid them on the sidewalk, before the torn front of what had been their home . . . Their mother and their father, stunned to unconsciousness, came to their senses . . . They saw their dead . . . Little dead hands limp . . . Little dead eyes staring sightlessly straight up at the monster that sluggishly wheeled, and turned, and made ready for more murder — more, and more, and more . . . The father stood there, his fingers twitching . . . God mercifully took again the mother's senses. . . .

The policeman beside me was cursing thickly. I looked at him. He was crying. . . .

He saw me looking. He blinked, apologetically.

"I've two of me own," he mumbled. "Little tykes, too — like them."

He needn't have apologized for crying . . . He was not alone.

From behind us, somewhere in the firelight gloom, came a man's voice. It sounded strangely familiar.

"For the love of heaven," it howled, "take this triply-qualified, quadruply-adjectived blinkety-blankety blunk thing off me so's I can get at 'em. First the doubly blanked dashes try to blow me up; and then they try to blow me down, double-dash blank 'em. I only wish to blank I was an angel! I'd show 'em a few tricks about flying around and dropping things on people!"

Yes, it was the Little Lad. He had been coming along in a cab. And the manner in which the cataclysm had distributed things had left the cab on top of him and the horse on top of that. But I'll give him credit. When we rolled the débris off him, he came to his feet with a spoke in each hand.

And, drawing back, he slammed first one, and then the other, at the great, sluggish monster there in the air, a mile above him! . . . And everything he called it, and everything he said about the men that conceived, and made, and operated it, was true!

I took him to my rooms and straightened him out, told him what I had done for him, and, with thanks in which curses were strangely mingled, he departed.

I was so busy the next few weeks, that I plumb forgot all about the Little Lad. Imagine my surprise then, when, on mounting the gangplank of the *America* for the return trip, I bumped right into him.

"Now what the —" he began. Then he saw who it was and let out a whoop.

"I got her all right!" he yelled, excitedly. "Look!"

He brought her beside him — his daughter. Interestedly, I did as he bade.

He had said that she was pretty. It was a calumny. For she was more than pretty — much more. Gray eyes, she had, clear and soft, with the frankness of a child's — and the gentleness of a woman's. And the hand that she laid in mine was little and warm and firm . . . Dogs and horses and children would have loved her — which means far more than the love of men and women. Children and animals love with their hearts; men and women confuse that love with brains.

She was about twenty, I suppose. I'm telling you all this about her because — because — Well, I'm a tough old bachelor; but it's not from choice, and when I saw her . . . There are women, and women. Some you never know. Others, the minute you see them, you feel as though you'd come home; that you could tell them the things that lie in every man untold; that in them lie Rest, and Peace and Happiness, and all the things that make life worth living . . . That was the kind she was . . . The only one in all the world I've ever met. . . .

I don't know how long I stood looking into her eyes. Hers did not turn.

We moved to the deck. The Little Lad was fussing around. He had a steward bring a chair for me, and put it next to theirs.

"And I'll fix you at our table," he said to me, over his shoulder, as he passed; "that is, if you're alone. If it hadn't been for you, God knows how I'd ever have got her here."

He pinched her cheek.

"Love the old man?" he asked. His voice broke a little.

She looked up, eyes brimming.

"Daddy!" she said, softly; and she kissed him . . . A child she was — and yet a woman. . . .

We sat up late that night, talking, in the moonlight . . . God knows all I said to her . . . Little thoughts that I had held hidden in the storehouse of my soul since time began I took down from their shelves and laid before her . . . Because I knew that no matter how poor they might be, she would not despise, nor laugh, nor criticize, but would Understand . . . In every man's soul they lie, these thoughts; in most they die, unborn. . . .

The Little Lad fell asleep . . . We talked on . . . She let me look a little into her soul, too . . . It made me ashamed of the smallness of my own . . . And she was very beautiful. . . .

The next day, while we were at lunch, it happened. There was no warning — nothing! . . . Peaceful men and women, in a great ship, on the great sea that God has given alike to all His people . . . And then the devil with his hell. . . .

An explosion that shook the ship to its heart . . . Flame, smoke, and flying bits of metal and wood and human flesh . . . A maelstrom of pitiful, frightened women, horror-bitten men, and helpless, whimpering children that did not understand . . . God! How could they understand? When *you* can't, nor can I! . . . To kill in the heat of battle, yes . . . But deliberately, thinkingly, calmly to set about in cold blood to murder peaceful, unarmed men, helpless, gentle women, and little children fresh from the arms of the God that sent them through love and pain to live upon His earth. . . .

To slaughter these as mercilessly as one would stick a pig! And without even that excuse for slaughter. For pigs are killed to be eaten. But why do they slaughter children? I don't know. Nor do you . . . But perhaps God knows. Perhaps they have told him. They seem much in His confidence.

Through all the awful inferno, we rushed to the deck, the father and I, the daughter between us . . . The ship was listing heavily . . . People rushed about screaming, wailing, begging for mercy, praying to God to save them from the awful death that had come so swiftly, so fiendishly upon them. . . .

And there, across the sunlit waters, lay that death; a dull, sullen, unclean monster, wallowing swinishly. . . . There were men upon its slimy back . . . Men that stood calmly watching while fear-tortured women threw their babies into the sea and flung themselves in after. . . .

The lifeboats on the port side could not be used; the list was so great that it had swung them inboard . . . The number one boat on the starboard side had filled with swarming, terror-stricken souls . . . It began to descend . . . The block on one of the davits jammed . . . The human contents, struggling, slipping, screaming, fell in little clusters into the sea . . . You have shaken caterpillars from a limb? . . . It was like that. Only these were human beings, like you and me. Remember that.

Another boat, half-filled, had lowered and put away . . . People threw themselves after it; to miss and disappear in the tortured waters . . . A third was loading. We fought to reach it; but those about us were too many, and too mad.

She looked up at me, the girl by my side.

"It's no use," she said. "And I am not afraid to die."

The ship gave a lurch. We seized the rail, to keep our feet.

The father, jaw set, eyes narrowed, looked swiftly about.

"She's going," he said, grimly. "Jump!"

There came a rush of waters, like a thousand Niagaras. I tried my best to hold her. She was torn from my hands as one might tear a feather from a child's . . . Down I went, down and down . . . My lungs were bursting . . . I came once again to the surface where was God's sunlight — and the bodies of men and women. There were pieces of her sleeves in each of my hands.

I tried to find her. There were bodies everywhere. A man's, torn in two parts, floating in a circle of red-blue water . . . A woman's, with a baby tight against her breast, her dead arms about its dead body, its little dead fingers clasped about her neck . . . Bubbling, horrid screams! Low, bubbling wails. . . .

I saw Her. She was clinging, twenty feet away, to a bit of wreckage. But bodies lay between.

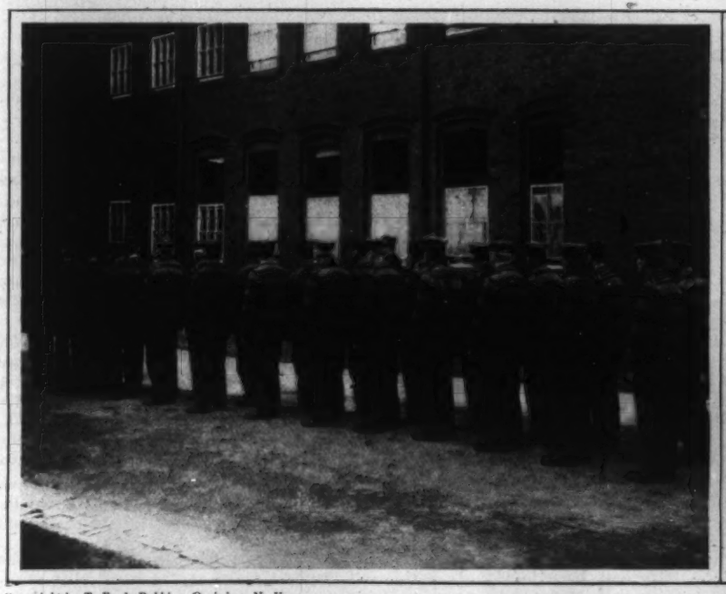
I fought them. If you have never fought the dead, don't long to . . . Hell has nothing new to show me now.

I was almost at her side . . . Her hands slipped from the bit of wreckage to which she clung; she had been long ill, you know . . . Her head sunk beneath the water.

Three bodies lay between us. I remember the first. Its dead face came full against my own as I fought it away. It was very like my mother's . . . The same kind eyes, the same gentle lips, the same loving-kindness that had lived within before — before this awful cataclysm of war came. . . .

But I fought even that, too. I fought that, and the next. And but one lay between as Her face came again to the sunlight . . . Her dark hair floated about her in the water, like some strange, silken seaweed . . . God, how I fought to reach her! . . . She saw me . . . [*Continued on page 50*]

"Here," cried my friend, "what do you want to do? Kill him? Let the man up! Let him up, I say!"



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The Old Way—and the New

By Two Sing Singites

With an introduction by

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE

ONE great cause of our lack of understanding about prisons has been that so little has reached us from the prisoners; and to most that has done so we have given but scant attention.

Not that there has been any lack of literature about prisons and prisoners. On the contrary, there has been almost too much. But so much of it has been written from a cold, theoretical standpoint. There has been little really scientific effort to get at the fundamental, underlying facts.

If by chance we heard from the prisoners themselves some severe arraignment of the system, it failed to make much impression. We muttered to ourselves:

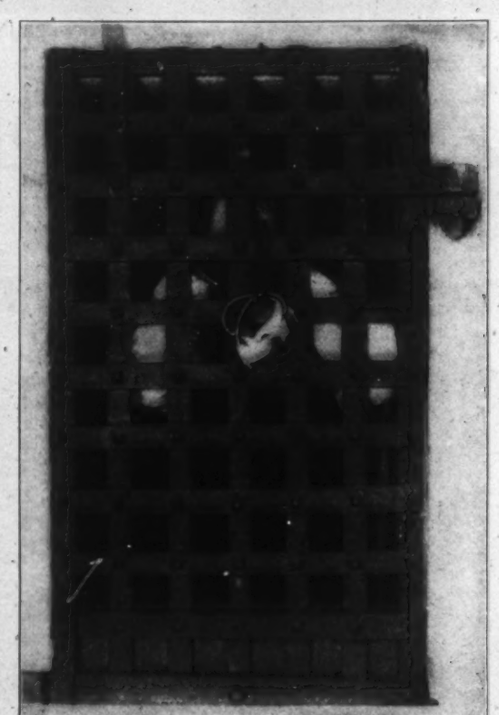
"No thief e'er felt the halter draw
With good opinion of the law,"

and paid little or no attention. We took it for granted that the criminal would have his grievance; and that therefore what he had to say would not be worth listening to. When we did listen we usually found our impressions confirmed; for the ex-convict who broke into print usually did have a grievance and displayed an unbalanced egotism that failed to carry conviction. The man who really had something worth saying was one who desired above all things to escape notoriety.

One of the signs of health in the new order of things in Auburn and Sing Sing Prisons is that the men are finding their tongues, and their thoughts, and a new capacity to express themselves sanely, thoughtfully, truthfully. We are now in position to get from the prisons the real thoughts of the prisoners, as never before; their actual experiences, their assistance in analyzing and solving their own great problem.

On February 14th there occurred in Carnegie Hall the most extraordinary meeting that New York City had ever witnessed. It was arranged and carried out entirely by a group of ex-convicts from Auburn and Sing Sing Prisons, calling themselves the "Outside Branch" of the Mutual Welfare League, the prisoners' organization to which the new privileges have been granted and which has undertaken the responsibility of self-government within the limits permitted by the prison authorities. There addressed the audience about a dozen of the former prisoners, of widely differing types and experiences, but all alike in the fact of their being genuine criminals who under the old prison system had never intended to "make good," but had found under the new system an inspiration and encouragement to turn over the page and start on the straight path. No one who heard them talk could for a moment doubt their sincerity or their success, so far, in their new life.

One man, forty years of age, spoke of having spent twenty-seven years in different correctional institutions, including four or five terms in state's prison; another had so spent twenty-one years out of a possible thirty; another young man of twenty-six had been thirteen years behind the bars. To hear these men bear witness to their change of feeling toward society, to hear their expressions of confidence in themselves and their devotion to the Leagues which had brought about the change was most inspiring. No one could help being deeply impressed with the feeling that a new spirit had arisen which will in time revolutionize our whole prison system.



One of the old forms of punishment

The following article was written by two young prisoners who are in Sing Sing. Whether or not one entirely agrees with its sentiments, it is worth reading, for it is straightforward and sincere. Whether its statements are in all respects entirely accurate I do not know; but I am quite sure that its authors believe them to be so. They have written with the desire to help forward the movement which has brought new interest in life for them, and which they believe, as I believe, will change the whole aspect of prison life throughout the country.

To develop some form of self-government in the prisons had been in the minds of a number of persons for several years. It was left for the prisoners of Auburn and Sing Sing to put the idea into a practical working scheme; and thus set a remarkable example to the prisoners in such institutions everywhere. In every prison is the material for such a development, if those in charge have the faith, the understanding and the patience to let it be formulated. There is, however, one great danger: that the privileges granted be considered the end, instead of only a means to the end; the end being the growth of a capacity to bear responsibility through bearing responsibility. As Gladstone wrote to Morley: "It is liberty alone that fits men for liberty."

THOMAS MOTT OSBORNE.

WE have been in prison. We are both young, and are still there. One of us has many years to serve. We know the Old System and the New System, and the difference cannot be measured. Let us tell you what we know.

Somewhere along in the early 70's a man sprang into prominence. He was supposed to be the world's greatest exponent of prison reform. He was a personal friend of Lombroso, and, more or less, he patterned himself after that celebrated criminologist. How he did it, no one knows; but he succeeded in getting the great State of New York to build a Reformatory for him—and was appointed Superintendent. For twenty-two years he held the reins of the government of that institution.

This Reformatory of the State was (and still is) considered by many to be the last word in correctional institutions. Perhaps criminals were more vicious in the late 70's than they are today. We do not know; but, like Lombroso, the new superintendent judged the prisoners by their "bumps." He had some splendid *ideas* on reformation. He argued that a busy brain and hand would find little time for mischief, and then proceeded to put his theories in practice by *forcing* men to do that which was hateful to them. If John Smith's father was a plumber, it followed that John Smith's son must also be a plumber. Morning, noon and night the men were compelled to work—that is, a few of them. Perhaps seven hundred of the men confined in his institution were under "cellular" treatment. They were confined in their cells all day; never leaving them save to be shaved or bathed. He then conceived the idea of military training. He permitted the men to remain out of their cells for an hour or so in the afternoon for the purpose of drilling. The cellular treatment wasn't very successful. The men proved stupid or violent. They fought among themselves like wild beasts; rioting was the order of the day. Finally they were put to work according to the old method of determining a man's trade.

There was received at the Reformatory a young fellow who was subject to epileptic fits. The boy's father conducted a large barber shop in Buffalo. The superintendent was nothing if [*Continued on page 71*]

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce — *by* Cameron Mackenzie

Concluded this Month

THE NEW McCLURE SERIAL: "Piry," by Will Levington Comfort, a romance of the Philippines, begins in the June number. This powerful story, which strikes a new note in McClure fiction, will be published complete in three long satisfying instalments.

"OH, Butler, what is the use?" Butler had made his denial — flat, categorical, emphatic. But Janet, fixed in her conviction not only of his faithlessness upon the known occasion, but also of months before that of lying to cover ignominious meetings with Lotta, had for his declaration only an impatient little movement of her hand and that wearied question: "Oh, Butler, what is the use?"

"The use? There's lots of use!" he took up her glaringly.

"After all these months — after the other night? Oh, no, there isn't! I'm not so credulous. And besides . . . I forgive you."

She had spoken dejectedly, with the lassitude of her extremity, and getting up moved away, struggling to hold her lips steady. For the even more passionate protestation of innocence which followed she had only half an ear.

"Then what, will you tell me," Janet asked, facing about with over-tried patience, "were you doing at that hour in her flat?"

Without making immediate reply his eyes dropped and he took up a book from John Tremont's desk. The girl watched him. Finally he spoke and with a certain grimness.

"She sent for me," he said.

"Sent for you? Why should *she* send for *you*?"

"She'd read in the papers of the assignment and got word to me through Julian."

"With whom you dined?" And the girl had been unable to repress her deep inner bitterness and scorn.

"With whom I had expected to dine," he corrected.

"Oh, Butler — Butler!" she lamented. "Well, never mind! . . . What did she want?"

"She wanted to know what I was going to do."

"About what?"

"About you."

"And what did you tell her?" Janet asked him.

"I told her, for one thing," said Butler with firmness, "that that depended upon you."

Janet turned away with a gesture of utter hopelessness. "And it took you till close upon one o'clock in the morning for that?" she declared, rather than asked.

"No, it did not," answered Butler testily, and there was a long silence.

"Well, then," questioned Janet over her shoulder, "what is it that you say kept you there until that hour?"

Her husband closed the book with a bang and thrusting his hands into his trousers' pockets, walked meditatively to the window. Through another long pause he stood there gazing out. At length he was speaking.

"There is no use answering that question if you believe what you say you do. There's no use answering any questions nor of — nor of our trying to go on at all. We're at an end. We might just as well quit where we are. As long as you've got that thing in your mind no existence together is possible. Think of it — we couldn't live with it always between us. No, no, it's impossible."

"Oh, it's just a little hard at first. After a while a person gets used to everything, I imagine. But there's the fact and I don't know what I can do."

"I'll tell you," and Butler wheeled about.

"Well, what?"

"Believe! Believe me." He had let her have it full and straight. Her eyelids fell in weariness.

"Oh, Butler," she said, "I've forgiven you. Isn't that enough? I don't see what more you can really expect."

Another silence, and then he brought forth abruptly: "You think I've been lying to you right along, don't you?"

"But I tell you I forgive you," she cried a little impatiently.

"You don't, though. You just say you do. Words! Words! Words!" He jerked his hands out of his pockets and began to button his coat briskly. "My God, Janet," he declared vehemently, as he crossed the room to the mantelpiece where he had placed his straw hat, "you've not got the faith of a flea left in you. You don't believe in anything or anybody, much less in me."

Her eyes followed him. "Oh, well, for that matter, I don't believe in myself," she said. "That's why I forgive you — partly!"

With his hat in his hand he regarded her from the threshold. Presently he turned sharply about. "Well, we can't even try to go on like this," he snapped with decision and went out.

This was seven days after Janet, with Martha and the baby, had come into town. It had been a grueling week, bringing with it, for the girl, hours of drubbing compared with which any of Janet's earlier hours of self-condemnation and uncertainty had been mild. First in this direction and then in that she had rushed like a hunted animal to find a solution to her difficulty. Before the interview with Butler she had believed that she had hit upon a way out of her calamity. But the scheme had failed utterly; the edifice so painstakingly, so agonizingly built up, lay before her in ruins.

The operation upon the baby had been performed. Shortly after noontime, that previous Saturday, the nurses had arrived, honest, sober-faced young women, covering excitement under an elaborate air of calm. They had disappeared and emerging in their uniforms, had invaded the large, light room of the Tremont apartment. Once Janet had looked in; the walls, hung with sheets, were sepulchre-like; chairs and couches had been pushed away, stripping the place of its air of comfortable habitation; in the middle of the gleaming floor stood an enameled operating table, proclaiming the business in hand. After a while Dr. King, an assistant and an anesthetizer had arrived. Soon after, Martha had left her. Once Dr. King walked past the open door; from head to foot he was in heartrending white and was working a hand into a grewsome rubber glove. A nurse had come; they had taken the child away and Martha had rejoined Janet. A feeble, muffled cry came once. Life for the girl stood still; she did not speak, much less cry. A heavy, sickly fume of ether rolled about Janet and quiet, alarmingly measured footsteps were in the hall. Dr. King entered. Apparently the operation had been a success; it would, however, be some days before he could be sure, he had said, that the spine would be straight.

He could see her now as she stood there

Not only had Butler not been with Janet during the operation but she had not seen him until that afternoon; indeed, during the intervening time she had not so much as talked to him over the wire. Martha Tremont had by various persuasions kept them apart. "Both of you must get yourselves balanced up," she had said, "and before you start arguing see where you are!" Janet had acquiesced; she was not ready for the encounter; she wanted time to think. Butler had been inclined to rebellion. "You see," Janet's sister explained to her, "he doesn't know about the Earlmore — your calling him up there, I mean."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, that other men had failed in business before. He thinks you're trying to get used to that blow. He says he'll wait till I send for him."

Accordingly there had been no meeting; Janet stayed with the Tremonts, Butler remained with Charles Winter. He received prompt word of the operation by telephone from Martha, and in like manner regular and frequent reports day by day of the boy's condition. Thus matters had continued for a week, and then had come the interview and the collapse of all that the girl had striven to reconstruct.

The Tremonts's apartment, spacious, light and cool, had been handed over to Janet's needs and affairs. There was at Janet's disposal a maid — one of Martha's infinitely friendly understanding maids — and the Tremont butler was always on duty. If the baby slept no one breathed; if the baby smiled, everyone smiled; Dr. King's visits, twice daily, were preeminently the household events. John himself, with a high funereal air, tiptoed in and out, always ready, always eager, a check-book, metaphorically, always in his hand.

The girl was overwhelmed; gratitude, if nothing else, would have made her receptive, and Martha was alert with her advantages. "I'm not trying to be kind," she insisted, "in any silly, sentimental way. I'm trying to be kind by inflicting pain. No one can pull you out of your hole until you see what you've been. With all your uplift, with all your ideals, with all your consecration to the finest and all that, you've been a blighting thing — and most of all, to Butler. If you owe a duty in this world it's to forgive him and take him back. My dear, you are one of those peculiarly good people whom it was ordained in the beginning must be failures and cause failures."

"But look at Harsen!" pleaded Janet by way of reply. "He was Butler's big mistake. I never told him to take Harsen."

"Of course you didn't, child," retorted her sister. "But can't you see that in the very nature of the case he was sure to find a Harsen — he was foredoomed to one?"

The basic fact concerning Butler, maintained Martha, was not so much that he did not possess the driving, achieving ability, but that he was aware, perhaps only by an inner sense, of his lack.

"No doubt," she said, "he never acknowledged it to himself; perhaps he couldn't. But it was there just the same."

And it was that consciousness, asserted Martha, which had prompted him to align Harsen with himself. Harsen had power, a kind of brutal force of will; he was a huge motor truck, heavy as a house, crashing forward, heedless of all save its own destination. Following his process of unexpressed reasoning, Butler had hoped to harness that force, Mrs. Tremont contended, to pull himself through by the means of it, to make up with Harsen's strength for his own deficit. [*Continued on page 51*]

"No you can't, Pawling! I've trained Miss O'Malley to do my work just the way I want it. I won't let her go"

An Efficiency Expert

by

FRANK GOEWEY JONES

WHEN the senior member of the firm of Bigelow & Judkins began his brief speech to the office employees, the junior partner's stenographer, like the other girls and the men clerks, pricked up her ears. They were small, delicately pink, very pretty ears, and the plump young woman in the black cotton voile dress was fully aware of that. She did not use them often to hear what Bigelow said. Ordinarily his remarks went in at one and out the other, for there was a feud of long standing between Judkins's personal amanuensis and his partner. Miss O'Malley knew that Bigelow "had it in for her." But she had scorned his enmity heretofore, since Judkins was her doughty champion. She took pains to suit him, and dodged work from anybody else. Now, however, it appeared that the senior partner was to be reenforced strongly. The fortress of her defense was to be attacked at a new salient.

For the first time during her two years' tenure of the typewriting chair just outside the sanctum of Judkins, Miss O'Malley felt dubious about his invincibility. Therefore she tucked an overhanging chestnut curl behind each ear so that she might hear better what Bigelow was saying. Her black eyes snapped vindictively while she listened. When he finished, she opened her lips to bite off under her breath, "Darn him!" with her even, white teeth.

Miss O'Malley was not prone to employ this anathema; though she had no conscientious scruples against profanity. She did not use it often, simply because observation and logic both told her it was ineffective. The Irish stenographer very seldom did futile things. In fact, it was her philosophy of life that if one ever did anything avoidable, one was a "chump." She did not so classify herself. On the contrary, she regarded Nora O'Malley as an exceptionally shrewd young woman.

The other girls in the office might fling gibes at her "laziness." She never wasted energy to defend herself or to recriminate. She let her head save her heels so efficiently that she could wear a pair of fragile pumps to work and have them seem brand new twice as long as could Miss Gordon, who was Bigelow's favorite stenographer, and who liked to be called his "private secretary." Miss O'Malley felt prouder of her accomplishment with the Juliettes than she would have been if she had typed double the number of letters Miss Gordon clicked out on her machine every day. Nora was convinced she herself was not a "chump" and that the senior partner's amanuensis was. Miss O'Malley averaged about half as much completed work per diem as did Miss Gordon, but the difference in their pay was only two dollars a week.

Even this slight disparity in the salaries of the two stenographers was a rank injustice, of course. Judkins was Bigelow's equal partner in the business, although his name was written second in the signature. It manifestly was unfair that the private secretary of the senior member should receive two dollars more on Saturday night than was paid by the firm to the junior partner's assistant. Obviously, in effect, Judkins was paying one dollar every week from his own pocket for the sole benefit of Bigelow. In logic and justice, since Miss Gordon certainly would not work for a cent less, this wrong to Judkins should have been righted by increasing Miss O'Malley's honorarium. But the stigma on the junior partner's prerogative of equality had not been removed. Nora thought about it a good deal, but she was not so foolish as to waste breath in arguing for the principle at stake. She never expended inutile energy on anything.

A general indictment of "laziness" filed against Miss O'Malley would be lacking in appreciation of her perfected indiligence. She deserved specific counts. An ordinary dawdler, for instance, would have begun to kill time after Bigelow finished his speech this morning, by rising from her typewriter to get a drink. Then she would have come back to her chair and would have tapped out a half a dozen lines before she remembered that she had not looked at the thermometer. The examination of the heat-registering device would have been followed by a few more sentences transcribed. After that the common idler would have gone to the stationery cabinet for letter-heads.

It was like Miss O'Malley, however, to restrain both her thirst and her curiosity about the office temperature and to take an easier way of replenishing her stationery supply. She called to the office boy:

"Jimmy, I'm out of letter-heads. Bring me a drink along with 'em, will you? How hot is it in this old oven today?"

She quaffed the glass her willing slave brought to her, thanked him with an effortless smile as she handed it back empty, and sat still and cool for five minutes in the breeze from the electric fan while she pondered what Bigelow had just said.

Judkins was phlegmatically satisfied to have his personal stenographer furnish him errorless, neat transcriptions of the few letters he was accustomed to dictate in the course of a day. He did not go behind results. He had charge of the business routine; that required much less correspondence than did Sales, which constituted Bigelow's especial province. Probably the junior partner would have cared little had he known the reason Miss O'Malley rarely made mistakes was that it took extra work to correct even a misspelled word. He would have been unconcerned if she had told him frankly she was scrupulous about the immaculate appearance of the letters she typed for him principally because she wanted to make sure they would not have to be done over. His amanuensis never irritated him by taking her own time to complete her tasks; his mental processes were leisurely, too.

On the other hand Miss O'Malley often took keen delight in exasperating Bigelow to the impotent limits of his ire. Earlier this Saturday morning she had an opportunity. Nora improved it fully, since she felt

confident he would not "fire" her and because she was Judkins's stenographer. The senior partner, according to his habit on a half day, first overloaded Miss Gordon with dictation, then called in his partner's amanuensis.

"I can't take any more letters and get Mr. Judkins's mail out in time," Miss O'Malley announced when she presented herself, without her note-book, at the door of Bigelow's sanctum.

The senior partner raged into the private office of his associate to swear about her. In his absence she paraded back to her desk and serenely at leisure resumed typing "her" employer's dictation. Presently fat Judkins came jouncing out.

"Miss O'Malley, what have you left in your note-book?" he asked fiercely.

There was plenty, for she had procrastinated in expectation of Bigelow's coup. She turned page after page, and summarized each for the junior partner.

"I don't like to hurry your work, Mr. Judkins," Nora finished deprecatingly. "I want to be sure and get it just right always." She knew he hated to scrutinize his letters before signing them, especially on Saturday.

The junior partner glowered at the note-book, snorted, and stamped back to defend her to Bigelow.

Time and again previous to today Nora thus had repulsed similar assaults on her independent ease. She was convinced her discharge was the chief purpose of Bigelow's life. The senior partner hated her so vindictively that he seemed to brood over his balked revenge. For two years she had defied him; never with flagrant insolence, always under the mask of respect. He detested Miss O'Malley without disguise; but he was powerless to "fire" her, because she suited Judkins.

Now, however, Nora was in danger. Outwardly, as she sat relaxed before her typewriter, with idle hands in her lap, and reveled in the cool draft from the fan, she appeared placid and confident of her security. Under the surface her apprehensions, first aroused five minutes ago when Bigelow began his short talk to the office employees, were stirred to real anxiety.

There had been an expert in "scientific management and efficiency" revolutionizing the factory of Bigelow & Judkins for weeks. Nobody had dreamed he would meddle with office affairs. The clerical and stenographic force had viewed from afar the devastation wrought in the manufacturing departments of the business, much as Americans look impersonally with detestation on the atrocities of the European War. There had been no hint that similar horrors might be their lot next. Now Bigelow had notified the twenty-six men and girls that the following Monday morning the terrible Mr. Pawling would take charge of the office and install his famous efficiency system there, too. Miss O'Malley felt she was doomed.

Judkins might not be depended on to rescue her this time. He, instead of Bigelow, was responsible for the activities of the alien revolutionist in the six-story building on the corner of Clinton Street and West Jackson Boulevard, which had been a comparatively peaceful place of business before. It was common talk in the office that the senior partner had opposed the employment of the efficiency expert at first. Bigelow had not believed that a stranger could come into a man's own factory and teach him his own business. Mr. Pawling convinced him to the contrary. Bigelow was more than a convert to scientific management. He had seen incompetent workmen weeded out of the manufacturing organization with almost uncanny precision, and he had become a rabid zealot for "efficiency."

In the course of his short address to the office employees this Saturday morning his eyes had gleamed with peculiar satisfaction when they looked directly at Miss O'Malley. She could guess what her ancient enemy was thinking. In anticipation Bigelow saw her exposed as the stenographer that did the least work of all the girls. Pawling, he announced, would have autocratic power of discharge and employment during the installation of his efficiency system. Nora realized there was no question in the mind of the senior partner who should be the first to go. She did not doubt, either, that he was right. And fatuous Judkins posed in pompous serenity beside the doorway of his sanctum while Bigelow made his speech and introduced Pawling to the victims like a tiger being shown to prospective martyrs by Nero. Plainly the junior partner had no idea he soon was to see his favorite amanuensis sacrificed just because she did not do half a day's work a day.

Another girl in similar peril might have determined savagely to make a desperate fight. The idea even occurred to Miss O'Malley while she sat reflecting on her danger. To the credit of her consistency be it said that she entertained it but fleetingly. She might, almost certainly she should, lose her job; yet she would not sacrifice her principles. If she could continue to work for Judkins only by "speeding up" in violation of her philosophy of life as it should be lived in comfort, she preferred to be discharged. The question she mentally debated at length was whether or not she had better resign this Saturday noon and take the edge off Bigelow's expected triumph.

After all, though, Miss O'Malley was Irish. She would not run. Besides, if she were to quit, she would have to exert herself right away to find another situation. She was a fatalist, and all Sunday lay just ahead. What was going to happen next week would happen anyway. She did not mean to lose her day of rest. Nora thought, too, there would be some satisfaction in defying Bigelow to the very last. Finally, she had taken an intense dislike to nervously energetic Pawling. He was a human dynamo, the antithesis of slow-moving, stodgy Judkins, who was her ideal of what a boss should be. She decided to stay and to bait the efficiency expert by continuing to act precisely as she had been doing.

Now that she had determined what course she should pursue, Miss O'Malley unhurriedly resumed typing after her period of reflection. All around her the other girls and the clerks worked at top speed, for Pawling still stood in the front of the office. He was making a superficial survey of his next field of slaughter. Even Miss Gordon looked worried. But through the electrical atmosphere plump Miss O'Malley placidly went her accustomed way like a balloon floating among storm clouds.

When she finished her last letter of that morning, she raised her head calmly. She found the keen gaze of the efficiency expert fixed on her already. Nora perceived that she was a new species to him. She returned his stare without blinking. Then, unflustered and without a single needless motion, she deliberately gathered up her thin basket of mail and took it in to Judkins. Pawling glared through his spectacles after her.

The impending calamity was the sole topic of conversation in the girls' locker room after the noon whistle blew. The uniform good nature of Miss O'Malley had made her a general favorite. Not even Miss Gordon was her enemy. None of the stenographers rasped her feelings now. They all delicately avoided direct speech with Nora about the common danger that especially menaced her. The other girls were considerate of Miss O'Malley in much the same way that a lot of merely suspected malefactors would have refrained from "rubbing it in" to the one of their number whose guilt was known beyond doubt.

"They say that Pawling makes a reg'lar machine out of you," Miss Neilson, the mail clerk, excitedly chattered to Miss Trimble. "You've got to do every single thing just so."

"Yes, and he stands right over you and watches all the motions you make," the filing clerk accentuated the ordeal to be expected. "He's exactly like a cat playing with a mouse. Did you notice he's even got those cruel green eyes?"

"I don't see how a person can help getting so nervous she'll make all kinds of mistakes," quavered Miss Bailey. "If I know he's behind me, I'll get so mixed on my switchboard I'll never make a connection right."

"He doesn't give you any credit, either, if your work has been perfectly satisfactory before," complained Miss Gordon with foreboding. "You've got to suit *him*."

"*You* needn't worry," gloomily predicted Miss Black, who tried her best to take dictation and to typewrite fast, but who never could equal the ordinary pace of the head stenographer. "He'll set you up for the model and expect all the rest of us to do as much as you. It ain't fair. I know I'm not half so bright as you are, Edith. And I just can't do things quick without getting rattled." There were tears in Miss Black's voice.

Miss Neilson and Miss Gordon were on terms of enmity, but now the mail clerk appealed to the chivalry of her foe.

"If it wasn't for you, the rest of the stenographers might come out all right. You've got a cinch. Old Bigelow wouldn't let you go anyway. Why don't you slow down a little next week? Then, if the others speed up all they can, Pawling won't notice so much difference between them and you."

The less expert stenographers mutely pleaded with their eyes for Miss Gordon to lend her unselfish cooperation in saving their jobs. She stared aghast at Miss Neilson.

"Well, I like your nerve!" her indignation exploded after a moment or two. "Didn't Pawling tie a can last week to Mr. Haight, that was foreman in the assembling department going on three years? Nobody's safe with that old snoop. [*Continued on page 42*]

"I'd like to help the other girls but I've got to look out I don't lose my own job"

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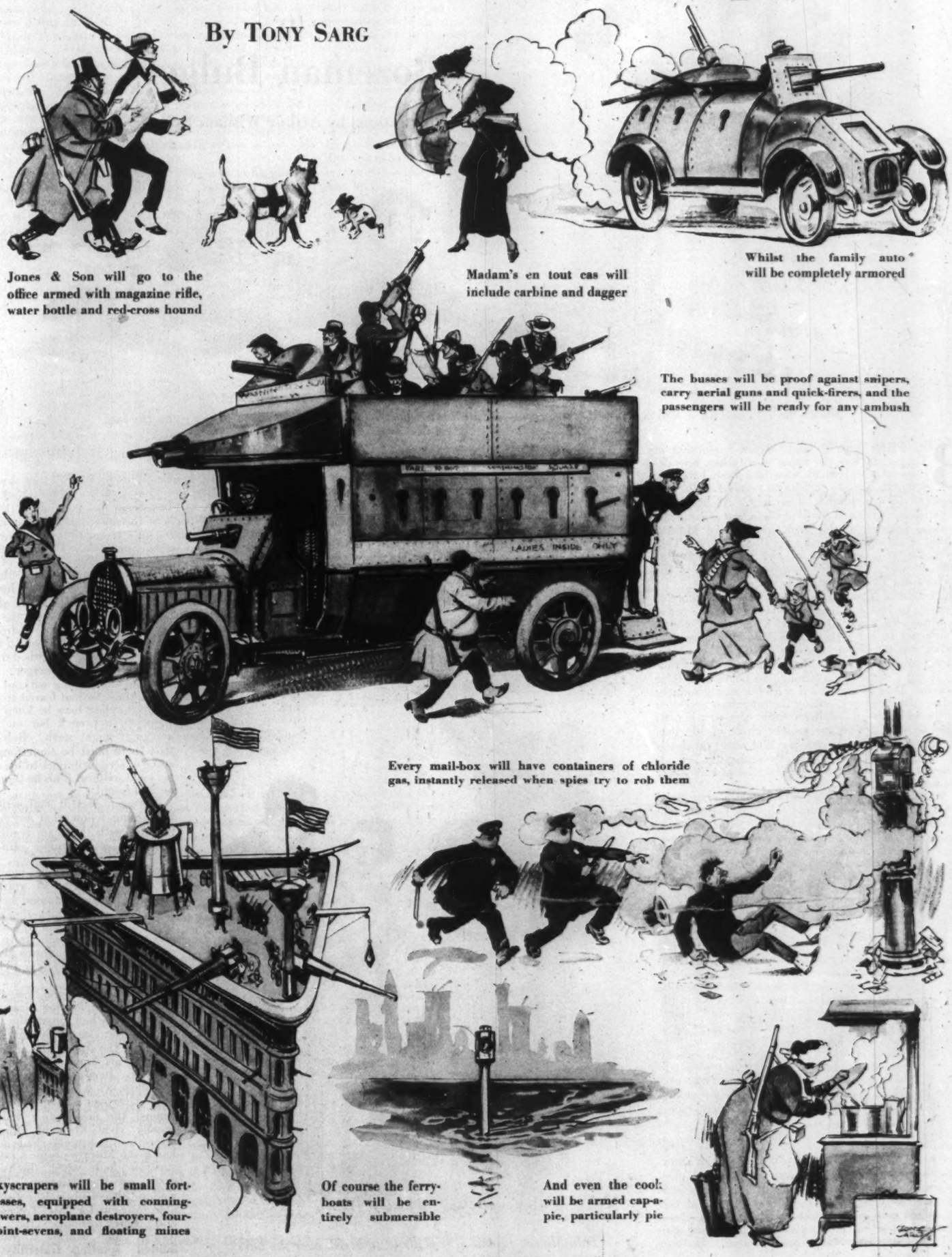
When We Are Really Prepared!

By TONY SARG



Jones & Son will go to the office armed with magazine rifle, water bottle and red-cross hound

Madam's en tout cas will include carbine and dagger

Whilst the family auto will be completely armored

The busses will be proof against snipers, carry aerial guns and quick-firers, and the passengers will be ready for any ambush

Every mail-box will have containers of chloride gas, instantly released when spies try to rob them

Skyscrapers will be small fortresses, equipped with conning-towers, aeroplane destroyers, four-point-sevens, and floating mines

Of course the ferry-boats will be entirely submersible

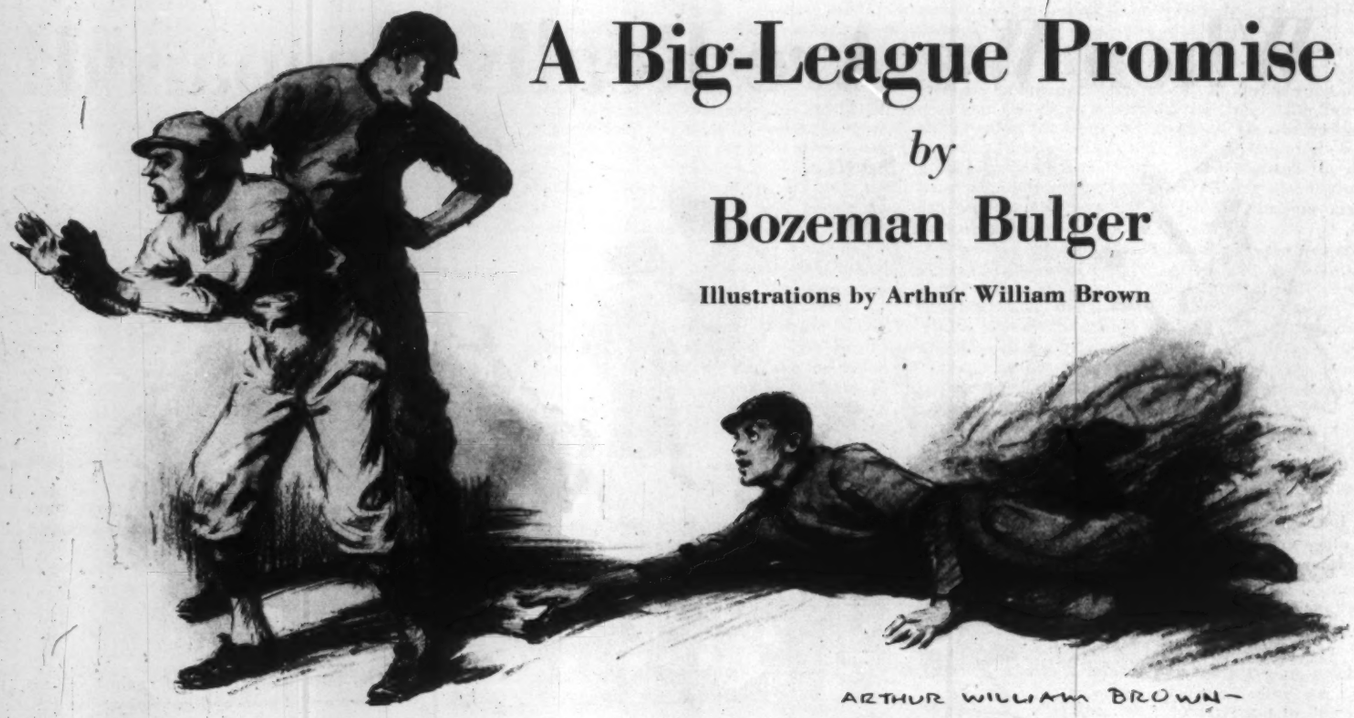
And even the cook will be armed cap-a-pie, particularly pie

A Big-League Promise

by

Bozeman Bulger

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown



"Bonehead!" came in a roaring chorus as Pressley slid into third only to find Larry Conners standing on the bag!

BOB PRESSLEY'S name meant something in Texas. It was the name of a father, now deceased, a statesman who had been loved by democracy and aristocracy alike. It was a passport to any branch of society. At heart the younger Bob, at the age of twenty-one, was a democrat. His social position in the small town set of Marlow was that of an aristocrat. Young Pressley loved Tula Mason, the only daughter of old Major Marcellus Mason, probably the most dignified gentleman of the old school in all Southwestern Texas.

The extent of Miss Mason's return love was more of a mystery to Pressley than anybody else in the town. It is always that way if the girl is smart. Through the influence of her father, Tula was essentially aristocratic; but the aristocracy of a small Southern town must not be confused with the arrogance and insolence often found in cities large enough to boast of a Four Hundred. Tula Mason, born a leader, was genuinely popular. In the stores, among the ranchmen and even with the old servants of her friends, she was just as lovable as in the younger society circle of Marlow. Miss Mason was of a personality that could do things where other girls dared not, and occasionally her adventurous spirit led her into the exercise of this power when least expected.

It was to enlist Tula's aid in a revolutionary social move that Young Pressley had called an evening late in February, the beginning of spring in Marlow. Though Bob and Tula had been engaged since they were children, the young man had not yet reached that state of security in courtship which permitted him to make demands. Feeling the necessity of diplomatic care he approached the subject circuitously by first conveying the all important news that the Bluelegs, the champion ball club of the big leagues, would arrive in town the following day. That day was Thursday, and Thursday night was always the occasion of a dance of the younger set at the Aragon hotel. It was necessary that Bob work fast.

If you ever read the sporting pages, Marlow will be recalled as the little town in Southern Texas where the Bluelegs have done their spring training for the past ten years. The climate is ideal for the loosening up of muscles stiffened by a long winter.

The impending arrival of the Bluelegs, so eagerly anticipated by the populace, was of serious moment to young Mr. Pressley. His solemn promise was at stake, and he had come to ask Tula Mason's aid in breaking down the social bars that separated the ball-players from the younger town set in these dances at the Aragon. That hotel was also the spring home of the Bluelegs. It was asking a lot.

The social lines in a small Southern town, you know, are rigidly drawn. Strangers are not accepted until something is known of their past, of their family connections. Everybody was fond of Manager McGill and his ball club — the Bluelegs had grown to be a most popular part of the town's spring life — but with civic hospitality the cordial welcome ceased. Matrons of the younger set did not regard professional ball-players as exactly eligible for a leap over the social bars.

This irked Bob Pressley sorely, because, in the first place, he was friendly to everybody and, in the second place, he wanted to be a ball-player. Moreover, Manager McGill had promised to give him a chance.

Bob was a lover and had his day dreams, as all of us have had; but his dreams did not run to a military conquest of the world with himself leading the victorious forces down the street on which lived The Girl. He aspired to heroics in the eyes of his girl by a two-base hit with the bases full and Tula cheering him on from a prominent box.

Tula Mason, he knew, was about to break over the bars

Young Pressley idolized Joseph McGill and saw no reason why good fellows like that should not enjoy the informal dances and become a real part of the social life of Marlow as well as the civic. On two or three occasions Bob had dared an attempt to break down the bars but had found them immovable. He had danced with Mrs. McGill and the charming wife of one of the other players, but that was the limit of his efforts. He could not bring about a coalition of the two forces. The few ball-players who brought their wives along danced with them; but at the other end of the big dining-room, temporarily converted into a ballroom, the social set moved in its own orbit. The young men of the town could mix; but so long as the girls did not break through there could be no general merger.

Bob realized that he could do nothing without the aid of Tula, but, up to this time, he had feared to test her. Once she cleared the dividing bars he knew the others would follow. But to approach her on this subject was not so easy as it might seem. Bob felt that there must be something at stake of serious import to his own personal welfare. This he thought he had found.

Manager McGill had written the young fellow that he could practise with the team regularly and that a big-league uniform had been ordered for him. To a young town boy, who has had the rare privilege of rubbing elbows with the diamond heroes since he wore knickerbockers, to realize the dream of being able to dash through town in one of those same uniforms means much. If you are a fan you know how much.

Bob Pressley, you see, had played on the Marlow Grammar School team, had played the outfield at the state university and had been the star of the amateur team of his home town in the summer. In a practise game he had once got a hit off Mathewson! Moreover a home run of his against the neighboring and intensely rival town of Dorado, after the big-leaguers had gone, had given Marlow people a rather superior look when discussing doings of the diamond. That wallop also had won considerable money for Alf Townsend and Berry Shonts, the real leaders of Marlow's rather limited sporting fraternity.

Alf Townsend was a prosperous saloon-keeper, and Berry Shonts ran the pool-room. No one could convince them that Bob Pressley was not the greatest ball-player in the amateur world and that the time would not come when Manager McGill, of the Bluelegs, would reach right out, pull Bob into the fold as a big-leaguer and give Marlow the position on the map to which it was entitled.

While Townsend and Shonts were not of the social life of Marlow they were the close friends of Pressley. They had been the political supporters of his father and had stumped the county for him when he ran for Congress. Alf Townsend was regarded as a solid business man and a factor in public enterprises despite the fact that he ran a bar-room. On frequent occasions he had given Bob good suggestions about the handling of the big plantation and cattle ranch left him by his father.

These two loyal friends were first to learn of Pressley's chance to practise with the Bluelegs, and their concern for his success was not a whit less than was the young man's anxiety as he laid his case before Miss Tula Mason, the girl he loved.

"Tula," began Bob, a little apprehension in his tone,

"You want to be a great ball-player then, Bob?"

"I want you to help me keep a promise. I told Mr. McGill as he was leaving here last spring that I would make these dances at the hotel more sociable — that I would break down the bars this time or ——"

"Wasn't that a rather embarrassing subject to discuss with him?" she asked.

"I thought it would be at first," the young fellow admitted, "but Mr. McGill smiled and said he understood; that ball-players always ran against social conventions like that. He said it was due to an old prejudice because ball-players in former days were considered roughs and rowdies. Most of them, he says, are gentlemen nowadays and for that very reason they appreciate the situation and never feel hurt in the least."

"You then promised to see that they were accepted socially here?"

"Sure I did," he answered in surprise. "What else could I do, especially when Mr. McGill told me that he was going to try and make a ball-player out of me? What would you have done?"

"You want to be a great ball-player then, Bob?"

"That's my life's ambition. Wouldn't you feel pretty proud to sit in a box some day and see me break up a game with a two-base hit?"

"I could be proud of you without that," she replied demurely.

"But not as proud as I want you — You'll do it for my sake, won't you, Tula?" he begged. "Don't you see how it will make me look if I don't make good my promise? Annie May Roberts says she'll dance if you will. Tula," he implored, "you know I have nobody in the world to come to but you — I have no family to love me. Won't you?"

"But you—you went to Annie May Roberts first?"

"Oh, no, no!" he explained in alarm — just as she had expected and wished — "I didn't tell her why — simply asked her if she wanted to dance."

"You are sure you really want to become a ball-player — a professional ball-player?" she asked, looking at him curiously. Something in the tone indicated a maturer mind and Bob recognized it.

"You bet I do! Why? Don't you think ——"

The girl had grown very serious. Her look disconcerted him.

"I'll help you, Bob," she said.

THE red letter day in Marlow is marked by the annual arrival of the Bluelegs. The townfolk feel as much proprietorship in the big-league ball-players as do the fans of the big city they represent in the circuit. Aside from personal interest in the players themselves the coming of the Bluelegs causes a decided flurry among the lesser merchants. Fifty young men, including reporters and photographers, many of them with their wives along and expense money for six weeks, can add quite a lot to the circulating currency of a small town. Of this the business row takes due cognizance. Drug-stores and their soda-water parlors are brushed up, stationery stores fill up on magazines and other periodicals — ball-players are inveterate readers — and the two moving picture houses are made fresh with dabs of paint and fancy decorations. The haberdasher never fails in his extra display of neckties, low-quartered shoes and articles of light clothing. A majority of ball-players and their camp followers are good spenders, and shopping in a different town is never without its fascination. There is little else to do.

With the coming of early Texas spring the extra masseurs in the bathhouse — "rubbers," the ball-players call them — acquire new tricks of manipulating muscles; and many a darkey family, grown lean through the short winter, eagerly awaits the small change sure to find its way to them from the big-leaguers.

The old fellow who runs the little Mexican restaurant at the end of the main street knows he will have a brisk night trade in chili con carne and lays in a supply of the frijoles and the other ingredients that go to make up that excessively hot though most palatable dish. Occasional eating at night is not tabooed in the training diet, as many would believe. A big, healthy athlete is always ready to eat when there is no other form of entertainment, and Manager McGill does not deny them. In fact he likes these impromptu suppers himself.

Arriving at the hotel this time, the Bluelegs saw abundant evidence of preparedness for the weekly dance. In a corner of the big lobby were the tell-tale, battered musical instruments of the town orchestra, and a squad of negro waiters were sprinkling powdered wax and cornmeal on the floor of the dining-room — soon to be the ballroom. The fresher recruits, in Marlow for the first time, saw visions of a pleasant social break in the grind of spring training.

Manager McGill though, apprised them of conditions, warned them not to cause embarrassment by trying to break in. They could look on, but that was all. The manager had no inkling of the social upheaval impending.

But Bob Pressley had won, and the big moment came with the first arrivals of the younger

"Do you think he will make a great ball-player?" she inquired.

set after dinner. Among these was Tula Mason, attired in a smart dancing frock, accompanied by the redoubtable Bob.

Tula was not what could be called a beautiful girl — neither a blonde nor a brunette — but she was chic and attractive. In her animated face there was something delightfully wholesome. One liked her without having had an introduction. The ball-players best described her, perhaps, as "the class." Miss Mason had met Manager McGill and several of the older players. As she came through the lobby to the dining-room she stopped to speak to them. She danced the opening one-step with Bob Pressley and left him to greet Mrs. McGill, who had just appeared in the lobby.

"If you don't mind, Mrs. McGill," she said gra-

"Why not give him a chance? You could do it as a favor to the town, couldn't you?"

ciously, "I am going to ask that you permit Mr. McGill to put his name on my card for the fox trot which is next."

Manager McGill, who overheard, bowed and took the card. He gave no indication of his surprise, startling as it was. Tula Mason, he knew, was about to break over the bars.

As the music began the manager of the Bluelegs and Miss Mason moved gracefully across the floor to the astonishment of the little coterie that had kept itself in the far end of the room, away from the ball-players, mere onlookers. The older matrons gasped.

Tula Mason had dared to upset precedent. In another moment the social set saw Bob Pressley move across the floor with Mrs. McGill, a beautiful dancer. That broke the ice.

Introductions followed with rapidity. Annie May Roberts, begging the consent of her escort, gave her next dance to Rube Vicks, star southpaw of the Bluelegs. In another half hour young fellows, recruits on the team, were gliding about with the belles of Marlow's exclusive set and the young men of the town had made the wives of the ball-players favorites. The whole place rang with laughter. The novelty of the thing took as if by magic. Even old ladies of fifty and more danced gaily with broad-shouldered athletes no older than their sons.

To the surprise and delight of Marlow society the ball-players had proved themselves gentlemen — gentlemen who could talk entertainingly as well as dance.

The next day the whole town gossiped of the big event. Telephones rang continuously in the homes of the social set, and the girls had more to tell each other than had been enjoyed for a year.

At the hotel, McGill smiled broadly as he noted the unconcealed attempts of his athletes at brushing up in their appearance and the many purchases of new wearing apparel. This was particularly noticeable among those who came up from the town lots, boys who had not been favored with educational opportunities as had many of their team-mates.

"This thing," McGill remarked to one of the business men a week or so later, "has done more to put my club on a high plane than all the teaching I could have done in a life-time. The contact with refined young women has worked wonders. It has made the boys more careful of their deportment and has created in them a desire to be considered 'classy.' And, believe me, that feeling is a mighty necessary factor in winning a pennant."

In the meantime McGill had given evidence of his gratitude by putting a Bluelegs uniform on Bob Pressley, as he had promised, and had taken him through the regular stunts, as if he had been an accredited member of the club under contract. He had made up his mind to try Bob out with the second team and give him every opportunity to become a real ball-player.

This was the golden opportunity, and the boy leaped at it. No athlete ever worked harder or with more enthusiasm. The work-outs grew longer and more severe; but as the days went by Bob found that he was almost as fast as the speediest base runner on the club. Against the early pitching he could also hit fairly well; but as the big-league arms rounded into shape and gradually assumed their cunning this became more difficult, a fact that young Pressley recognized with some misgivings. McGill coached him carefully in hitting and throwing, but frequently would shake his head when the young man's back was turned.

Rumors have little in common with accuracy, and word spread among the local sports that Pressley had "made" the big-league team. Information, growing as it went, was carried to the neighboring town of Dorado that McGill had given the Marlow boy a big contract. The tale-bearers knew this to be premature; but Marlow simply had to have something on Dorado, and Alf Townsend, Berry Shonts and others proceeded gleefully to rub it in. Not until the report was accepted as a fact did they sense the possibilities of reaction following a failure. Bob Pressley had not been signed, and they knew it; but they had gone too far to back track. The training season was now nearly over and something had to be done.

"What about this boy, Pressley?" Townsend asked of McGill one night as they played billiards in Berry Shonts's place.

"He's a mighty nice lad," McGill replied, "and I am very fond of him."

"But as to giving him a contract?" urged Townsend. "It would be a big thing for this town to have a local boy in the big-league. I know he would make good. Did you see him get that hit off Mathewson today?"

The manager smiled. He had seen the hit, but he also knew how Matty was pitching — simply lobbing the ball to practise control.

"Doing something for that boy is a rather difficult matter," McGill finally told them. "I have a lot of youngsters here who are better ball-players than Pressley. I don't know exactly how I could arrange it."

"Why, you've tried others who failed," argued Townsend. "Why not give him a chance? You could do it as a favor to the town, couldn't you?"

"You must understand," answered the manager, "that I work for a corporation which depends upon my judgment. I'm afraid it's asking a little too much for me to throw aside my judgment and put a man on the pay-roll just because I like him personally and am fond of you people."

Townsend was not only disappointed, but in his mind there came a vague alarm. He had sent the word to Dorado, and now if Bob didn't get the job Marlow would be laughed at all through that part of Texas.

"You know it will break his heart if he doesn't get with the team now, don't you?" he suggested, trying a new tack.

"That's quite true," agreed McGill, "but with that big plantation and cattle ranch he doesn't particularly need the money while these other young fellows do."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," suddenly announced Townsend, after a conference with Shonts. "If you'll take this boy along, Shonts and I will put up the money out of our pockets for his salary, provided you'll keep it secret. If he makes good you return us the money. If not, apply it to the weekly pay-roll. What do you figure it would cost?"

McGill could not but admire the gameness of this proposition; but its irregularity made him hesitate. For a moment he was silent, considering it seriously. He really wanted to do something for the ambitious young fellow, and the rather unique opportunity appealed to him.

"Even if he didn't make good would you feel that you had invested the money wisely?" he finally inquired.

"It would be worth that much to the town," spoke up Shonts.

"Well," the manager explained, "ordinarily I would offer a youngster a fifteen-hundred-dollar contract, but I wouldn't have to offer Pressley more than $1,200 — that is, $200 a month. If he stayed the whole season of six months it wouldn't cost you fellows anything, as I wouldn't keep him that long if he didn't make good. If I kept him three months it would cost you about $300 each. The club would pay the traveling expenses. By George, I'll do it!"

"You'll never let him know about this or breathe a word to your ball-players?" Townsend cautioned.

"Not in a thousand years. If it will help boost the town you can also have it announced that I am paying him $5,000 a year to start on. We never make public the correct salaries of ball-players and nobody will be the wiser. But tell me," he suddenly inquired, "why this intense friendship on your part for this lad?"

"We loved his father," said Townsend. "Down in this country that's enough."

This simple announcement so impressed McGill that he warmly shook hands with Townsend and Shonts and walked away without finishing his game.

The next day Bob Pressley was signed to a contract and instructed to take up his abode at the hotel with the rest of the team. It is a rule that players cannot sit on the bench with a team after the beginning of the season unless under contract and it is a custom to apply the same rule to training quarters.

The announcement, now official, of Pressley having "signed" flashed all over Texas and was amplified in the long dispatches sent east by the baseball reporters. The advertisement, business men calculated, was alone worth two years of a ball-player's salary to Marlow.

Old Major Marcellus Mason heard the news after it had been going the rounds for a week. He chided Tula for not having told him sooner. To her surprise he gave the matter serious reflection. Taking the girl on his knee the old gentleman talked with her long and earnestly. He said things that brought to her several sleepless nights. The Major had looked upon Bob Pressley's baseball enthusiasm as a boyish whim. It now had reached a serious stage — a stage that he could not reconcile with memories of the lad's distinguished father.

AS the days of training sped along the first and second teams made trips to Dallas, Houston, Galveston and San Antonio for exhibition games with the minor league clubs, also in training. This offered Pressley a chance to show what he could do under fire, and he gave a very fair account of himself. His hitting was a little below the average, and there was a noticeable awkwardness in his base running — he had yet to master the hookslide; but the boys told Tula Mason that he was a sure comer.

The dances at the Aragon were now held twice a week, and as a social part of Marlow's life the ball-players had worn well. In return for the courtesy shown them the Bluelegs had decided to give a farewell dance, the social set of the town being their guests. Each player was assessed five dollars for expenses and the big-leaguers went the town-folk one better by having a regular ten-piece dance orchestra come all the way from Houston. Tula Mason and Annie May Roberts assisted in the arrangements, and the big affair was certain of success.

During the afternoon before the first of these farewell dances — the one in which this story is interested — a notice was posted in the bathhouse of the Bluelegs announcing the names of the players to start north with the second team and those to accompany Manager McGill, who always took personal supervision of the first team, or regulars. Among the veterans it was observed, with surprise, that young Pressley was to go with the regulars. This gave the town another thrill of pride, the local paper proclaiming the fact in big black type on the front page. Long before that, though, Bob had telephoned the exciting information to Tula Mason. Her lack of enthusiasm he attributed to ignorance of the game. Still, he was happy.

The farewell ball was a hilarious success. Manager McGill and Miss Mason led the grand march, with Mrs. McGill and Bob Pressley following.

"You know, Miss Mason," McGill said to Tula as he escorted her to the punchbowl after the first dance, "we feel very grateful to the people of Marlow, and especially to you, for the good times you have given us. We can never repay you." [*Continued on page 44*]

"I say that he did give me the sign and you know he did."

If We Go to War—Now

by

Edward Mott Woolley

McCLURE'S was the first magazine to preach the doctrine of Preparedness. In this article, the result of months of investigation, Mr. Woolley drives home once more the cold, hard facts of our almost criminal unreadiness.

THE biggest proposition facing the United States today is the possibility of war. Conceding this possibility, what sort of war is it to be? What will happen to us in the United States? Will the navy fight the war without the help of the army, or will it be a sort of play war, with no fighting at all? Is it to be nothing but a business war?

These are points concerning which most of us would like some inside advance information. If a million or more of us must go over to Europe and drive the enemy out of his trenches, it will be convenient for us to get our little business affairs settled up and our wives and children sent home to mother. Or if a million foreign soldiers are coming over here to fight us, it might be a stroke of policy to ship some of our merchandise or factory equipment back of the mountains.

What could we do in case we entered the arena of the great European war?

To be brief and brutal, every guess so far received from men of knowledge is this: We could not do anything to help the Allies, so far as fighting is concerned. England has absolute confidence in her huge and overshadowing navy, and our navy would not be asked to come over and help unless some unforeseen contingency were to arise.

Neither would we send troops abroad. The mere suggestion causes the United States army experts to utter withering words of contempt for the policy that has kept this great country practically without land defense forces. How could we send troops abroad at the present time, when it would take from six months to a year to recruit, train and equip even in a mediocre way enough soldiers to constitute a second-class army for home defense?

The Big Question

WHAT would happen, then, if war were declared — now?

Let us cut through the complexities to the main issues. Suppose that an unexpected peace agreement in Europe were to leave the United States out, and we found ourselves standing on our own feet, at war with Germany. And suppose Germany, knowing well our unpreparedness, decided to come over here and collect from us the cost of her war with the Allies.

Our Navy would meet the invaders, doubtless with Admiral Frank F. Fletcher in command, aboard the flagship *Wyoming*. We have some powerful battleships, and the *Arkansas*, *Delaware*, *Florida*, *New York*, *Texas*, *Utah* and others would fight. Nobody doubts the courage of our sea fighters. But we are short ten battleships, built, building and authorized, from the schedule planned in 1903, by which we were to have forty-eight in 1919.

The Navy list shows us to be in possession of twenty-nine gunboats, and we have forty-one oil-burning destroyers either built or building, eight ships of the dreadnought type using oil as an auxiliary fuel, and two all-oil-fuel battleships. To supply these vessels, the navy boasts an old tank ship and seven colliers fitted to carry some oil.

Of the three improvised vessels used as tenders to destroyers, one, at least, is in the last stages of decrepitude, having been built in 1885. The six submarine tenders are all improvised and now nearly worthless, one being an old sailing ship.

The Navy has two hospital ships, both improvised and unsuitable. Their names, *Solace* and *Relief*, are misnomers, for one is out of commission as unseaworthy, and the other, in the cautious language of the General Board, "would be of limited value in time of war."

As to mine layers and mine sweepers, and sundry craft, some interesting testimony has been adduced in Congress concerning converted tugs and other make-shifts.

These are no secrets. At the Government Printing Office in Washington I secured a gripful of published reports. It is past belief that the people of the United States will stand back much longer, in the face of these accusing documents, and permit the Navy to remain so hopelessly unbalanced.

In time of war the naval militia would be called on first to reinforce the navy, and this organization comprises 8,700 men. It is a volunteer body, made up of business and working men who have given only limited time to learning the details of the naval profession. Yet the personnel of the Navy itself is in such straits that we look with some relief on this naval militia.

Experts who have analyzed our Navy and foreign navies make a guess that we might be defeated or outmaneuvered. The last Navy war game demonstrated that an enemy could get through and land on our coast, somewhere out of range of our coast guns. A naval raid might even precede a declaration of war, and take us by surprise. Hudson Maxim says that war is inevitable for us soon after the close of the European war, and in "Defenseless America" he pictures the horrors of an invasion. Cleveland Moffett has drawn a thrilling imaginative story in his "Conquest of America" in McClure's, and J. Bernard Walker in "America Fallen" gives a clever narrative involving much technical dissection of our weak national defense.

An Eastern and Western Invasion

FROM high authorities I get some possibilities that I hesitate to set down, lest they seem unpatriotic. Yet, since these possibilities are based on a minute analysis of our army and the equipment available, the highest of patriotic ends will be subserved by stating them without equivocation.

In case an enemy of sufficient size landed on our shores, we would abandon New York, Boston, Albany, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, along with all the adjacent coast country. We would do this without any attempt to stop the enemy. We wouldn't do it because we lacked courage to fight, but to save the lives of our citizens and to avert the certain destruction of these cities.

The Army War College estimates that in fifteen days Germany, for instance, using only half her available transports, could land 387,000 trained soldiers in the United States, together with animals and equipment. In the succeeding forty-one days she could land over 400,000 more. Japan could send to the Pacific coast in twenty-three days 95,000 men, following them in forty-one days with 142,000 more. With three-quarters of a million foreign soldiers on the Atlantic coast, and a quarter of a million on the Pacific coast, we would be driven back on both sides to the interior in a desperate effort to hold the enemies at bay. To meet the Atlantic enemy would of itself require half a million men at the start, and half a million more almost immediately — trained and hardened soldiers, highly equipped.

If you are deluding yourself with the belief that we could raise this force in time to avert such a calamity, read the official reports on the subject, which you can get from the government, from the newspapers, or from the American Defense Society in New York.

It might happen, of course, that the pressure of public opinion in the interior would be so tremendous that such Army as we have would be forced to go down to the coast and sacrifice itself. In this case the slaughter of the people would be appalling, and the property ruin beyond computation.

But consider for a moment the possibility that the coast would for the time-being be abandoned to the enemy. What then?

New Jersey Devastated

ON good authority I have it that the American Army would entrench itself in the mountains east of the main Appalachian range. In places these lines would come down close to the seaboard, as in Northern New Jersey, where the du Pont Company has vast smokeless powder works, and where the government itself has the Picatinny Arsenal, or Army powder factory, and also the main Army depot for the storage of high explosives. Such points, therefore, would become centers of battle. New Jersey would be devastated.

These American entrenchments probably would begin somewhere up in Maine and extend perhaps to North Carolina — assuming that the enemy effected a landing near New York or Boston. These two points offer the best opportunity for raids on the money centers of the coast. So far as the strength of our Army permitted, the roads and strategic points leading to the Westward would be protected; but right here would enter a difficult problem. The people of the coast cities are dependent on the interior for food and other supplies, and if the railroad bridges were destroyed, or traffic interrupted otherwise, the residents of New York and other large cities would starve. So it would become part of the duty of the government and the American Army to feed their own people within the enemy's lines, and, incidentally, to feed the enemy himself.

The regular Army now comprises 103,000 men, of whom 29,000 are outside the United States. About 20,000 are at the coast defenses, and others would be required there in case of war, so that our mobile Army really comprises the magnificent number of 32,000 soldiers! The War College, remember, says that 500,000 trained men would be needed at once in case of invasion.

Facts That Stagger You

THE militia would go to war, with less than half the field batteries necessary, and without ammunition trains, or sufficient officers or horses. It would go without siege artillery, and without field mortars or howitzers of large caliber. Of the existing batteries of field artillery, eleven have defects so great that their continued recognition has been made contingent on improvement prior to the next inspection. Batteries are far below the number of men required for peace strength, and a large number of batteries have not given sufficient attention to the qualifications for gunners.

You see why the recruiting of the militia to full war strength presents immense difficulties. The supply service connected with both militia and regulars offers similar problems. Ammunition and firearms cannot be procured from the blue sky.

The interior would probably give us the best and largest number of recruits in case of war. There are multitudes of men in the East who, because of mental, physical or racial limitations, would not make ideal American soldiers, even should they enlist. In the interior we would get a larger proportion of typical Americans. Yet even if the whole country were to rise, in the emergency of invasion, it might be able merely to indulge in frantic regrets over its own puerility in the past.

How now about arming our own Army?

We would need aeroplanes, too. Today the Army and Navy have between them about twenty! In the very shadow of war, twenty!

Of course, even if a declaration of war were made now, the progress of the European war might operate to save us from invasion for a year or more. In that event, it is not likely we would ever be invaded, because in a year's time, if we bent every energy to the task, we would be prepared to prevent the enemy's arrival.

Now suppose we do go to war with a margin of time to prepare for active fighting. How will that sort of war affect us in the United States?

The first jolt will come when a million or more men leave their homes for a continuous military training. This will shake our social structure.

Those Left at Home

FIGHTING in the Army and Navy is not all there is to war. If a million men were suddenly called to arms in the United States there would still be some ninety-nine million people left at home. If the first million of fighting men were killed off or maimed in the first year or two, five or six million more could be put in the field through voluntary enlistment and by conscription; but still there would be more than ninety million people at home. What would happen to them while the fighting men were being slaughtered in the defense of our unprotected United States?

In Belgium we see the effects on the people of invasion; but of course we are not comparable to Belgium. That country is only a little bigger in area than New Hampshire, while the United States has a vast interior hemmed in by high mountain ranges on the East and West. Here could be herded the noncombatants in case of a simultaneous invasion of both coasts by two

or more enemies. It is idle boasting to say that such invasions are impossible. The pacifists have only their opinions to back them up, while military experts show by actual facts that this country at the present time could be overwhelmed on the East, West and South.

To be ready to defend oneself is logic that would seem indisputable. Without this logic there would be no such thing as government, and the pacifists are simply anarchists. But the pacifists are no more dangerous than is that other class of people which, while clamoring eternally for war to uphold the nation's honor, fails to rise up and force upon a politically saturated Congress the necessity for immediate preparation for war. We hear blatant cries for war against Europe and Mexico, but the people who make the noise are unwitting bluffers. To go to war without being half prepared is suicide.

We must admit with humiliation that we cannot fight. As a military power the United States is egregiously weak, and if the pacifists get their way we are sure to have war sooner or later, because it will be easy for an enemy to come and take our wealth and perhaps our land. If the bluffers have their way we will go to war to avenge our honor or to uphold the Monroe doctrine. In either case we will fight without sufficient military preparation. With the destruction of our fleet, invasion would follow inevitably.

Assume, then, that the United States goes to war in its present vulnerable condition, and is invaded from the East. The danger of invasion from the West is another story. Considering the Eastern peril alone, what will be the rôle of the non-fighting population?

As I have said, the cities of the Atlantic coast would be abandoned without defense. Instead, our troops would entrench themselves in the mountains and try to prevent the enemy from getting into the interior. Then, while the enemy looted the coast cities, the work of originating and developing an Army would be carried on under the most unfavorable and febrile conditions. This task would be very difficult because the enemy would have possession of nearly all the great gunpowder, arms and projectile plants.

This country, however, is a land of immense resources, and all the mechanical facilities of the interior would be drawn on. Concluding that raw material were procurable and that the enemy could be prevented from getting into the interior, we might in time make something of a showing with fighting equipment.

The last census shows that Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Rhode Island and Delaware, combined, had about two and a quarter million factory hands, or very nearly the aggregate of factory workers in the group of states comprising Illinois, Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and Pennsylvania. Allowing for the fact that the Eastern part of Pennsylvania would be in the enemy's lines and the Western part of New York state inside the American lines, the manufacturing facilities captured by the invaders in the first-named group of states would be just about equal to the factory facilities retained by the United States in the second group.

No figures are available as to the number of factory hands in the United States today, but the last census showed the number to be about six and three-quarter million, of whom more than three million worked in the factories of the Atlantic and Southern coast states. Assume that today there are four million workers in the plants of the coast states, and four million in the interior and on the Pacific Coast. Then half our factory population is at the mercy of any powerful foe, once a landing is effected. If the enemy were to bring in even half a million soldiers, practically all the great factories of the coast could be seized. Our manufacturing capacity would get a fearful blow.

What would happen to the four million workers in those captured Eastern factories, and to their families?

Attempted Riots

Of course there would be, at the start, some attempts at local and unorganized resistance, but under the long military arm of the invader these would soon be strangled. Hideous examples would be made of those who disputed the enemy's way. Then, as soon as order was restored, the antagonist would reopen such of the plants as he desired for making war material, and employment would be offered to the skilled men necessary to operate these plants. Starvation is a leveler of high sentiments, especially when one's wife and children are also starving, and in a short time many factories would be working day and night again — only, the foe would be getting the products.

These munitions plants would not employ more than a third of the factory hands thrown out of employment by the invasion. Probably three million workers and their families would be left destitute. I asked a military man what would happen to them. The women and children, he said, would be shipped inside the American lines, or allowed to make their way to the interior if they could. Some of the men also would be permitted to go, but men who might be of real military or mechanical service to the United States would be refused passports. If they attempted to escape and were caught, they would be detained in prison camps, or shot.

Of course during the events just preceding the invasion there would be a mighty hegira of people toward the West, and we can picture in our imaginations the horrors of it. Every available vehicle would be impressed, and the railroads would be choked. All these millions of people would be in a panic to get over the mountains, and those of them that succeeded would become an added burden on the desperate people of the interior.

Many would not attempt to go; but they would be a burden on the American resources, just the same. The enemy would have the whip hand and would say to the American generals:

"These are your own people and you will have to feed them. Unless you do so we will raze New York and the other big cities, and your people will perish by the million." So we would continue to operate our railroads to the coast, under foreign supervision, in order to take care of our own population. We would send down to the coast whatever supplies the enemy said were necessary, so far as we could; but how much of these goods would reach our people we could guess.

We scarcely need imagine the crimes and atrocities that would accompany all this. We know that our people would die in hordes of exposure, want and brutality. New York would become a half-empty jungle of militarism, without commerce or inland trade except such as contributed to the designs of the enemy. Merchants would be ruined and professional men would be adrift without practice. Clerical workers would join the idle multitude forming the bread lines at the military distributing stations.

So much for the coast. How about the interior?

I put this question to a former Army officer in Washington, for officers still in the service are muzzled, however much they would like to talk. In the past, they have talked a great deal, officially and otherwise. Army officers know the peril the United States confronts every day we remain in our defenseless condition. This former Army man took a map of the United States and made red circles around Buffalo, Pittsburgh, Cleveland, Toledo, Detroit, Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Birmingham, St. Louis, and a few other cities. These, he said, would be the concentration points for the manufacture of war munitions. Then he made blue circles around such places as St. Louis, Louisville, Chattanooga, Birmingham and Lynchburg, Va. These would be the larger concentration points for troops.

Next he drew some yellow marks that curved and zigzagged among the Appalachian Mountains, with here and there a line that swung away toward the sea. Somewhere along these lines, he believed, our Army would be drawn up. On the north the yellow line began near Bangor, Maine, and circled around through New Hampshire, Vermont, central New York, central Pennsylvania, West Virginia, and North Carolina, touching the sea again near Wilmington in the latter state. An inner yellow line came down through Northern Massachusetts, and other inner lines through Northern New Jersey, Eastern Pennsylvania and Eastern Virginia.

The rest of the coast territory, he prophesied, would be handed over to the enemy without a struggle. If the invasion were to come now, he said, the gigantic task of stopping it would be grotesquely out of proportion to our toy mobile army of about thirty-odd thousand available [*Continued on page 35*]

Old Boats *by* Theodosia Garrison

Sketches by Thomas Fogarty

I

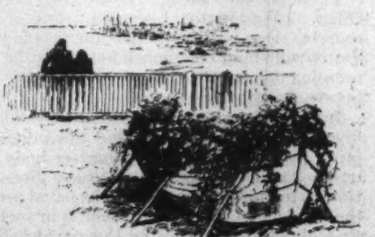
I SAW the old sea captain in his city daughter's house,
Shaved till his chin was pink, and brushed till his hair was flat,
In a broadcloth suit and varnished boots and a collar up to his ears.
(I'd seen him last with a slicker on and a tied-down oilskin hat.)

II

AND it happened that I went home last June, and saw in Mallory's yard
The old red dory that sprung a leak a couple of years ago,
Dragged out of good salt water and braced to stand in the grass
And be filled with dirt from stem to stern, where posies and such could grow;

III

PAINTED to beat the band, with vines strung over the sides
And red geraniums in the bow — a boat that was built for water
Made into a flower garden. I looked, but I didn't laugh,
For I thought of the old sea captain living in town with his daughter.



regulars. The militia could not get out in time, or if it did get out it would be utterly ineffective against a million hardened and equipped foreign soldiers.

So our play would not be to meet the enemy and let him annihilate our little Army, but to get our backs against the wall up in the hills.

The United States would be cut off by blockade from all European countries, and our sea commerce would be paralyzed as completely as Germany's is now. In 1915 we sold to Europe a billion dollars' worth of food products alone. To lose this business and a couple of billion dollars' worth of other export trade would upheave our manufacturing industries left to us in the interior. The total capital invested in manufacturing in the United States is more than twenty-five billion dollars, and the total wages to factory hands approximate four billion dollars. We turn out normally around forty billion dollars' worth of manufactured products. To protect all this from invasion in the event of a sea defeat we have available as a mobile Army some thirty-odd thousand regulars!

What is the matter with us, that we have gone along with our business-building in such fatuity?

In case of invasion, our immense business structure would go to pieces. Our manufacturing activity would be confined to making war supplies and taking care of our restricted domestic wants. The latter would be reduced for the most part to absolute necessities. We would cut off altogether, or cut down heavily, our consumption of lumber, printed goods, paper and wood pulp, pleasure automobiles, furniture, silks, illuminating and heating goods, patent medicines, confectionery, paints and varnish, chemicals, brass and bronze goods, marble and stone work, and leather goods. Our present output of these goods, roughly, is around ten billion dollars a year. We would also reduce very largely our purchases of cotton goods, clothing, hosiery, knit goods, and some other articles — products which we now make and sell to the extent of some eight billion dollars a year. Building operations would stop — and last year in fifty cities we spent on buildings six hundred million dollars.

In time of peace and prosperity we could prepare for defense at a tiny fraction of what actual war would cost — and by so preparing we would make invasion impossible. But we have been so indifferent to the danger that every attempt at a broad-gauge military plan has been frustrated by an avalanche of protests from every section of the country. We have demanded the little scattered army posts because they brought payrolls into our districts, and inefficient navy yards for the same reason. If war comes, every community will pay the penalty a thousandfold.

This war that we might prevent by adequate defense would mean a continuous and monumental bonfire of the people's resources. The Civil War added an annual interest charge of $129,000,000, and that was only a trifle beside the whole cost.

We can scarcely over-estimate the effect of an invasion upon our domestic life. In the Spanish-American war the work done by such women as Dr. Anita Newcomb McGee, Clara Barton, Helen Gould, Dr. Mary E. Green, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Bayard Cutting, Mrs. Joseph Gardner, and many others, was of great benefit. In this possible war another coterie of women workers would spring up, possibly including at its summit such women as Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Alfred Vanderbilt, Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Vincent Astor and Mrs. Seward Webb. But the work to be done would tax the strength of every available woman in the land, of high station and low. Our principal occupation, remember, would be the recruiting of soldiers and the nursing of those who came back. Men would leave every office, store and factory to be slaughtered. Thousands who escaped slaughter would come back sick. At Santiago fifty per cent. of our soldiers were reported so ill at one time that they could not march ten miles. Then we have a clear recollection of the horrors of sickness at Chickamauga, Tampa, and other camps. We went to war unprepared in 1898, and although hostilities lasted only a few months and were waged on a small scale we got a good taste of unpreparedness.

In the Civil War New York City was the scene of bloody draft riots. A mob of five thousand men set fire to buildings, looted stores, and hung people to the lamp-posts. In these riots women committed deeds as cruel and maniacal as those of the worst male members of the mobs. In Youngstown, Ohio, we have recently witnessed the violence of mob law. The possibility of such an element joining in military draft riots makes us shudder. In America all of us ought to be Americans, but are we?

There would, of course, be semi-military government everywhere. Government secret agents would watch for suspicious persons, and trivial acts might be construed as treason. Arrests would be arbitrary, as they were during the Civil War, and no man would be safe. We would not be the free agents we are today. This would no longer be a land of free speech and free press.

What Our Life Would Be

IN some ways our lives would go along, in the interior, as usual. Merchants who could withstand the strain would keep shop, and some men would grow rich. But in general sales would fall off immensely. At Paterson, N. J., a few years ago I knew a small merchant whose normal Saturday sales were around five hundred dollars. When the great silk strike came his Saturday sales went under fifty dollars. Virtually, a state of war existed and the people had no money.

Some of the city theatres doubtless would continue in business, but they would have scant picking. In the motion picture houses the people would find their chief recreation, and the pictures would deal mostly with war. Social life would go on in a restricted way, but everywhere economy would be the watchword. Motoring for pleasure would lose its vogue, for gasoline would be a dollar a gallon or more, and rubber would grow scarce because of the blockade.

In the cities and towns bordering the battle lines, and even in places further back, searchlights would pierce the heavens at night in the watch for raiding aircraft, and sentinels in towers would listen with reversed megaphones and microphones for the distant whir of aeroplanes. In France they have an air patrol, with warplanes that stay aloft six hours at a stretch during the night.

Best off among the people would be the farmers, who at least would have tolerable assurance of food and shelter. Nor would they have to take up the heartbreaking tramp in search of work. Their products would command fancy prices.

Passenger traffic on the railroads, except the movement of troops, would be light. Traveling for pleasure would be an uncommon pursuit and the usual resorts, North and South, would be pretty much out of the running. In the universal struggle for existence, the people would get back to the simple life. But speaking of the railroads brings us to an important phase of war preparation—

"No Siree!"

"No long-eared hare
Gets any share
Of my delicious
Campbell fare!"

And do you blame her?

Any youngster who has once tasted this tempting soup has that same "piggity" feeling about it. And the grown-ups are not far behind.

You couldn't find more wholesome and inviting materials than we use in

Campbell's Vegetable Soup

White potatoes, sweet potatoes, yellow turnips, carrots, tender corn, baby lima beans and juicy green okra are among the thirteen different vegetables we use.

We add a sprinkling of "alphabet" macaroni, and we combine these choice ingredients in a substantial meaty stock made from selected beef. Then we flavor all this delicately with celery and parsley, and just a whisper, as you might say, of leek and sweet red peppers, to give an appetizing snap.

Why not order half a dozen of this delightful soup from your grocer and keep it on hand? You save time and fuel. And you have a nourishing dish always ready at three minutes' notice with no worry nor labor over it.

How about phoning the grocer right *now*?

21 kinds **10c a can**

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

AEOLIAN VOCALION
STYLE H
PRICE $150
Other styles
$35 to $2000

"The Sweet, Old Song that made me a Musician"

"TO my friends and associates and, indeed, to myself, I've appeared until recently simply a plain, middle-aged, unemotional business-man.

"And now I find that I'm a *musician*—must have been, in fact, all my life. Tho' as I have no voice and never learned to *play* any instrument, I've been a *dumb one*.

"How did I find this out? I'll tell you!

"Last Tuesday night, my wife and I were at the Jones's. Jones had a new purchase—a phonograph—and he obviously wanted to play it for us. We stood him off until after the last rubber, and then he was no longer to be denied. He simply went and got a record and started the machine.

"And then wife and I had the surprise of our lives. We never had cared very much for phonographs. Wife called them "screechy." Personally, I'm prejudiced against musical machines.

"But this phonograph was *different*. It wasn't screechy; it *wasn't a mere machine*.

"'*Oh! Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?*'"

"With the first notes, I sat upright in my chair. How did any such musical tones get into a phonograph? A full-throated, rich, *human* voice was singing the old, familiar words. It was *beautiful*. The very melody seemed glorified by the inspiring tones that voiced it.

"'Come over here and sing this yourself!' said Jones.

"I went to him, not to sing, but to see what the slender tube terminating in a handle, which he had drawn from that wonderful phonograph, could be. It looked interesting.

"'Hold this in your hands!' said Jones. 'Move the handle in to make the music louder; draw it out to make it softer.' Then he started the record again.

"At first I hardly dared to move the little device in my hands. Presently, however, I gained confidence. As the notes swelled forth and softly died away in answer to my will, I became bolder. I began to *feel* the music.

"It was wonderful! Do you remember how in DuMaurier's famous story, the hypnotist—Svengali—used Trilby's glorious voice to express his feeling?

"*I was doing the same.* I was using a splendid voice—I know not whose—*to sing with*. And as I sang the old, old song, and fairly trembled with the depth of the emotion I was voicing, the fact that I was—must be—a natural musician dawned upon me. And with it came a glimpse of the glorious possibilities opened to me by this great new phonograph.

"Violinist, singer, flutist, pianist, orchestra conductor—the whole musical genius of all the world—was *mine*, not to hear merely, but to use for the expression of *my own personality*."

* * * *

The Aeolian-Vocalion is on exhibition and sale at the present only in a limited number of the leading music stores. Catalog and address of the nearest store will be sent upon request; also particulars as to arrangements for hearing the Aeolian-Vocalion in localities where it is not represented. Address Dept W5

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Conventional Styles, $35 to $75 without the Graduola. With Graduola, $100 to $350. Art Styles, $375 to $2000. Moderate Monthly Payments. Catalog and Complete Information Sent Upon Request

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the preparation we haven't made. In the event of war the railroads in their relation to the government would be plunged into a chaos of disorganization. There is no coordination between the railroads and the government for the quick and efficient transportation of troops and munitions.

What would happen to Chicago, for instance, if the necessities of war should suddenly require a greater part of the rolling stock centering there? To feed, warm and furnish power for a city of two million people requires a finely organized freight and express service, and even an ordinary interruption, like a big snow storm, works hardship. A serious interference with traffic would mean starvation.

I talked with railroad officials who believed the government has been very lax (a complaint so common in every phase of defense that it has lost its force) in not providing a detailed plan for the operation of the railroads in case of war. Such a plan would show certain lines to be used exclusively for military purposes, and other lines to be used in caring for the people at home.

If war should come now, the transportation problem would be a grand jumble, just as the military question would be. All the intricate problems of equipment, entraining and detraining troops, handling horses and guns, sidetracks, warehouses, and the like, would have to be worked up on the spur of the moment. While this was being done, the congestion of traffic and the delay in the transportation of peace products would result in something close to famine.

Serious-minded railroad officials tell me that the government ought to be able to put its finger instantly on every railroad car capable of being converted into a hospital car; on every car able to carry big guns; on every wrecking car, steam shovel, snow plow, pile-driver, track-laying machine; on every car available for carrying horses. They believe the government should have a plan by which in emergency it could bring all these forces to bear without delay, and, at the same time, be able to take care of the people at home who do not fight but who bear much of the burden of war.

The government, too, should list and classify all the railroad officials and men under them who are specially qualified to handle different lines of railroad activity in war; and measures should be taken to make the mobilization of such men easy and rapid—mobilization not for fighting, but for the quick handling of soldiers and equipment in a crisis. As things stand at the present time, many of the most valuable men for this purpose might enlist as soldiers, or might be drafted by the government, and thus taken away from the work in which they could best serve their country.

What we need is plans, plans, plans, in every branch of defense preparation. Nearly two years have gone by since the European war threw its shadow of danger over the United States, yet we are just beginning to get busy with defense — or, rather, we are just beginning to talk seriously about getting busy.

In case invasion does not come suddenly, we will be able to make some preparation after the declaration of war, but how much could we accomplish even supposing we had six months? We have been taking a long chance. The immensity of the task we have neglected staggers us when we analyze it. The six months would be a most strenuous period, in which militarism would have the right of way over every other form of industry. Except for the fact that we would have possession of the coast, many of the conditions cited would exist even preceding invasion. The war panic would be on just the same.

We have no good reason to expect six months' grace. If war should come, it would be upon us swiftly, perhaps while we slept. It might come from the Atlantic and the Pacific at the same time. The sea fight would be sharp and decisive, and if our Navy were destroyed, invasion would be upon us so quickly that in our foolocracy of unpreparedness our most valued possessions would be seized.

The United States is a prize amazingly rich and unbelievably defenseless.

NEXT MONTH: Two important contributions to the literature of the great war, "For God and King," by Porter Emerson Browne, author of "Peace at Any Price;" and "The Two Fears," by Robert Hichens, author of "The Garden of Allah."

The Flight of the Butterflies

[*Continued from page 18*]

"Oh!" exclaimed My Sister, holding on to her. "Where is he now? What's he doing?"

"He's over there. He just sits there waiting to get you, when you come. Whatever you do, don't come back there," said Hope Bracewell. "But then," she said, "I don't suppose it'll make any difference. He's bound to get you now anyhow," she said, looking out back where the fashion show was going on.

My Sister couldn't say anything.

"They say he's terrible," said Hope Bracewell, standing looking back over her shoulder all the time, now toward the door.

"Who?" asked My Sister, jumping.

"That old Colonel Purfle. The landlady was telling me."

"What's he done?" My Sister asked her.

"They say he's been a kind of sheriff here for thirty years. And nobody ever got away from him. They say he's slow at first, but he never will let go. He's killed seven men already, so she told me — trying to escape."

"Yeh," said My Sister. And that was all she could say.

"And he's mad now, through and through, at this trick you played him last night," said Hope Bracewell. "He's got it in for you. He says it's an example he's after. He says he's going to make an example of you. Ordinarily he might talk with you. But not now. There's been others besides you taking things. And he's going to get you and put you in jail for it, if he's got to chase you to Patagonia."

"Oh," said My Sister.

"Well, that's all!" said this Hope Bracewell, starting.

"Listen!" exclaimed My Sister.

"No, I've got to go," she said. "I can't be caught here with you. I don't dare to. That's all. Good-by!" And she went off, starting to cry. For she thought the world of My Sister.

"Listen," said My Sister to a cash girl. "Get my coat back there, will you? And if anybody asks you, tell them I'm not feeling well. I've gone out to get the air. That I'll be back right away after luncheon."

When My Sister got out a ways, the air seemed to revive her some, but her head was still going round and round. So she still kept on walking. It seemed as if she must walk on and on, to the end of the world. And as she walked, that idea of prisons kept going in her head; and especially about those Southern prisons — how bad they were. There was something in particular she'd seen in a play somewhere about this old Andersonville prison, years ago, where they treated them so. Hundreds and hundreds died there — just from starvation. She knew it was different, too, but she couldn't get it out of her mind, just the same.

She walked and walked — not knowing what she could do. And finally she came toward this yellow water, and somebody told her it was the Mississippi River.

There was a steamer there at a dock.

"Listen," said My Sister to the man at the gangplank, "where is this steamer going?"

"To New York," answered the man in uniform.

It made her feel terribly. Right there — going right away — home. And no chance to get on it! Homesick? It was more like a fever!

"When?" she asked him.

"It ought to be gone right now. But it won't go now till five o'clock this afternoon."

Then something struck My Sister all at once. She remembered something she'd read once in a book her brother had at home.

"Is it possible for visitors to go aboard?" she said.

For, remembering this book — what this boy did — she thought maybe, if she once got aboard, she might be able to hide away

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(Cinnamomum Cassia)

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To most people chewing gum is a mystery. They may know that different chewing gums are made of different ingredients. But that is about all.

There's no mystery about your Sterling Gum. As makers we're glad to tell you its ingredients. Their photographs we show above. The natural sap of the Sapota Tree gives Sterling Gum its velvety body. The other ingredients are the flavors and sweetening. Each is a natural product of some tree or plant.

Combined they make your Sterling Gum "the gum from Nature's Gardens." Pure, delicious—made in the sunny Sterling Kitchens where clean white gloves cover the hands of every worker.

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Point 1—Crowded with flavor
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For details ask your dealer or see Saturday Evening Post of April 22

PEPPERMINT IN RED WRAPPER
CINNAMON IN BLUE WRAPPER

The STERLING GUM CO., Inc., New York
The STERLING GUM CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Toronto

somewhere, and not have to get out before they started. It was a kind of crazy idea, she knew. But there it was, going to New York! And she was suffering so from her trouble, that she couldn't think much. All she knew was that she had got to go. Go somewhere — get away — some way — quick!

"I'm sorry," said the man, "but there can't anybody go aboard without a ticket.

"Unless," he added, "you've got friends aboard. Anybody that's got a ticket can have any number of folks come on, and see them, and say good-by."

"No, I haven't," said My Sister. "Nobody." She might have pretended perhaps, but she didn't. Her spirit had all left her.

"How much is the fare?" she asked finally. And he told her, and she went away.

She saw now there was no use. If she had all the money that was coming to them all, for that day, it would be enough for just one passage and a little over. And they had almost nothing besides — only a few dollars among them. So she started back again. She saw she might as well go back with the rest anyway; so when they were arrested, they would be all together.

And so they started in the fashion promenade again — from two to four; part of the time in the window, but most of it on a platform back in the store. It was a terrible afternoon for My Sister. There were crowds and crowds, and every minute, looking around her, My Sister thought: "Well, here he comes. Here's that terrible old man Purfle."

But he didn't come, and he didn't come. It seemed so strange to her. She couldn't understand it. And all the time she kept thinking of him. His face kept rising before her. She was desperate. Her mind went round and round, catching at straws — wondering how she could get away from him. Sometimes it was him, and then sometimes she would see that steamer down there starting home. And she'd think: "O, if I could only get on there. Get on there, and get out of here, and get home." And all at once, when she stood there, it came to her, what she might possibly do if he didn't find them after all. And she gave a little jump.

"Say, what's the matter with you this afternoon?" said this Lura Leroux. "You seem to have lost all control of yourself. You'll never make a hit at this thing, unless you let yourself go more than you're doing today. Don't stiffen up so. Kind of let yourself down and look easy."

For My Sister hadn't said a word to any of them yet. She thought it best not to, till they were through and got their money. But she couldn't help acting nervous for all that. The more she thought of what was going to happen, the more terrible it seemed.

And now she'd thought of that idea, the rest of the afternoon was terrible, thinking that maybe they might get away after all. It was three, and a quarter past, and half past — and still nothing from that old detective, or whatever he was. And it came to her finally that there was just a chance he'd never had a case like that previously — with a fashion show — and if it was so — although they seemed so terribly prominent to her — a show window or a platform in a department store might be the last place an officer would think to look for criminals, and so he might pass them by.

And at last that was just what happened. It was four o'clock and nobody'd come.

"I tell you what I wish you'd do," said My Sister right away, when they were through, to this Lura Leroux. For she'd been thinking all kinds of things.

"What?"

"Go and buy five bungalow aprons — five of these big aprons that go all around you and button in the back."

"Great idea," said Lura Leroux, seeing it at once. "I'm getting as nervous carrying this September Dawn around," she said, "all the time, as if somebody had gone off and left me in the woods with a million dollars' worth of diamonds."

And just then the proprietor's son came around and paid My Sister as he had agreed. And she gave Lura the money for the aprons.

"How was it? Did they treat you right?" asked the proprietor's son.

"Sure," said My Sister. "Fine."

"Come around tomorrow," he said, "if you want to. And listen," he said to her, "if you would, I'd be glad to meet you at seven o'clock tonight — so we could plan it out at a little simple dinner."

"Certainly," said My Sister, and they arranged for it.

She thought he would never get through talking. She just had to start.

"Seven o'clock," said he, waving his hand.

"Seven o'clock," answered My Sister.

"Can we go out the back door — this way," asked My Sister.

"Sure. Anything. Go as far as you like," said the proprietor's son.

And so they were out on the street at last.

"Listen," said My Sister, in a great hurry. "Come. I can save you yet, maybe. If you'll only come!"

"Oh, what is it?" said this Lucile, ready to cry again.

"The police are after us," said My Sister.

And so she told them all — walking fast — for it was quarter-past four already, and that boat went at five.

They all flew to pieces when they heard it.

If it hadn't been for this Lura Leroux, My Sister couldn't have done a thing with them — even explain her plan. But this Lura got it right away. "Sure. The only thing to do!" she said. "Come on. That'll work."

"How do you know it will?" asked Vera Simpson.

"I knew a fellow once rode all over the United States on trains, and never paid a cent," said this Lura.

"They do it. I read about it once," said Rosamond. "They call 'em stowaways."

"Sure," said Lura, hurrying. "Take a chance. There's just one thing we know we can't do. We can't stay here!"

"Isn't it terrible — terrible!" this Lucile kept saying, over and over again. She had gone entirely. She could scarcely lift her feet to walk.

And the other two weren't much better.

"Here, Lucile," said Lura, grabbing her by the arm. "Wake up! Come on. Come on," she said to the rest of them. "We can try it. It won't do any harm, anyway."

So finally they got them there on the dock. And My Sister went right up and got her ticket and her stateroom. And then right aboard the boat — they after her.

"My friends," said My Sister to the officer at the gangplank, "coming on to see me off!"

"Certainly, Miss," said the officer. It was the easiest thing she ever did. Nobody stopped them once.

And all the time this Lucile was crying terribly. She was scared to death.

"Let her cry. Don't try and stop her," said My Sister. "It makes it look more natural. It looks like a genuine parting."

"Look," said Lura Leroux, peeking out when they were all locked in the stateroom. "There he is. That old devil. That Colonel Purfle."

It certainly looked like him out there on the dock — standing waiting, like an old pirate.

It seemed to them then that boat would never go. They stood there in that crowded little cabin now, and waited, and tried to calm Lucile down again from crying. Then finally there was all that noise, and gongs, and clatter of heels outside. For there was a terrible lot of folks on the steamer. And somebody knocked on My Sister's door once and hollered, "All ashore."

"They're all gone," said My Sister.

"All right, Ma'am," said the voice of the porter outside the door.

And then they stood, peeking out through a crack in the blind. And there on the dock stood that old man Purfle — or the one that looked like him — watching by the gang plank. But he hadn't moved.

"Hurrah," said Lura Leroux, suddenly, when the boat swung loose, out into the stream. "Hurray! We're off!"

OF course, you understand (said the model, sitting up to ease her back) when they did all these things they were just desperate; they wouldn't have done them otherwise — or thought of them probably. But in the first place when they started they were afraid they'd starve to death — there in that strange city. And that made them terribly excited. And in the second place they had to flee and board that steamer. They just had to do it, for if not, they were certain to be arrested. But now they had fled, and got away all right, the question was, what next? What would happen to them now? For something had got to happen to them, getting on the boat that way, sooner or later. It was temporary the way they were — and of course they knew it.

"What'll we say," asked this Vera Simpson, "when they find us? When they come around asking for tickets?"

"We might tell them," said My Sister, "that when we get to New York, we would reach our friends and have them pay for us."

"Pay nothing," said this Lura Leroux. "All you got to say is, we were aboard here, and all of a sudden, it went off with us."

"When do they come after the tickets, anyhow?" asked somebody. But nobody knew.

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"They make them work sometimes, for their passage, when they get them this way," said Rosamond. She'd read about it somewhere. She was quite a reader.

"Well, anyhow," said Lura Leroux, "every hour we're nearer New York. And the nearer New York the better we're off. And what could they do with us, anyway? They can't kill us!"

"They might put us all in jail," said somebody.

"Oh, be quiet," answered Vera Simpson.

"There's one thing we can do," suggested My Sister, reminded, I suppose, by that remark about a jail. "Right away. The first thing, everybody puts on one of these," she said, and brought out a bungalow apron "And if they arrest us, if they do get us finally, the cleaner and better these are, the better it will be for us."

And, of course, nobody disputed that. They knew it all too well. They saw they weren't done with this thing yet — not by any means. And when they looked them over, there was quite a spot on that September Dawn — that dress of the Leroux girl's — already.

"Oh, it'll come out all right. That'll clean," she said, taking it easy as usual.

But nobody else felt so sure. They were all terribly anxious now — just sitting there, and wondering what would happen to them next. They didn't get out that night — not even to meals. For the first thing, of course, was to get clear of that New Orleans. And in the evening they were terribly hungry.

THAT was certainly the most fearful and uncomfortable night My Sister had experienced — in every way. All five in that little cabin — trying to sleep. And she in a chair most of the night, letting the others sleep. For she saw after a while she couldn't sleep herself. She was thinking what would happen next. And in front of her, on the hooks, inside out, and covered up all they could be, those terrible dresses — swinging a little back and forth, back and forth, when the boat went! It made her sick just to look at them, and think what they'd been responsible for.

They woke up early, just as soon as daylight. And right away, before the rest of them were all awake, this Vera Simpson began to start talking about something to eat. All they'd had the day before was breakfast and a light lunch.

"One charlotte russe, and a cup of tea," said this Vera Simpson. "I don't care what you say, I've got to eat now, that's all — if I die for it."

She was always dying for wanting something to eat. But now the rest of them felt the same way. And My Sister saw they would have to have something.

But one thing was sure — you could see that. They couldn't go out in those light dresses now. Enough damage had been done already. And besides, they would attract too much attention, anyhow, at the table Everybody saw that.

"It's all right for you," said Rosamond, "with that dark dress. But how about me in this La Cerise, or Vera in this Ravissante, or Lucile in that pale petunia — or any of us but you. Every eye in the dining-room would be glued on us from start to finish."

"I tell you what," said My Sister. For she saw that they were going now — discovery or no discovery. "We could wear our coats out."

"Oh, I don't know. They'd look kind of heavy at breakfast," said Lura Leroux. "And all at once, too — all just alike. It would attract attention. But I tell you what we *can* do. We can all wear that dress of yours, that Mona. One after another."

"What good would that do?" asked My Sister.

That Leroux girl was always wanting a chance to wear that dress. She thought she looked good in it.

"Oh, it would look more suitable," she said.

"Oh, a lot," said the rest of them.

For some reason, they all wanted to do it that way. They thought it would look better.

So, finally, they decided they would try it anyway. And so the first time she thought she could, My Sister went out to see what she could do about breakfast — about how you got it. And this porter outside her room showed her how to go, and arrange for her seat.

So they ate their breakfast that first day — one after another very hurriedly — all in that same black dress, that Mona. They were all about the same size — chosen so. And nobody said anything to them, although there seemed to be several looking at them rather hard, they said. But nobody said a word until my Sister came out — last of all. She had let the rest of them go first — they had been talking so about it. And when she came out, there was that same porter, staring at her, and saying, "Good morning, Miss." And when she snatched her breakfast, and came back, there he was.

"Excuse me, Miss," he said, "but are you the same young lady I seen coming out of there several times already?"

"Why, yes, certainly," said My Sister

"I can't understand it. I can't understand it," said the porter, shaking his head. "I declare to God. You don't look the same somehow. You look different every time."

And My Sister saw it was all up — only a short time now before they would be discovered.

It was only about an hour or so after that, when a gong sounded, and finally they began knocking at the door. There had been gentle knocks before, but this was a good loud one.

"After a while!" said My Sister. She'd been saying that before.

"Tickets!" said the voice.

"After a while," said My Sister, and he went off again for a little while.

And then right after, there was that knock again, and there were these two voices at the door. And one of them was that porter.

"There's something wrong in there," this porter's voice was saying. "Something wrong. There seems to be only one, and yet they appear to look like different people, and I've been trying to get in all the morning to do the work. And they won't let me."

"Come, open up," insisted the other voice.

"I keep hearing voices in there all the time. Different voices. Several of them!" said the porter.

"Here," said My Sister, handing her ticket to him through the door.

"One ticket?" asked the man.

"One ticket," answered My Sister.

And just that minute this Lucile started crying again.

"Say, who's in there, anyhow?" said the man in uniform. And he snatched open the door. And there they stood.

"Where are your tickets?" demand d the officer.

And then two more burst out crying — that Vera and Rosamond.

"Send for the captain," ordered the officer, and shut the door.

My Sister had never traveled on steamers. And she didn't know how they did do. She had never seen the captain of a steamer before in her life.

"What's this!" said the captain when they opened the door again.

He was a square man — sort of — shoulders and hands and beard, and everything. And he talked kind of hoarse, as if he was mad all the time. He was quite fat.

"Look," said Lura Leroux, coming forward right away. "You carried us off. You're responsible. You're the man. We were in here," said Lura Leroux. "And all at once it was gone. Nobody notified us."

"I did so. I knocked *several* times," said the porter.

"So you're responsible. You've got to make this up to us," said Lura Leroux, staring the captain straight in the eye. "You took us off without warning."

"Carry off," said this captain, k'nd of choking. "Carry off, what do you mean! Carry you off? What! In those things," he said. And stood there, staring at those bungalow aprons.

All at once there was somebody edged in from the outside (there was a terrible crowd gathered outside there), another officer in uniform.

"Listen, captain. Look," he said. "They're the ones that wireless was about." And he handed the paper to him.

And the captain handed it over to My Sister after a while — for she stood there in the front row, being the only one with a regular dress on.

"Hold five girls. Seize garments!" it said, or something like that, and gave their names.

MY Sister sat there all that day thinking. She could see now, looking back, it had all been a terrible mistake. And it must be very bad, she saw that, or they certainly wouldn't be after them the way they were. And, of course, if these people owned the dresses, they had a right to them. And yet they owed them money, too — somebody did, to her and the rest of the girls. They were creditors themselves. And worse off than anybody. And was it so terrible, after all, to try and get their money back like that — the way other people do?

"What did we do?" said My Sister to that Lura. For they had put her in an extra stateroom with her and that Lucile. "Just

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what did we do, that was so terrible, and what'll happen to us?"

"I don't know," answered this Lura.

"It's terrible anyhow," said My Sister. "But the worst is to sit here and not know what we have done. It's the suspense!"

"What we need to do before anything else," said Lura Leroux, "is to see a lawyer." And she went back, and lay down upon the berth again.

And then the thought came to My Sister, sitting there, "I wonder if there is any lawyer on board?"

I don't think I've told you what a beautiful girl My Sister was. She had dark hair, lots of it, and a white skin, and the most violet eyes you ever saw, and the longest lashes. And she was not only a beautiful girl; she had a very winning nature, and one that made friends everywhere.

There was that young officer that had come for the tickets, in the first place. He had been put in charge of them, and My Sister could see very soon that he had admired her a lot and was terribly sorry for her. And that evening, when he came to the door, she asked him for permission to talk to him a minute, and they went outside. For she still kept on that Mona. Nobody had asked her to change.

And when they got outside, the young officer told her how sorry he was for her, and she gave a sad smile — for she was just about sick — and said, "I want you to do something for me. Do you suppose there's a lawyer on board that would talk to me?"

"I should think there would be," said the young officer, looking at her.

"Could you?" said My Sister. "Could you get one for me?" and her eyes were full of tears.

"I think I could. I think I know one that would be glad to," said the officer.

So pretty soon he came back with this young man, and introduced him. My Sister remembered she had noticed him that morning at breakfast time. He was the young man with the clear, loud voice who was talking to another man, the third table over, about William Jennings Bryan. He was a beautiful talker, and everybody seemed to be listening to him. He was a very distinguished looking man. His name was Callahan.

"And now," said Mr. Callahan, when he had got two steamer chairs in a corner of the deck, and had tucked her up in a steamer rug, "tell me all about it."

So she did. And he kept asking questions. But he didn't say much. My Sister noticed that.

"Is it so terrible?" said My Sister finally.

"It looks to me," said Mr. Callahan, "as if they had a pretty strong case."

"What is it? What for?" said My Sister.

"Grand larceny," said Mr. Callahan.

"What do they do to you for that?" said My Sister, kind of losing her voice.

"I don't know exactly," said Mr. Callahan, "how it is under the Louisiana statutes. Probably from one to ten years in State's Prison — according to circumstances."

"One to ten years," said My Sister, "Oh, isn't that terrible!" And she fell back nerveless in her chair.

THERE were four days on the trip altogether — terrible days, the most terrible My Sister ever experienced. If it hadn't been for Mr. Callahan she would have given up, and just curled up and died. There they were, criminals, in the hands of the law; and every mile they went away, they would have to come back over again, doomed to some terrible Southern prison.

But every morning Mr. Callahan would come and call for her, and get her to come and talk over her case on the deck with him. And he tried all the time to cheer My Sister up, and tell her it would be all right. He could fix it somehow. But she had no heart for it. She'd forget for a minute, and then go right back.

Yet what cut her most of all, was the way the other girls acted about it — especially after that second day. They seemed to blame her for everything — from the very first. But after that second day on the steamer, it was even worse. The captain had said at first they would all have to stay in their staterooms. And, of course, they would anyhow, with only those bungalow aprons. And they'd had all their meals served there. But after that second day, Mr. Callahan had fixed it with the captain so My Sister was out all she wanted to be, provided Mr. Callahan was with her. But, though getting a lawyer was the only chance they had, and she thought it all out, and found the lawyer all herself, after a while nobody would give her any credit for it — not one of those girls.

"I don't see how you can act so," she told them. "Ain't I doing it all for you?"

"Yes," said this Lura Leroux. "You've been doing it all for us, from the start."

She was terrible, that Leroux girl — worse every hour they were kept in.

"Sometimes," said My Sister, all discouraged, "I think I won't do anything more. I won't go out, and plan it over with him any more. I'll give it all up."

"Why don't you then?" demanded this Leroux girl, glaring at her. She was getting almost unbearable. She got up and walked around the room, when she was talking sometimes.

It was the worst — that last night before they were going to arrive in New York. And My Sister sat there on the deck with Mr. Callahan. She liked him very much by this time. He was a very smart man; you could see that. And he had been so nice and polite. Not a bit forward or offensive in any way. And they had been together most all the time, talking it out.

She sat there that last night, and he was trying to cheer her up again. He had sent a wireless, he said, out to his partner. He had a scheme that would fix it all up. But she wasn't listening. Up to that time she hadn't given away at all. But now she saw how it all was. It had been just one terrible mistake after another. And now, when these girls acted this way, it was the last straw. After all she'd tried to do. It was the injustice of it that hurt. So then, sitting there in the dark, My Sister gave up for the first time, and just put her head down and began to cry.

She was crying a little while — terribly hard, and all of a sudden she stopped. For she saw then what had happened. She saw that this Mr. Callahan was kissing her on her hair. And she straightened up and gave him a look. And when she looked at him, she started crying over again.

"Oh, I didn't think you would do that," she said. "I didn't think you'd take advantage of me like that. Just because you know what I am. Just because you think I am a criminal!"

"I didn't. I don't think you are."

"I'm not that kind of a girl," said My Sister.

"That's why I did it," Mr. Callahan told her, smiling.

But she still kept on crying, and Mr. Callahan started swearing under his breath. She could hear him. And, finally, she fixed her eyes up, so she could go back to the stateroom. And Mr. Callahan went out to send another wireless to his partner.

"Don't you worry, kid," he said to her. "We're going to get you out of this somehow." And then he made her swear that she'd forgive him.

If she'd live to be a million years, My Sister would never forget that next day, getting off that boat. The rest of the passengers were all gone mostly. They let all the others go first, so there wouldn't be any fuss — while they kept the girls there in a kind of a parlor on the boat, that Mr. Callahan got for them. And outside, on the wharf, after a while, they could see those three men waiting — and they understood finally who they were. They were the ones waiting for them.

"Do we have to go ashore in hand-cuffs?" asked My Sister.

And this Lucile started crying harder than ever. She had cried so much — her face was swollen so, you could hardly tell her features. She was a very light blonde anyhow.

"No. Only over my dead body," Mr. Callahan told My Sister.

And then Mr. Callahan's partner came aboard — a little Jewish gentleman, and one of those other three men out there waiting. And after Mr. Callahan talked to his partner, he walked over and saw this other one. He was a very neatly dressed man, with a kind of hard, pitiless face. They said he was a detective. But Mr. Callahan seemed to know him well.

"Listen, Jim," he said, "you don't want to get into this, not yet!"

"You come out with us," the fellow replied, after talking rather low a while. "We'll take them with us. They won't run off. Will you, girls?"

"We certainly won't," promised Lura Leroux. "As runners, we're not what we were."

That was right, too. You could see by looking at them. They were in terrible shape — all but My Sister and this Lura.

And then they all went down the passageway to the dock — all dressed alike, in those black coats, and those twelve-button spats. Mr. Callahan was in front of them, and this man — this plain clothes detective — and Mr. Callahan's partner went behind. And right after Mr. Callahan came a porter carrying those dresses. They were all there, done up very carefully in boxes; all cleaned and as good as they ever were.

"Good afternoon, gentlemen," said Mr. Callahan, to the two men on the dock, in quite a loud tone of voice.

And they just bowed.

"I have here," said Mr. Callahan, calling up the porter, "certain goods which I now hand over to you in behalf of my clients."

And he waved his hand at the girls.

"Your clients, huh!" said the smaller man, and grinned.

"Are you the representative of the owners?" said Mr. Callahan, to the more fleshy man.

"I am, sir," said this man.

"Very well, sir," said Mr. Callahan. "I pass them to you. Examine them at your leisure."

"And now, sir," he said, "for your information," and his voice was very loud, "I wish to announce to you that I have this morning begun action against you for false arrest of these five clients of mine."

THE man with the fat man smiled and whispered. But the fat man only stared.

"My clients," said Mr. Callahan, louder than ever, "found themselves in possession of property belonging to you. They find no one in charge, as your representative, to receive it. What do they do? At great personal inconvenience they decide to return with them, and place them in your own hands, as they have now done. On the contrary," said Mr. Callahan, "what do you do? You cause their arrest and public humiliation, while in the pursuance of their well-established rights. This, sir, will cost you a considerable sum before you are through with it."

He talked louder and louder as he went on. And My Sister could see now the fat man was getting kind of uncomfortable and anxious, and looking at the smaller man with him. But the little one — his lawyer, with him, they said it was — just smiled.

But by and by this lawyer moved over to where the girls were standing — the five girls, with that plain clothes detective beside him. "Listen," he said to this detective, "who is that fellow? I never saw such a nerve in my life."

And the detective said something to him, very low — and all at once his smile went out.

"Who — him? 'The' Callahan?" he asked, black as ink. The detective nodded. "His uncle," he said.

"Come here," called the lawyer, and motioned to the fat man. And he came over, looking kind of confused. And they started talking.

"Who!" exclaimed the fat man, looking around to where Mr. Callahan was. "His uncle!"

"Yes," said this man, "'The' Callahan of Tammany Hall."

So they went over to where Mr. Callahan and his partner were standing, talking by themselves — waiting.

"Listen," said the lawyer from the other side to them. "Let's go up to our office, and talk it over. This is too public. What we care about most is our goods. We don't want to be hard on these poor girls, certainly."

So they went off to get the taxi-cabs up there to the office.

And all at once everything seemed to whirl and kind of disappear to My Sister. And the last she knew Mr. Callahan had her by the shoulders, holding her.

"You poor kid," whispered Mr. Callahan. "You poor kid. Come. It's all right!"

And when she came out of it, she looked up at him and smiled. Of course, he'd done it all. He got them out of the whole thing. If it hadn't been for him, My Sister shudders when she thinks what might have happened to them.

He was a splendid looking man (said the model, stretching out her arms and yawning) — and terribly smart. I met him several times. My sister was engaged to him for several months. He was crazy over her. But after that, she saw fit to break the engagement. She saw in a number of ways it would not be best. Politics would keep him out so much nights, for one thing. He was too busy. She could see he could never give her the attention she would expect from a husband.

COMING: More Butterfly stories by Mr. Turner; and next month, fiction by Mary Heaton Vorse, Robert Hichens, Elmore Elliott Peake, Dana Gatlin, Freeman Tilden and Porter Emerson Browne.

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An Efficiency Expert

[*Continued from page 28*]

I'd like to help the other girls, but I've got to look out I don't lose my own job."

Miss Gordon jabbed two hat pins into her toque as if she would have enjoyed much better thrusting them through meddlesome Miss Neilson. She snatched her purse and flounced from the locker room. The office closed at noon on Saturday. The head stenographer marched straight to the front door and slammed it in dudgeon.

"I hope Pawling does find fault with her work," the mail clerk wished maliciously. "She wouldn't care if all of us but her got the G. B."

Miss O'Malley had placidly rinsed and dried her hands, and had powdered her moist face with a square of chamois while the acrimonious discussion seethed behind her. Now she settled her black maline turban on her chestnut curls and secured it with one deliberate thrust of a long stiletto. She turned leisurely to face the other girls.

"We should worry!' she drawled. "I ain't going to let that shrimp get my goat."

Amid the speechless silence doomed Nora sauntered out as if she had not the least dread of Black Monday.

Her asserted intention not to lose her equanimity was not mere braggadocio. Neither was it calm assurance, for Miss O'Malley had no doubt at all she would be discharged. She had read her fate in Pawling's glare at her. But she kept her poise when she returned to work the first of the week, just as she had declared she should. Not by an infinitesimal part of a second did she accelerate any of her usual movements. Of all the employees in the office, she alone was not flustered when the efficiency expert made his preliminary interpretation of his methods to the working force.

Nora appeared an intent listener. She sat perfectly still and kept her eyes on the face of the speaker. She did not fidget nervously as all the other girls did. Miss O'Malley was day-dreaming that after a little while she might marry a millionaire. Not a word spoken by the scientific business manager penetrated to her understanding. She had been used to admit Bigelow's rantings at one ear only to let them out at the other. She paid even less attention to Pawling. His lucid, brief explanation of his efficiency system was delivered in a conversational tone that was soothing as a lullaby and as meaningless to Miss O'Malley. When he finished talking, she went to work on a long manufacturing specification Judkins had given her Saturday. It was too much trouble to watch Pawling or even to think about him. She simply forgot his existence and plodded on with her typing.

Her zone of calm near the front of the office was the vortex of a maelstrom of swift activity. Never had so many letters been written in a half day as the other stenographers turned out this Monday morning after; they took their first-mail dictation from Bigelow and the heads of departments.

Nora scarcely looked up from her copy until ten o'clock. Then, as was her daily habit, she left her chair and walked deliberately straight to the locker room. There was a wicker lounge in one corner. She lay down for fifteen minutes and completely relaxed. When she felt rested, she went back to her typewriter. Miss Gordon could have finished the manufacturing specifications by half past ten at the latest Miss O'Malley had calculated her time so accurately that she rasped out the last page from her platen just as the factory siren announced noon.

She got up and turned toward the locker room. Then for the first time she became aware that the efficiency expert had been standing behind her chair. She did not start and gasp, but continued up the aisle without pausing. All Pawling's features seemed puckered in the middle of his weazen face; the little man stared at her so intently. She realized as she had on Saturday that she was a strange species to him.

Miss O'Malley paid no attention to the buzzing of the other girls in the locker room. They acted like a swarm of excited bees. She put on her turban and started out to lunch. When she stepped back into the office, she saw the efficiency expert gather from her basket the sheets she had typed that morning. He twisted about as she approached.

"What are these?" he inquired brusquely.

"Some factory specifications for Mr. Judkins," she told Pawling in the fewest possible words, and stopped. He asked nothing more. She waited just long enough to make sure he did not intend to propound another question; then continued on her way to the front door. He walked behind her to Judkins's office, where the junior partner now was brushing his hat preparatory to going to lunch. The efficiency expert turned into the sanctum as Miss O'Malley went out to the street.

She came back in time to put away her hat before the whistle blew. At one o'clock she sat behind her typewriter, hands folded in her lap. Nora had nothing to do, and made no attempt to disguise her idleness. Pawling walked briskly up the aisle.

"Miss O'Malley, please come to Mr. Bigelow's office," he ordered.

Nora surmised why she was summoned. There was no hope for her, for Judkins had not returned from his lunch. Nora felt sure the senior partner had poisoned the mind of the efficiency expert against her and had set Pawling to watch her especially. Now she was to be discharged before her only defender could come to her rescue. Yet Miss O'Malley did not flinch from the headman's axe. She picked up her handkerchief and purse with a single motion and followed her executioner down the aisle to the den of her enemy.

Bigelow sat at his desk. He lifted his bushy head when Miss O'Malley came in. He smiled sardonically.

"So you've picked her out already, eh!" he called with admiration to the efficiency expert. "I thought you'd have her in here before the day was over."

Pawling showed his pointed teeth in a grin of complacence that split his Van Dyke beard from his close cropped mustache. "This young lady picked herself out," he replied. "Sit down, Miss O'Malley. I want to talk to you."

Nora obeyed, because she meant to lay her head on the block with the stiff neck of pride. The seat she took was between the senior partner and the chair into which the efficiency expert dropped.

The weazen little man leaned forward and talked across the girl to the head of the firm, who evidently was gloating over her swift downfall. His hate had culminated in exultation.

"Mr. Bigelow, I personally have installed my efficiency system in one hundred and eighteen business offices. In all the time since I began my work as a consulting expert in scientific business management, I never have encountered a stenographer like Miss O'Malley. This morning when I took charge of your office, I made my usual explanation of the elements of the efficiency system. I have perfected that little introductory lecture until I am sure there is not an ambiguous word in it. Yet I confess I'm nearly convinced I am a bungler of English. Otherwise my exposition could not be completely misunderstood by anyone.

"I have flattered myself often that I had made perfectly clear what are the elements of efficiency. In the simplest terms I have pointed out that the fundamental idea of my system is the elimination of *energy waste.* Speed is a secondary consideration. It is acquired naturally after the student has learned to do *nothing unnecessary.* However, without exception until today, every stenographer I have trained has started by making a frenzied attempt to get out more work, instead of by trying to follow my instructions exactly.

"For example, you have a bright young woman in your employ, named Miss Gordon. She set a terrific pace this morning, which all but one of the girls tried to follow. Such an over-strain is diametrically the opposite of what I expressly declared I wanted. No stenographer can last under such tension. And valuable employees broken down before they have served their full terms of usefulness are economic wastes.

"Miss O'Malley, on the other hand, followed my directions. I noted when I was speaking to the office force that she paid the closest attention to what I said. She alone appears to have understood the *principles* of scientific efficiency. She was not flustered as the others were. She controlled her nerves marvelously. She made no attempt to speed up. Not only that; I observed her particularly when she was unaware I was watching.

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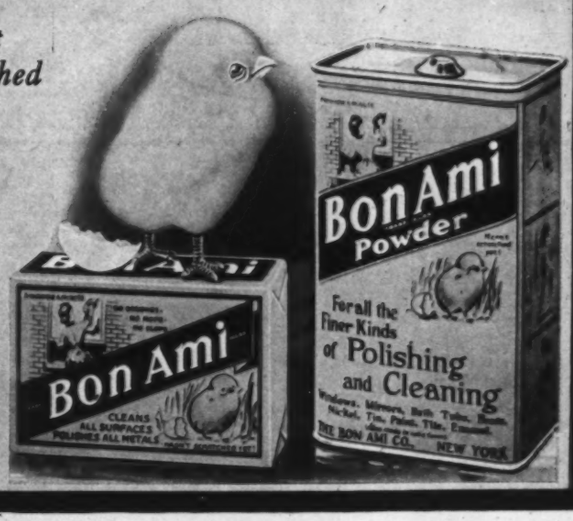
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30-Z

I perceived that for the first time in my experience I had found a stenographer almost entirely free from *lost motion*. Her typing I find is perfect. Furthermore, it is achieved with the minimum of muscular and nervous expenditure. I also noticed that when she had occasion to go anywhere in the office, she always went by the most direct route."

Nora had grasped only the essential fact that for some reason this funny little man was not sarcastic, as she had thought him at first. She could not make head or tail of what he had said. But she was sure when she saw the scowl grow blacker and blacker on the face of the senior partner that the efficiency expert did not mean to discharge her. She smiled slowly at her old enemy.

That smile operated like an electric spark. It exploded Bigelow's wrath.

"Well, I'll be damned!"

"I don't wonder you are astounded!" Pawling exclaimed. "Miss O'Malley is a natural exponent of the elements of efficiency. She has had no expert training heretofore, of course; therefore she is somewhat below par in the quantity of work she can do by the correct method. But she is nearly perfect in the twin sciences of conservation of energy and elimination of wasted effort. I want to ask your consent, Mr. Bigelow, to my engagement of her services as a practical demonstrator. Her present lack of speed is an advantage, rather than otherwise, for my purpose. I should like her not to increase her pace; since students of scientific stenography can note more easily from a deliberate demonstration all the principles exemplified by her minimized expenditure of energy. May I make Miss O'Malley an offer to work for me?"

A big, bull-like voice behind the senior partner made them jump. It came from the open door of the junior partner's room adjoining. Judkins had returned from lunch and had heard the last question.

"No you can't, Pawling! I've trained Miss O'Malley to do my work just the way I want it. I won't let her go." The junior partner turned to his amanuensis. "Unless she refuses to stay," he finished, with a look of interrogation at her.

Nora smiled more broadly. "I'd like to help Mr. Pawling out," she declared, "but I hate to go back on Mr. Judkins. He's always treated me right. Only I ought to get the same wages as Miss Gordon."

"Certainly! You shall!" The junior member of the firm made the promise instantly, without a glance at his partner.

"I'm sorry," the regretful expert in efficiency mourned the loss of the treasure he coveted. Then his face brightened. "At least, though, I can use Miss O'Malley as a model for the other stenographers here in this office."

Bigelow, hoist on his own petard, was stricken dumb.

COMING: More Bigelow and Judkins stories by Frank Goewey Jones; a new business series, starting next month, by James H. Collins; and other business stories by Edward Mott Woolley, Frank Goewey Jones, and Cameron Mackenzie.

A Big-League Promise

[*Continued from page 32*]

"I did it for Bob," she told him with a slight blush of confusion at having been so candid.

"I thought as much," he laughingly remarked. "Bob is a great fellow — ought to make a great success in life."

"Do you think he will make a great ball-player?" she inquired, innocent of the custom that forbids a manager being questioned along those lines.

"Candidly, I don't know," he replied. "We'll do everything we can for him. I hope he makes good for your sake."

"For my sake? You knew we were engaged?"

"That was not difficult to understand," was his laughing rejoinder.

"I believe you think more of Bob as a man than as a ball-player," she observed. "Something tells me that friendship is governing you more than a genuine belief in his playing ability."

"Not necessarily," he hemmed. "I did really want to do something for you and Bob, though, to show our appreciation."

"Would you do me a real favor?" she asked.

"Just name it," he challenged.

The girl led the manager to the broad piazza of the hotel, and for five minutes they talked long and earnestly. When they returned to the ballroom Tula had exacted of the manager a promise, the giving of which tested his gameness — a promise that meant more to Tula Mason than even the astute McGill could foresee.

THE regulars on a ball club occupy the same position as do the seniors in college, and Bob understood this. He wisely avoided entering into arguments or discussions with the veterans. When he wanted to know anything he asked it politely. His tact and respect for tradition added to his personal popularity, and there was never a more genuinely liked recruit on the Bluelegs. The old-timers sincerely regretted that he could not hit better and went out of their way to offer helpful suggestions.

The regular season came on, and with the opening game Pressley found himself on the bench. At first the novelty of watching a big ball game from the little dugout appealed to him, but gradually he tired. There were four or five other substitutes, all of whom he knew would be called on ahead of him. Besides that he discovered that in a great city his name, that proud heritage, did not mean so much.

In morning practice Bob worked hard and faithfully, constantly under the eye of McGill; but not once was there a suggestion that he would be called upon to play. Feeling a little blue and lonesome one afternoon he asked the manager if he would ever get a chance.

"Don't worry, my boy," McGill advised him. "I have two players who have warmed the bench for two years. It requires patience to do that, but if a young man has made up his mind to stick the opportunity will surely come. Baseball, you know, is an exacting profession and you must first get some idea of it by absorption. Watch the players on the other clubs."

Bob had written regularly to Tula and received in return pages of news about the doings in Marlow, but she had little to say of baseball. On one occasion she wrote him of a rumor to the effect that a company of Eastern capitalists were in town, anxious to purchase or lease, at a big price, Bob's ranch. She understood that oil wells had been sunk on a neighboring place.

This was interesting, but Bob wanted his sweetheart to inquire about his baseball chances. His letters had been a little gloomy at times, but at the end he always managed to appear hopeful.

"Bob," McGill said to him one morning, "your best point is speed, and I think I can use that. I want you to specialize in base running. A fast man who can be used as a substitute runner is often very valuable to a ball club. A hard hitter, sometimes, is as slow as molasses, and if a pitcher happens to get on the bases when the score is close it is often advisable not to run him around. He is usually easily winded. I have found it much better to take such a pitcher out of the game and let a fast man run for him. We have plenty of twirlers who can work the rest of the game in the box."

This was the most McGill had talked to Pressley since leaving Marlow and it inspired in the boy new hope. He went at his work of base running with new vim and had acquired a pretty good hookslide within a week.

Often Bob had seen McGill watching him with something in his face akin to pity or regret. This puzzled as much as it disturbed him, but he did not let up in his work. Bob Pressley came from a family whose gameness was never questioned.

In distant Marlow Alf Townsend and Berry Shonts watched the papers closely in the hope of seeing Pressley's name in the line-up of a game. Already Dorado had accepted as a fact that Bob was a big-leaguer. Every little item printed about him in the metropolitan press was reprinted in the Marlow Demo-

crat. The only thing lacking was that Bob did not get in a game.

Bob Pressley's opportunity, however, came exactly three months from the time he joined the Bluelegs, to the day. It seemed to have been timed exactly and with deliberation. The boy had made a complete tour of the circuit, had seen every city, had learned all there was to know of baseball except the actual thrill of playing success.

The Bluelegs were in the heat of a series with the Browns. Already McGill's team was well in the lead for the pennant and it looked as if success was certain. But the players disliked the Browns and were eager to beat them.

The turning point in Bob Pressley's career came in the second game of the series, when Larry Conners reached first-base on a single. And, after two were out, the pitcher surprised not only the club and the spectators but himself with a two-base smash that sent Larry around to third. There was no chance to score on the hit, and, under the coaching of McGill, Conners played it safe and stopped at third. As the play was made for Conners the pitcher who made the hit had no trouble in reaching second.

"Here's our chance," yelled McGill from the third-base coaching line. "Bust one in the nose, Jerry. Hit in these two runs!" Jerry Turner, a reliable hitter, strode to the plate, waving two bats menacingly. Nearing the rubber he threw one away and rubbed his hands in the dirt.

"Wait a minute," called McGill, through cupped hands, and indicated to the umpire that he wanted time. He ran over toward the Bluelegs bench.

"Here, Bob," he ordered, "get in there and run for this pitcher. Remember the signs, don't you?"

The young Texan paled slightly at the sudden responsibility thrust upon him, and a thrill went through him that he will never forget. His chance had come to get in the line-up! Pressley knew every base running sign of the club — and he would make no mistake there.

The sign to attempt a stolen base was a readjustment of the coach's cap. If McGill put his hand to the visor of his cap the base-runner, no matter what he may have thought of the idea, made a dash for the next base.

"You do what I tell you," McGill would say, "and if it goes wrong I take the responsibility."

Bob Pressley thought of this as he trotted toward second to relieve the slow-footed pitcher. He turned to McGill for instructions.

"Take a big lead," McGill ordered, "and be ready to come in with Conners on a single. We've got to get these two runs. Keep your eye on that pitcher."

Bob took the big lead off second, as instructed, constantly watching the pitcher and at the same time keeping a weather eye on McGill.

The crowd which had quieted down during the substitution of a base runner began barking again, and the noise grew into such a roar that to hear a spoken order was impossible. Pressley was excited and nervous. There was a twitch ng in the muscles of his legs. All ball-players feel it the first time they face a roaring crowd of twenty thousand. The batter, a veteran, was not disturbed in the least. They were importuning him to make a hit, and he intended to do it. If not he could still smile and go home to his dinner with an appetite. Jerry Turner had faced crowds before and knew them. Twice he swung at the ball only to hit fouls into the stand. He then let two bad ones go by. Pressley could see that the batter would go after the next one if it was even close. At least, that is the way he figured.

With the wind-up of the pitcher the boy took an unusually big lead and was on his toes ready to spring. Shifting his eyes toward third-base Bob saw, as in a blur, Manager McGill's hand go to the visor of his cap. Everything else was forgotten. With a leap Pressley started on a mad dash for third, the crowd gasping in astonishment and then in rage.

"Bonehead!" came in a roaring chorus followed by hisses as Pressley slid into third, only to find Larry Conners standing on the bag! As it dawned on him what had happened the boy sickened at his stomach. The batter had not struck at the ball, and the catcher merely tossed it to third, the baseman touching Pressley and he was out—the side was out. The Bluelegs had not won the game.

As he walked to the bench to meet the

57

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cutting remarks of his team-mates Pressley was burning up inside. Indignation that surged within him had to come out.

"That was a fine play," remarked Conners sarcastically. "Where'd you learn that stuff—down in Texas?"

"Don't blame me," shouted the enraged Pressley. "McGill gave me the sign to steal. Don't tell me he didn't. You were standing there and could see it."

"Yes," snarled one of the extra pitchers. "Told you to steal third with a man already on the bag, I guess. Outside with that stuff!"

"I say he did give me the sign, and you know you did," Bob insisted, turning to McGill. "You told me to watch for the signs and obey them. Didn't you put your hand to your cap? Didn't you, I say?"

"Don't get excited, young man," McGill cautioned. "Do you think I'd order a base runner to steal with a man already on the bag? Do you think I'm a bone?"

"Never mind what I think," cried the excited Pressley, growing hotter. "You gave me the sign and because I obeyed it everybody's saying I'm a bonehead."

"Bob," said the manager with an attempt at kindly tolerance, "don't say anything else until we get to the club-house. I'll talk to you there."

Pressley calmed down outwardly but he was still afire inside. His chance had come and he had been adjudged a bonehead. To himself he admitted that he had forgotten about Conners being on the bag. Perhaps he would not have obeyed the sign if he had remembered. But, even so, McGill did give the sign and should take the blame. Why did the manager want to cross him? There must have been a trick in it. Pressley was sick of baseball. His air castle had blown away. But McGill had given that sign! That was the thought that obsessed him.

IN the club-house, after the game, McGill called Pressley into his private office.

"Bob," he said kindly, "I may have changed the position of my cap as you say; but, even if I did, that does not excuse you from stealing a base with a runner already on it. Because a coach pulls a bone is no reason why you should do it. A born ball-player with the instinct of the game in him would not have done the thing that you did. Do you really think that you would make a success as a player?"

"That is for you to say, Mr. McGill. You are paying me."

The manager thought of Townsend and Shonts and smiled.

"Well, candidly, my boy," he said, "I don't think you will. I promised myself to see that you got a chance to be on a big-league team and I have done so because I like you. Don't you think it better for you to go back home?"

"And have everybody in Dorado, to say nothing of Marlow, say that I had failed — that I proved a bonehead on my only chance?"

"That can be avoided," McGill informed him. "When you get back home you may find that you are regarded as stupid. A little reflection cures a lot of that feeling. Leave it to me and I'll show you the way. Take my advice and now go back. Professional baseball is not the best thing for a young man to make his mark in life, especially one with your opportunities. It's all right while he is a hero, but the later years count heavily against him."

Bob, thoroughly calmed now, remembered that Tula Mason had said in a letter that she missed him terribly.

"I will leave it to you, Mr. McGill," he said and went to his room to think it over.

To his surprise the next morning Bob saw but brief mention of his stupid play. The few reporters who had mentioned it at all referred to the play as a mix-up in signals.

A long telegram came to Manager McGill from Alf Townsend, as if written to order, asking McGill to try and persuade Bob Pressley to give up his chance of becoming a marvelous ball-player and advising that he come home to assume the responsibilities connected with his plantation and ranch. McGill showed this to Bob and turned his face so that he could smile.

Three days later Bob Pressley arrived in Marlow. To his amazement he discovered that no one knew of his being released from the Bluelegs on account of a stupid play — nobody but Tula Mason who had seen the brief mention in one of the papers.

It is not easy for a boy to tell the girl he loves that he has failed. It is not in accord with those day dreams of conquered worlds. But Bob screwed up his courage and went straightforward to face the music.

"Tula," he blurted out in an attempt at bravery, "I have failed. A bonehead play put me out — but it wasn't my fault."

"I know it couldn't be your fault, Bob," she said kindly, "but I've got you back in Marlow among our own people and that is all I wanted."

"No, it wasn't my fault," he persisted in making this clear. "Manager McGill was to blame and I don't care who says he wasn't. He gave me the signal to steal a base when there was a runner already there — made me look like a fool."

She looked at him compassionately.

"McGill mixed up the signals himself," he went on. "Honestly I believed he tricked me. And I thought him my friend!"

"He is your friend, Bob, and he is also my friend — the best one we ever had."

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded to know.

"Don't feel hurt, Bob, but he promised me to do it — to sicken you of baseball." She paled at the look he gave her and continued tearfully, "I — I made — I made him promise to see that you would not make good!"

"You asked that I be made to look like a fool?"

"Listen, Bob. Before you went away my father told me that if you took up baseball as a permanent profession our engagement would have to end. And you know when he says anything he means it. Was I worth that much to you?" she cried almost hysterically. Tula's face burned and she refused to face him. She turned and looked steadily out the window.

"You mean, you mean," he faltered, realizing for the first time what it had cost this high-spirited girl to make such an open avowal of her love for him, "you mean that you wouldn't tell me then because you thought it would make me unhappy — would kill my ambition — embarrass me?"

He looked at her in awe and moved toward her.

"Do you think," she almost snapped, "that I would have the folks here laughing behind your back and saying you couldn't have gone if you wanted to? Don't you think I've got some pride?"

"And you made McGill promise to discourage me?"

A great relief came over the boy as he realized that the manager did not really regard him as stupid; that McGill had purposely crossed him for his own good.

"Yes," she said, "and he told me that in later years you would know him to be the best friend you ever had."

"I know it now," he said —

"But, Tula," he managed to ask a few minutes later, "how am I going to explain to the people of Marlow?"

"You won't have to. Have you seen the *Democrat* today?"

He admitted he had not, and the girl reached for the paper which lay on a near-by chair.

"I think your friend Mr. Townsend did this," she explained. "At least the editor intimated as much to me when I spoke to him on the street this morning."

In bold type on the front page there appeared this item of local interest:

"Robert Pressley, the popular young landowner, has been compelled to sever his relations with the celebrated Bluelegs Baseball Club on account of business interests at home. It is to be regretted that Mr. Pressley had to leave just as he was on the verge of becoming a great baseball star. But with us people in this part of Texas, business comes first and the young man has acted with great wisdom. The oil capitalists who have sunk wells on the property adjoining the famous Pressley ranch are now waiting for a chance to confer with the young man in regard to leasing or buying the oil rights on his place at what is said to be a large figure.

"We welcome Bob back to our midst."

The following spring the Grand March at the Bluelegs Ball was led by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pressley.

NEXT MONTH: A page of baseball sketches by Arthur William Brown, who made the pictures for "A Big-League Promise," with baseball verses by Grantland Rice. Coming: More stories by Bozeman Bulger.

Velvet Joe's Able Assistants-

MOTHER NATURE *and Father Time made diamonds out of carbon. But pshaw! Look what their method does with tobacco. Two years of it make VELVET.*

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Next month: The Westfield Standard — Does it pay?

Interesting Pure Food Comments and Questions

WHEN Professor Allyn was first formally introduced to the readers of McClure's, becoming identified with our magazine as its Food Editor and censor of all food products, beverages, and toilet goods advertised in its pages, we agreed, by means of this censorship, to protect our readers from certain prevalent frauds and dangers. We agreed that no food or other household preparation would be accepted for our advertising columns until it had been analyzed by Professor Allyn, had passed the rigid Westfield Standard, and was considered a reliable product worthy of recommendation. In other words, to satisfy Professor Allyn and get into our publications an advertisement must be a clean, honest statement of safe, honest goods.

In addition, our protection — which included both the manufacturer as well as the consumer — aimed to be still more practical and helpful through the distribution of a list, in book form, of safe and honest foods, through intelligent and unbiased editorials dealing with various phases of the food problem, through a question and service department which included the testing of all samples forwarded to Professor Allyn, the establishment of pure food shops, and the organization of a traveling pure food exhibit and domestic science school. This latter was organized with the fixed purpose of ultimately carrying food knowledge and food protection, based on the Westfield Standard, to every corner of the United States and as much farther as our means, ability, and enthusiasm might take us.

As the second of these "Westfield Expositions" is drawing to a close, and another mile stone has been passed, it is not unnatural that we should wish to stop just long enough to ask our readers and ourselves some questions — to take account of stock as it were.

The first big thought that occurs to us is, have we done what we agreed to do? Frankly, have we done our part, and are we making good? Are we protecting our readers in the matter of their food supply? Have we helped them to realize the importance of pure food, to know what the best pure foods are, and how and where these may be obtained? Are we successfully pushing the Westfield Standard so that the number of homes reached and protected is constantly on the increase?

And our second, are *you* doing *your* part? Are *you* aware of the dangers of cheapened and adulterated foods? Do *you* know what foods are safe, and what are not? Are *you* ordering the best pure foods, and do *you* know if you are actually receiving such foods when making a purchase or telephoning an order? Do *you* know how to identify them? If there is any doubt in your mind, make out a list today of all the bottled, canned, and packaged products standing on your pantry shelf, name the brand and manufacturer of each, and mail this list to Professor Allyn. He will check it up according to the Westfield Standard, and return it to you with his criticism. It is a little thing for you to do, but an important one, for it has a very vital connection with the health, happiness, and even lives of those who may be closest to you. *Do it now!*

The following letters of appreciation from readers and friends answer with more feeling and in better words than we could these two questions — just to what extent *we* have done *our* part, and to what extent *you* are doing *yours*. We should be glad to hear from any of our other readers who may have something to say on this important subject, or who have any suggestions which they would like to see carried out. If anyone does not know what the Westfield Standard is, or what the McClure-Westfield Movement is trying to accomplish, write to Professor Allyn, McClure Building, New York City. He will tell you.

From the Mayors of Three Cities

"City of Worcester, Mass.,
"December 20, 1915.

"*To the Mayors of Thirty American Cities:*

"Worcester had the privilege recently of getting intimately acquainted with the work of Professor Lewis B. Allyn, the Westfield pure food expert, through the Westfield Domestic Science School and Household Appliance Exposition conducted in this city. Hundreds of women attended the daily cooking classes and had the opportunity of learning the purposes of the Westfield movement, its standard of purity, designed to protect the manufacturer and the consumer. I am of the opinion that it has been of great benefit to the women of Worcester, and that it is a subject in which every city of the United States should be interested, as the prosperity of our municipalities depends in a great measure on the health of its citizens, which can be largely aided by the right kind of living, and the eating of the proper food. I will be glad to have you give me an expression of your opinion concerning the Westfield Exposition, as Worcester, being the first city to take up the nation-wide movement, will follow it with interest.

"George M. Wright, Mayor."

"City of Trenton, N. J.,
"January 25, 1916.

"I cannot allow the opportunity to pass without expressing my sentiments in regard to the great benefit which Trenton has derived from the Westfield Pure Food Exposition and Cooking School. Our people have been instilled with a rare knowledge concerning the selection of pure edibles and the proper preparation of same. I candidly believe that no exposition or period of instruction ever conducted in Trenton for any purpose was fraught with the permanent benefits possessed by the Westfield Exposition. I further believe that the state of the public health of Trenton will show a wonderful improvement commensurate with the splendid efforts put forth by yourself and your assistants during the educational campaign recently closed.

"Frederick W. Donnelly, Mayor."

"City of Springfield, Mass.,
"January 8, 1916.

"My visit to the Westfield Cooking School, during the baking contest, convinced me that the women of Springfield are good cooks. The display of cakes and bread proved that the cooking school has been of value. Incidentally, the people of Springfield had the opportunity of learning more of the work of Professor Lewis B. Allyn of Westfield in his endeavor to create a standard of purity for manufactured food products. The Westfield Standard is being made nationally known by the McClure Publications, and Springfield will do its share I am sure. Frank E. Stacy, Mayor."

"Miami Chamber of Commerce,
"G. A. Paddock, Sec'y."

"Sausalito, California,
"February 7, 1916.

"Will you kindly send data on how you carried on your campaign for better sanitary conditions in your town, and particularly the enforcement of your pure food laws. The Federal health officials in San Francisco tell me you have the best system in the United States, and that your 'Honor Roll' means much to the householder and is a great help in carrying on your work. We are trying hard to improve sanitary conditions in this town. We have laws enough, but to enforce them is almost an impossibility, with the result that we have to call for help outside the municipality. The suggestion was that we write to you. Write full particulars as to how you have accomplished such good results.

"R. M. W., Member Board of Health."

Canada Asks for Help

"Montreal, Quebec,
"January 15, 1916.

"Professor Lewis B. Allyn,

"Dear Sir:—

"I have been asked by the Montreal Housewives' League to write you in regard to your Pure Food Fair. Would it be possible to give the exhibit and demonstration here in Montreal? If so, what would be the requirements?

"Montreal is a virgin field as far as sanitation in shops is concerned. There are no standards of food or anything else. It is the common practice for all food to be displayed uncovered. Butchers pack their meat and fish in their show windows every Friday night, and Saturday's sales are taken from the window display. Chickens and turkeys are arranged on tiers of shelves in the stores and remain there until sold. No one objects, and certainly no one but newcomers are horrified. Meats are carted through the streets uncovered. Bread and other groceries are often wrapped in newspapers for delivery. A friend told me of waiting in a department grocery store for an order of charlotte russe, when the caterer made a pastry tube from newspaper taken from the floor and made ready to fill the cases with whipped cream.

"These enumerations are enough to show that public opinion is demanding very little in the way of pure food and sanitary shops. For two years I have endeavored to arouse the housewives to educate themselves. They are willing enough to acknowledge that others need educating. The only thing left is to proclaim truths and let those who will appropriate them. The League paid the expenses of one of the members to go to New York and find out what is being done there. She has come home with a few facts to use in establishing a standard. The League has no money. It commands social recognition, however. I shall be glad to hear from you on this vital subject. W. A. W."

What Women Write

"The Pure Food Exposition was exceedingly interesting, and I feel that every individual who attended, will want to buy only the purest and best food products possible. I think everyone who visited the booth of adulterated foods will, in the future, buy only those that are pronounced pure according to the Westfield Standard."

"I join with the many others in thanking you for your real contribution to one of the most vital problems of the community."

"Since I have one of the Westfield Pure Food Books I have been more careful about the brand of goods I buy, always trying to get the ones which are listed in the book, for then I know that they are good."

From Florida to California

"Miami, Florida,
"May 25, 1915.

"We have been following with a great deal of interest the McClure-Westfield Pure Food Movement. So far as we know, there is not, as yet, a pure food store in Miami, or a store specializing in food that meets the Westfield Standard. We have here an efficient and accurate Board of Health, recently organized, and it has done valuable work for Miami in the short time it has been in existence. Please send us whatever printed matter you have for distribution, and any suggestions you may be able to give us will be appreciated. We would also appreciate a specimen copy of an ordinance of this kind suitable for adoption in a city of 20,000 people.

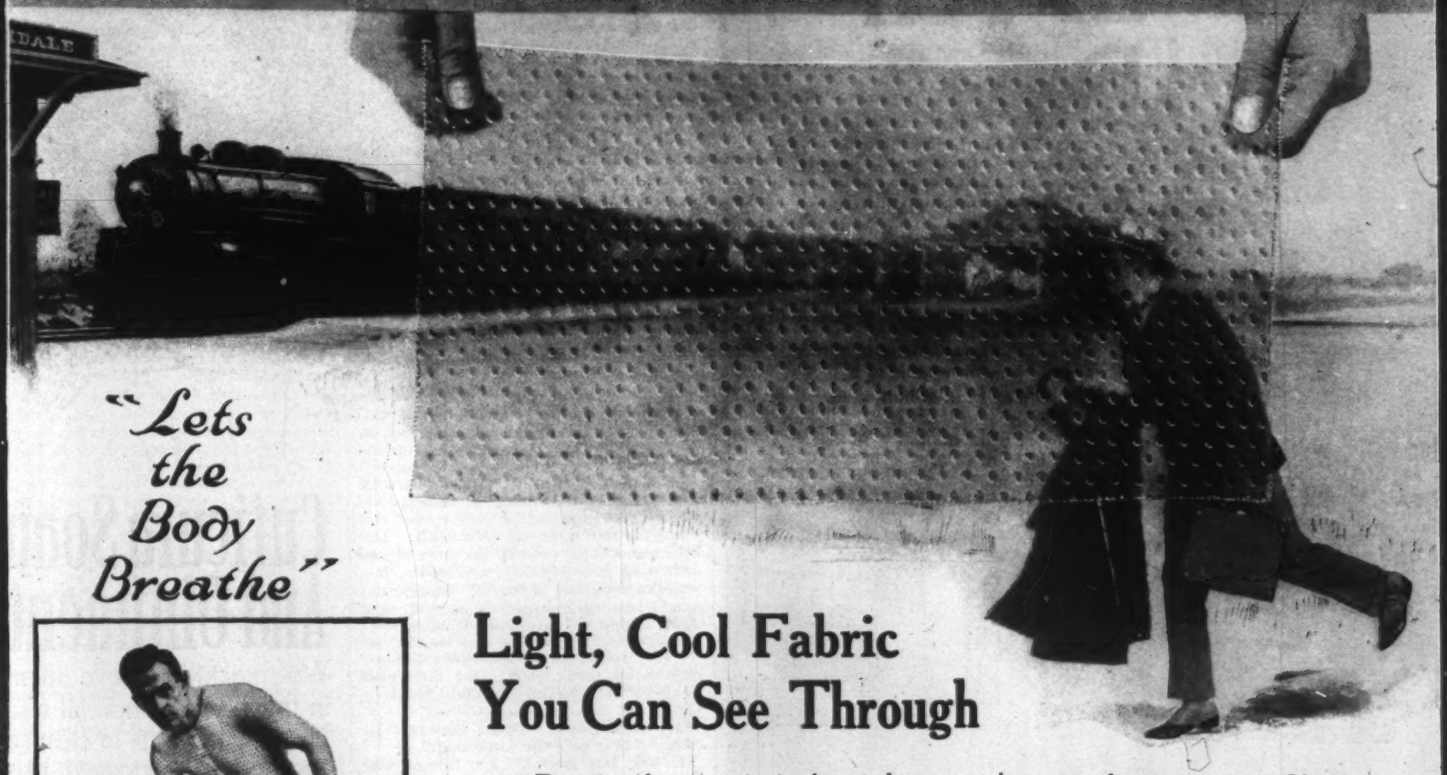
"Miami Chamber of Commerce,
"G. A. Paddock, Sec'y."

Professor Allyn's Question and Answer Service

McCLURE'S is a magazine of service. Professor Lewis B. Allyn, of Westfield, Massachusetts, the creator of the Westfield Standard, is Food Editor of the McClure Publications, and will answer, without charge, any question from a McClure reader on foods, beverages, or toilet preparations. Please inclose a stamped envelope for reply, as all questions are answered personally, and not through the magazine. Address Professor Allyn, care of The McClure Publications, McClure Building, New York.

If you wish a sample tested, send the article to be tested in an original, unopened package to Prof. Lewis B. Allyn, McClure Laboratories, Westfield, Mass. Where the article itself is not sent, the trade name, the manufacturer's name, and that of the dealer from whom the article was purchased, should be given. For bulk goods, a sufficient quantity should be sent, as well as the name of the dealer from whom purchased, and date of purchase.

CHALMERS "Porosknit" UNDERWEAR



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With Chalmers "Porosknit" Union Suits there can be no "short-waisted" feeling. The Closed Crotch is elastic—therefore cannot "cut in the crotch." The loose garment gives freely with every movement. It is comfortable, fits, stays put, cannot gape open nor bulge. Demand the genuine—with label shown below.

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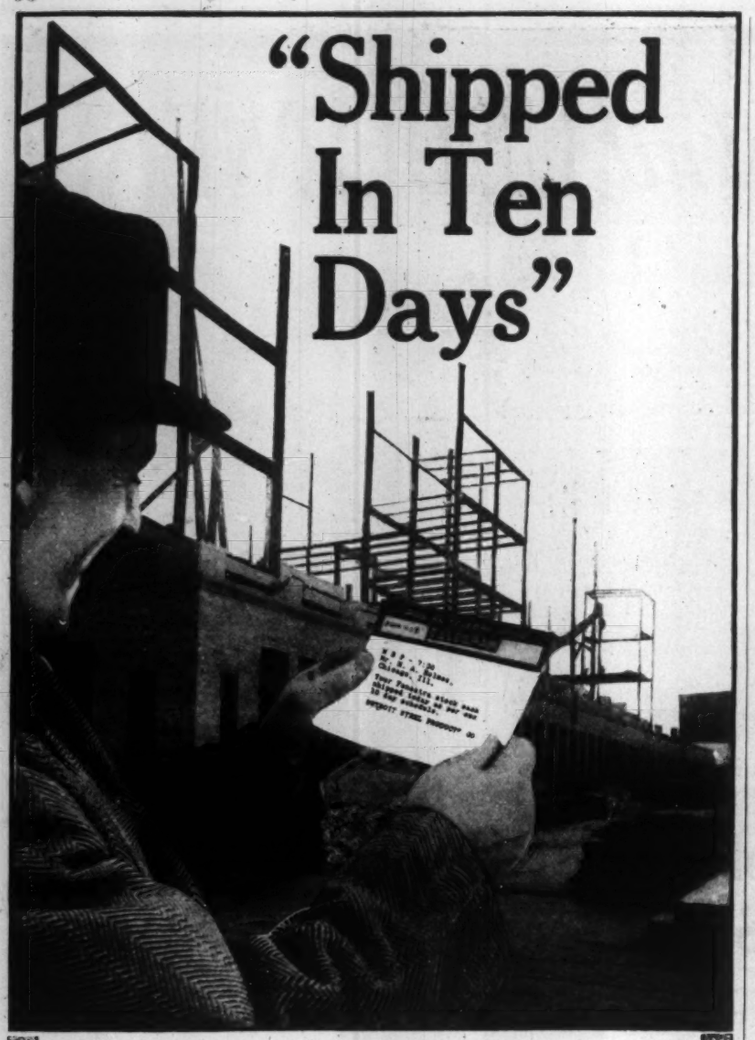

No Wonder The Contractor Smiles

His building is half way to the roof. While architects and owners are crowding him for early occupancy, sub-contractors and material men are demanding more time. And, right at the crisis, when delivery of material will make or break the job, comes the telegram:

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The Neutral

[*Continued from page 24*]

She smiled, a little . . . Again the water crept above her lips. But the eyes still looked. The lips beneath the water still smiled.

I think I struck the body that lay between us. I was quite mad, now. I fought it as though it were alive, some brutal, unclean Thing that held me from my own while it did murder. At length I won. I flung myself past it.

But she was gone. Where she had been, was only water . . . That's all I remember. They told me afterward that I was picked up by one of the boats which drifted about until *La Provence* came.

My friend finished. He sat, looking out the window into the gathering dusk.

"And what," I asked, at length, thinking to turn his mind, "became of the girl's father? The Little Lad?"

"Drowned, I suppose," he answered. "Drowned like all the other Americans that a Beast has murdered to show us how cultured she is."

Of a sudden there came from without the sound of men fighting. My friend leaned out the window. "Let's go down and look it over," he said. "I'd even go to a peace meeting to get my mind off what it's seen."

In the middle of the street, a little man with nose glasses and running to embonpoint, was seated on the back of another man who was lying face down on the asphalt. The little man had the other by the ears and was addressing him copiously, emphasizing his remarks from time to time by bringing the other's head up and then slamming it, nose down, against the pavement. It was a ceremonial at once picturesque and remorseless.

"Why, you double-dashed, triple-asterisked exclamation point blank!" the little man howled. "Why, blinkety, blankety, blunkety blink! I'll show you whether ——"

My friend gasped. "Good heavens!" he cried. "If it isn't the Little Lad!"

I, too, had gasped. For it was also Gray! Gray, the pacifist! Gray, the Neutral! Gray, who didn't believe in fighting!

We rushed to his side. "Here, here!" cried my friend. "What do you want to do? Kill him? Let the man up! Let him up, I say!"

Gray looked at us over his shoulder.

"Not until the son-of-a-gun gives three cheers for Uncle Sam!" he howled.

He turned again to his victim. "D'jer hear that?" he demanded. "Three rousing cheers now! Three cheers, I say!"

The cheers were given. Gray rose to his feet. His victim disappeared even before we had had a good look at him.

Gray dusted off his clothes. "I rather think," he said, complacently, "that I taught that poor boob something about preparedness that he won't forget in a hurry."

"But for goodness' sake," I asked. "What's it all about? What were you fighting for?"

Gray breathed hard, like an old war horse. "Why," he explained, "that triple-blanked pin-head was making a speech against preparedness, and bawling out Uncle Sam. And I was getting hotter and hotter. And then when he came to the place where he said that if Americans didn't have sense enough to stay at home, they deserved to be killed, I boiled over and hopped him."

Even then I didn't fully understand. It had come too suddenly. "But," I protested, "I thought you were neutral?"

"Neutral be hanged!" he howled. "Wait until I can get a steamer back to France! I'll show you how neutral I am! Those triple-dashed, quadruply-asterisked blinkety, blankety, blunks can't do what they did to me and get away with it!"

His voice changed; changed with a suddenness that was almost startling. He brushed the back of his hand across his eyes.

"And I kind of hope they get me at that," he said; his voice was so low that it was with difficulty that I heard. "God knows I haven't much to live for now. . . ."

Still a bit perplexed, I looked at my friend.

"Why, don't you see?" my friend queried, softly. "It was his daughter. . . ."

And then I understood.

The author of "The Neutral" and "Peace at Any Price" has written for the June number a remarkable fable of the war, "For God and King." In many ways, it is the strongest thing that Porter Emerson Browne has yet done for the magazine.

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Send for illustrated Booklet "No. 6," explaining importance of right sleep.

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Mr. and Mrs. Pierce

[*Continued from page 26*]

"And all this while what were you doing?" continued Janet's sister. "Why, you were stuffing Butler up at every opportunity with the most ridiculous saccharine flattery imaginable! You couldn't help it. With the hot blood of your years you were irrationally in love; with the egotism of an unlicked, unscarred little animal, it never occurred to you that you could possibly have married anyone but an able man. You believed that your charming Butler, merely because he was yours, must be a Titan. Really, Janet, it was scandalous, pathetic."

Janet winced, flushed, started to speak; but Martha smiled and raised a long-fingered, silencing hand.

"Don't argue!" she enjoined, and went on: "And that love-born idolatry of yours was like a wonderful drug for poor, ineffectual Butler. His very consciousness of a vital lack half-haunted him and made precisely that kind of blind faith the most precious sweetness in the world to him. A man of inherent power would not have needed it, but to your husband it created the delightful illusion of possessing what he didn't have, and very certainly most wanted, because he didn't have it. Of course, he believed you — took himself at the best possible estimate, which was yours. It was all very fatuous but it was all very human. And then, just when you had the boy well fed up, you committed another stupid atrocity. You withdrew your confidence — took away the one asset that possibly could have seen him through and the chiefest mainstay to his self-respect and pride. He was wounded and then perfectly logically, perfectly normally, he tried to cover his wounds, and for wounds of that sort the most convenient covering invariably is anger, a reproachful attitude of outrage and injury. You say he has been nasty to you for months? Certainly he has; that was at once retaliation and defense. My dear Janet, you could not have wanted a better balance sheet of Pierce & Harsen than the state of your domestic relations. And can't you see how the failure, his conduct, were perfectly inevitable results of your engaging but somewhat unfortunate make-up?"

JANET, after much battering, had told Martha that she might, for the sake of getting on with the argument, be willing to admit this contention. "But neglect, poverty, lost hopes of one kind," she protested, "they're nothing any more. It's easy to forgive them! It's the other thing — that woman — Lotta ——"

"Well, what could you have expected?" cut in Martha. "You had forced him into an utterly false position — a place where he never belonged. He was trying to deal with forces with which he was never intended to deal; he was trying to pack loads which he was never born to carry. Naturally enough, he was tragically, miserably unhappy. Come to you — explained? Why, Janey, that would have been laughable! To begin with, his glutted pride — the pride and arrogance of a man covering a weakness — wouldn't have permitted him to do so, and in the next place, how would you have taken it? Calmly, philosophically, pleasantly? Not much! You'd have stormed, raged, and no doubt rushed off and tried to run the business yourself. No, it is impossible to picture you back in those days accepting what it was intended you should have in life. Of course Butler sensed all that; but his pride, while he had your confidence, and his bravado and bitterness when he hadn't, kept him at the game you had elected he should play. Matters grew worse; he grew more unhappy. The load increased; his ability to carry it decreased. He was tortured all out of shape. He had to get out of himself. . . . And there was Lotta, ready to prattle to him about musical shows while you offered him prayerful exhortations to achievement. Of course he got mixed up with her. I've told you that you drove him straight into her arms."

This, and much more, the staggered and bewildered girl tussled with. Her sister's theory somehow seemed inadequate, unfair. Only in a roundabout way had she been at fault for all that Martha so mercilessly laid upon her; it was stretching matters to say that she alone was responsible for the havoc around her; it was not credible that she was the devastating force her sister said she was. Much more just seemed her own miserable theory that life and its soiling, brutalizing machinery had wrought the disastrous result. And yet that doctrine did not seem quite right, either. Under it one could only be flaccid, regard oneself as a hopeless puppet of destiny and accept with sullen bitterness whatever fate the gruesome monster of the world chose to mete out.

But this trying to prove to oneself that one was nothing finer than a misguided, malign force in the universe or else that the universe was an irresistibly debasing thing in itself was at best a disheartening and sickening business.

The complications with Julian seemed to adjust themselves with a horrible and surprising neatness into the general design, and Janet was contritely linking up that chain of disgraceful circumstances with her own hot-headed, well-intentioned mistakes when Martha projected a side light with information acquired mysteriously by John. It brought into focus the relation which had for a long time existed between Powell and Lotta Reynolds and the termination of it.

"Oh, no, my dear, there was nothing crude nor vulgar about it, as I understand," Mrs. Tremont had explained. "I believe he conducted one of those particularly well-managed brokerage accounts for her, or something of that sort. But the arrangement broke up. That was sometime last winter or in the early spring, John hears. But all that is not the point. Coming to the point, I'm not sure there is one, but I thought I would tell you anyway. It might help."

All of Martha's arguments unfailingly worked themselves around to one point — forgiveness of Butler, a promise of silence, then and ever afterward, concerning that midnight telephone call to the Earlmore, a chastened and docile reuniting of the Pierce home.

"I don't see why you're so anxious for us," once declared Janet.

"You don't?" laughed Martha. "Well, I'll tell you, then." She trumpeted with her hands. "Because you're in love," she then whispered in the girl's ear.

Janet did not rise to her sister's playfulness. "I'm not sure of that," she said gravely.

"Oh, but I am!"

"Well, I'm not," soberly reiterated the girl. "You see, Martha, it's pretty hard to love a man who for months has neglected you and been cruel and cowardly; who's lied and lied to you day after day, week after week; who's been guilty of what he's been guilty. Leaving all forgiveness aside, supposing I'm terribly to blame, that doesn't help matters. You see, the way I feel about Butler is this —— "

"Oh, I know how you feel really!"

"The way I feel," resumed Janet, "is that with a man like that there is nothing to build on — no hope for the future. You can't found anything on him, a home or a life or anything else. He's like soft mud; he's moral quagmire. If I had faith in him, if I only could have faith in him in some little particular, it would be different. But he has destroyed every last atom of faith I have, and without faith there can't be love."

"Stuff! Puerile and absurd!" was the manner in which Martha waved aside this declaration. "It's not faith you need. It's charity — a little plain, ordinary, human charity! You've got to begin with that, and all that I've been trying to do is to kill some of your self-confidence, your self-righteousness, your ego and get down to a proper foundation of decent humility. Goodness, can't you see how easy it was to be tripped up in the way Butler was tripped? It just comes to this — that it's always the good people of the world who are the coldest, chilliest, most uncharitable and generally intolerant. And what I want to do is to persuade you that you don't belong to that outfit." Martha paused and was thoughtful for a moment before she concluded: "One trouble with this world is that not enough people go wrong."

Janet said nothing but was telling herself that her sister could never guess how deeply her words had struck. The girl had not disclosed to Martha that self-revealing episode which had occurred in the strange night hour alone with Powell. Janet could feel acutely again the gentle fan of Julian's breath upon her cheek, the moist press of his kisses upon her lips, the heat of his whole, taut body. Her shame burned hot and vivid; she glanced furtively at Martha to see if the other was

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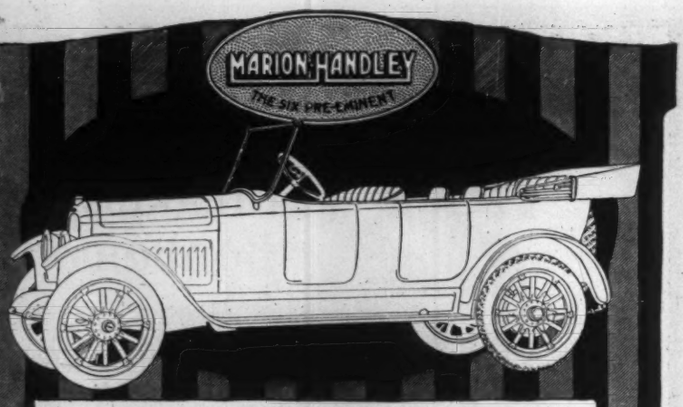

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observing the stinging crimson which she believed must be mounting to her neck and face. She almost broke then under the weight of her humility.

But she did not, and a day or two more passed during which her sense of stain and guilt twisted itself to a shape even more morbid than before. Martha's scourgings upon her were zephyrs to the fierce winds of her own thoughts. She caught up the unconcluded speculation of the night when she had fled from Julian's embrace, and began to demand of herself a reply to the question of why, after she had failed to elude the soiling clutches of the world — why should she so arbitrarily, so out-of-hand, so decisively, condemn others? Charity and forgiveness — these she owed to her husband; the least atonement she could make for her own hour of human weakness, was to offer them to him.

Her surrender came at the end of a long tense day. The talk with Martha in the rich gloom of John's study had been long-drawn out. Suddenly with a puzzling irrelevancy Martha had said:

"Tell me something, Janey. You've been very quiet about it, but how far really did that little affair of yours go with Julian?"

It was a final stroke. Exhaustion, tired nerves, hopelessness, despair, more besides, broke her. To ease her spirit she poured the story forth. When she was done her head was buried in her arms upon the back of the chair and she was sobbing, "Yes, yes, send for Butler. Let's end it. I forgive him — I must forgive him." And thereupon Martha withdrew the interdict that had kept the girl and her husband apart. The next day she telephoned to Butler that Janet was ready to see him.

LONG before Butler's arrival Martha quitted the apartment. Her final injunction to the girl was to keep sealed her lips upon the damning knowledge she possessed. "It will only complicate everything," she told her, "and make it twice as difficult for you both."

A little later Butler entered the room. Inwardly Janet was trembling, and had refuge in idly turning the pages of a book. She felt his scrutiny and his presence but did not look up. The door closed.

Butler crossed the floor and stood at the other side of the desk from Janet, fumbling at a magazine.

"Well, Janet?" he said finally, in a very low tone.

"Well, Butler?"

"We've sort of made a mess of things, haven't we?" he observed. They had not yet faced each other squarely, but from his very voice the girl knew that his spirit, too, had been cruelly chastened and humbled.

"Yes, Butler, we have," she acquiesced wretchedly, and looked at him. Somehow he did not seem the same man she had known; she had an odd sense of detachment from him, of an identity entirely her own.

"I'm sorry, dear, that you took the failure so hard," he threw out, raising his glance only for an instant.

"Oh, it's all right. It doesn't matter, I suppose."

"It had to come," he said simply.

Janet moved over to a chair, which was turned three-quarters away from him.

"Yes," she said, "it had to come," and sat down. "I see that now; I'm glad you do."

"Oh, I see it all right," he declared. "Mr. Styce has been going at me for hours."

"Going at you? Mr. Styce? What for?"

"For playing a game I didn't know and wasn't meant for anyway; for being a fool — generally."

"Well," Janet sighed in weariness, "I was greatly to blame."

"There's no use arguing that; it's passed now." And then, as if to snap the thread of futile dejection, he added more spiritedly: "I've got my job with Pynchon & Styce back."

"Have you?" she returned dully. She wished there had been more animation in her tone, but she was oppressed by an instinctive feeling that the talk was not forming itself favorably; there was neither exaltation nor warmth in it and it somehow seemed that there should be.

"Yes," Butler was reaffirming from his formal distance. "I'm going back to just where I was before — same job, same pay."

Searching her soul for a spark of some kind, for even a feeble response to his presence and the sound of his voice, Janet, staring into the empty fireplace, made no answer. It suddenly came over her that her apathy alone was sufficient to keep him at arm's length. But she had forgiven him; she must let him feel that her soul was softened to him. She tried to speak, but the words halted before they reached her lips. All that she could think of was that that man there had cherished the delicate-limbed, olive-skinned Lotta in his arms. And then she became aware that some sudden emotion was stirring Butler. He had abruptly shoved the magazine from him and was advancing toward her.

"Oh, Janet," he was saying with thick feeling. "I've been a beast — a beast a thousand times over. I want to tell you so. I want you to forgive me. I'm sorry — God, I'm sorry — but I couldn't help it. Forgive me! Can't you forgive me?"

He was standing hoveringly above her but he had not touched her. Janet, her glance down, found herself listening critically for him to go on. "Can't we put everything — put it all behind and try again? I know what money means to you — what you want. I'll do my best — my very best always, but let's go back. I'll never be mean or ugly! I swear it! Oh, if it hadn't been for that cursed business! But listen!" And now he became very eager. "We'll go to Meadowhedge; everything was right there. We'll start there again, and I'll do better. Just forgive me — please, please! — because I love you and we must, must try again."

He was bending over her and had seized her hand.

Looking up to him she said quite dispassionately: "Forgive what, Butler?"

"Oh, the ghastly mess I've made of everything, and treating you — oh, you know!"

"Yes — I know." Some faint quality of emphasis which she had given to the words involuntarily alarmed her and she was quick to say again, "Yes, Butler, I forgive you." But her reflection at that moment was that it would have been a mark of nobility in him and an evidence of the reality of his emotion if he had confessed to her all that she really did have to forgive. Again, however, she remembered her new creed and this time with more warmth she told him again: "Yes, Butler, I forgive you."

"And we'll begin all over again?" he cried.

"Yes — all over again." Her hand was still limp in his.

"Just as it was before?" he asked tensely.

"Just as it was — before," she repeated slowly, not looking at him. Of course things could never be as they were before.

"My darling!" cried Butler, and sank down upon the arm of her chair. She felt him pressing against her and his big hand straining at her shoulder. Then he was drawing her tighter and his face was close to hers. Janet wondered what strange thing had happened within her; she felt lax and cold and powerless to move or utter a word; moreover, her mind was distressingly clear.

"It won't be so bad, darling, will it? It wasn't so bad before. And, oh, I'll try so hard to make it all up to you for all that I've done and for all that you won't have, but dearest — Oh, Janet, I love you!"

A hand flattened against her cheek; he turned her face up to his and his eyes burned to her. He leaned closer. She saw his lips form to kiss her own. "Oh, Janet dearest!"

That hand had fondled Lotta's cheek! Those eyes had burned to hers! Those words — he must have breathed them to her, too! His lips were now softening upon her own.

Janet never was altogether certain of precisely what had happened then. Violently agitated, she had found herself standing, confronting him. Butler, a few feet off, had been crouched slightly toward her, with consternation, anger, fear, in his wide, dazed eyes. An unsummoned army of emotions, instincts, deep-down things, had apparently rushed together and hurtled against her soul. She remembered that her shoulders had stiffened, her lips had closed hard and tight and that she had managed to twist her head away.

"What's the matter?" he had demanded.

"Nothing!" she had returned.

"What is the matter?" and he had seized her arm and spinning her about searched her face. A portentous moment had followed; the silence of the room had seemed to roar. Once more he had pressed his demand and she thereupon had jerked loose her arm and backed away, and presently, despite herself, she had been telling him.

It was then, moving again to the desk, that he had made his denial — flat and unequivocal — and she had met it with the impatient little movement of her hand and her wearied question:

"Oh, Butler, what is the use?"

Some hours later Janet was standing upon a small balcony of the Tremont apartment, high in the air. It was wearing on toward seven o'clock; the smoky-blue sensu-

ous evening was thickening around her; a slim, wistful figure in pale white, the girl stood there, thinking, thinking of the interview with Butler and its miserable ending. It seemed clear enough to her that she had none of those ennobling qualities by which she had believed she had redemption; there was no real charity, no real forgiveness in her; her own soul had not actually been softened in the least, even by its own stain.

The conviction which she had had since the sum of her disaster had been revealed to her, reasserted itself; to cloak the past was more than half of the problem of the future. But, she asked herself, could anything cloak the past? What, for example, could make her forget Butler's cruelty or the monstrous, poisonous fact of his unfaithfulness? Well, many, many years of kindness might. What could obliterate the knowledge that she herself was capable of wanton wrong? Well, years of goodness might. Years, years — and she, as soon as she turned about and passed in from the balcony window, would have to begin existence again; and to begin it in any durable and conceivable way she must believe that Butler was really loving and kind and faithful, that she at the core was fine, that an embracing goodness and rightness did govern the scheme of the world.

There was no reason to suppose that her husband, once the memory of the immediate situation was passed comfortably, would radically alter his ways, that she herself would not fall afoul of an ever greater unworthiness of some sort, that all her affairs would not slip into an even more revolting mess. . . .

Her mind wandered a little and her eyes, no longer fresh in their trust and innocence, turned idly off to the south where towered those great, tragic hives of business, seemingly interlaid one against another like a half-shuffled deck of mammoth cards. How inseparably business was woven with life; time was when she had thought of them as strangely different, sharply defined things; they weren't — they were one and the same. Every second some glowing pin point in the vast flat surfaces died; another man's work was done; she wondered what it had brought to some woman in that broad ocean before her of lighting homes. Beneath, the great thoroughfare reached away in long, pallid convergings of light, dipping into obscurity beneath the crest of Murray Hill. To the girl the street seemed more than a street; it was a highway of life along which men and women were rushing to glory and shame, joy and sorrow, pleasure and suffering — a flowing concourse carrying the little human atoms for delivery to fate. Oh, the mere wonder of life! its varying forms, beauties and ugliness alike, its proud glories, its humbled shames, its hopes, fears, loves, hates; winding, interwinding, twisting, turning, like gigantic tides, swishing and washing endlessly over the changing shoals of existence. . . .

Janet, standing there upon the little balcony, high above the animated, sparkling thoroughfare, prayed in the sadness of the soft September evening for a faith that would give her back her love and her life. . . .

Oh, the complexity of merely being alive!

CHARLES WINTER had just hung up the telephone. Almost simultaneously he placed a finger upon the push button at his side. His secretary appeared.

"Byrnes," said the lawyer, "Mr. Anthony Grier has just telephoned. He's sending an important paper over to me. When it arrives please bring it to me — unopened."

"Yes, sir — unopened."

"And Byrnes, something else, please. . . . Get Mr. Butler Pierce on the wire at Tuckerton. He started early and is probably there by now. Tell him to stay where he is until he hears from me."

"Exactly — until you telephone," the man replied.

"And one thing more, Byrnes," briskly concluded the lawyer. "Have Mrs. Pierce shown in at once when she arrives."

The secretary withdrew. Winter poked his legs out in front of him and leaned back in his chair. Sitting there he seemed quite as diminutive, bleached out and world-weary as usual; and even if he did not appear to be lost in any especial gloom he was not finding noticeable enjoyment either in the hour or in his thoughts. It was well on toward the end of the forenoon and he was considering the distressing and difficult case of Janet Pierce.

The aspect of it which then, as at other times, struck him most deeply was its pathos — the inevitable old-as-time pathos of youth, with its hopes and high courage encountering the world. To him the spectacle had almost the repulsion of a bull-fight; blinded by natural confidence and goaded on by hot young desires, youth was perennially being sent into the arena for a perfectly certain and almost gruesome wounding; and the more superb the exultant animal was in its vitality and strength, the more vigorous its charge and the harder its fall. It was the weaklings who escaped lightly. If girls like Janet only had the least chance from the first, if they could only be guided, the conflict might not have seemed so unfair. The distressing fact concerning his young protégée was that evidently her struggle was not over.

Two days earlier Winter had once more entered into the girl's affairs. Before that, for a week, he had after a fashion been keeping an eye upon her interests; that is, he had been keeping an eye upon Butler Pierce and administering to the young man's somewhat dilapidated spiritual well-being; and in so doing the lawyer had felt that he was serving the girl. But not until Martha Tremont and Butler himself had separately, but both with the utmost urgency, sought his aid, had he felt himself little more than a bystander in the crisis.

"I'm at my wits' end," Janet's sister had telephoned one evening. "She's clean done and I can't help her. It's Butler — mostly, I think. Talk to him; but anyway, *do* something!"

The injunction to talk to Butler had been unnecessary. Upon the moment the lawyer had entered his house a few hours earlier the young man had been upon him with almost choking supplications and an account of a disastrous interview that afternoon with his wife. "My God, Mr. Winter," Butler had cried, "she believes anything and everything of me. She talks about forgiveness, but how can she live with me — how can I live with her — if she thinks I'm every kind of a rotter? I believe we're going to end in a smash — in a real smash. It's as terrible as that. I must prove I've been straight with her — that I'm not all bad. For Heaven's sake, help me — help us both."

These appeals had set him in action, and principally from Martha he had gathered details.

He wished he could help Janet out. But he thought that any such effort would be futile; youth repelled guidance and its ears were always deaf. That, to Winter, was the cause of its major tragedies. Moreover, understanding, like most heritages of maturity, had to be come by alone; it was a condition of soul and not some facile philosophy which could be set afloat upon the surface of the mind.

Meanwhile, however, Janet's condition was evidently extreme, and the lawyer was going to give her back a solid measure of faith in her husband. Being an inexorable theorist, it would have been more to his inclination, perhaps, not to have done this until the girl had hammered her own way out of her plight.

After Butler's appeal for help Winter had begun scouring over the affair at the Earlmore. Before then, for a week, there had been a reticence between them concerning it which forbade questions and did not invite explanation. Until then, as a matter of fact, the lawyer had not wanted the facts; as long as Janet's ignorance had been apparently complete, it seemed easier to him to say nothing and bury the miserable business as deep as possible. Acting upon a reluctant parting hint from his dinner companion, Powell, he had made inquiry for Pierce at the Earlmore, and had actually got into communication with him there in Mrs. Grier's apartment long after twelve o'clock. He knew women of Lotta Reynolds's world. Anthony Grier he knew well, and the woman was no doubt, he thought, but another of Tony's magnificent irregularities. Beyond that Winter had not cared to go; he did not want to be too well informed. But when it had appeared that Janet's ignorance was not complete and her husband had sought to enlist his aid, the lawyer had told the young man the price of assistance would have to be a full version of the facts.

It was not an unusual narrative which he had got — a narrative of lives knocked askew by circumstance and crisscrossed by mistakes. It began with a broken dinner engagement, called off by Powell for the sake of a business talk with the lawyer himself, of the dread of a beaten man confronting his ambitious wife, of desperate need if only for a few hours to escape a vision of what had seemed ahead. To Winter all that had been remarkable, and still was, was in the culmination reached in those hours in the Earlmore when, he thought, matters might have taken a more

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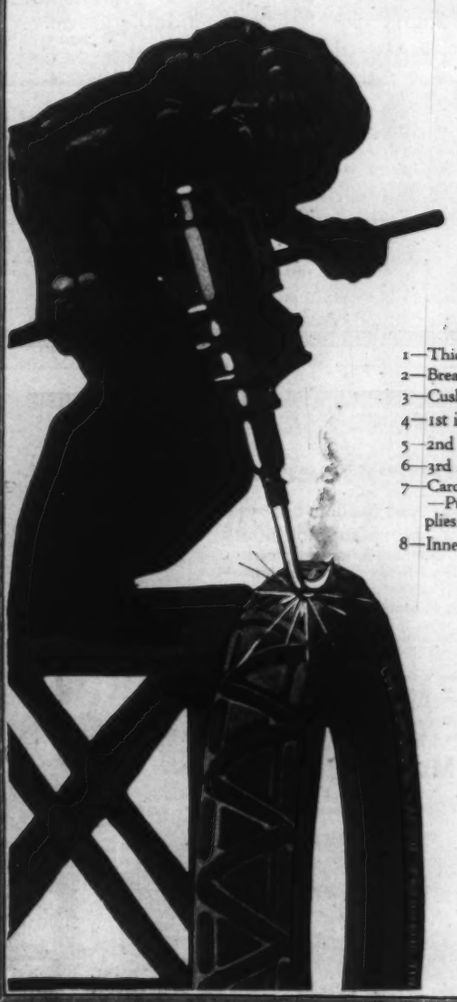

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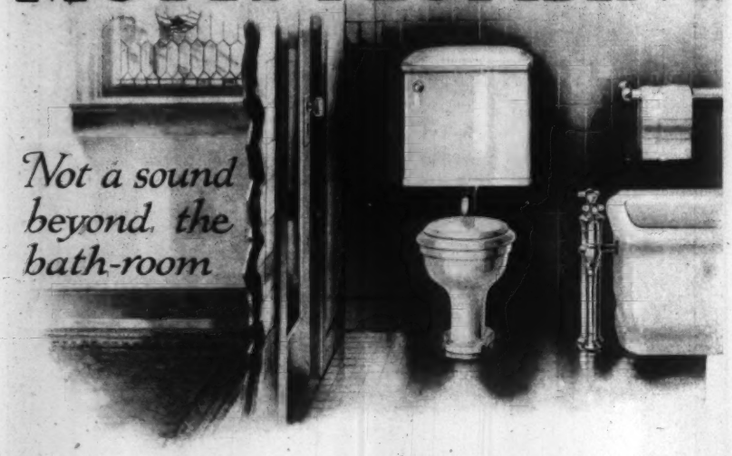

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evil turn; when Janet's husband, unconscious of the other dark crisis being enacted in his home, was resisting the woman's entreaties, seductions and tears to rescue her from the pit of disgrace and despair into which she had fallen.

"What did she want you to do?" the lawyer asked.

"Run away — start fresh somewhere together — all that sort of nonsense, you know. She seemed to think that both of us had played ourselves out here and that Janet was sure to throw me over for — for someone else."

"For whom?"

"Well — well, of course it was absurd, just an idea that the Tenderloin breeds, but she thought perhaps — for Julian."

"Powell, eh?"

"Yes; she thought Julian was fond of Janet and that Janet wanted — oh, it was horribly sordid and low minded! Of course Julian and Lotta did break up, but it wasn't on account of Janet."

"On whose account, then?"

Butler had hesitated a long moment. "I guess it was on account of me."

"Of you, eh?"

"Julian got jealous or something. He found out about some fool photograph and got jealous, and busted everything up."

"I see. And then she had to do something, and so she took up with Tony Grier."

"Yes, that was it; it simply wasn't in her to do anything else. Before then I had some sort of talk with her — same kind of thing as the other night, only not so bad. I told her that I thought if the business worked out maybe matters between Janet and me would change. Pretty soon I heard she had moved uptown. I never saw her again until everything had smashed up. That was the other night."

"Well," Winter had inquired, "what did you tell this lady when she wanted you to go off with her?"

"Oh, I told her — no." The lawyer recalled now the simple, naive matter-of-factness of that declaration from the young man. "I told her — no, and then she began doing all sorts of things — crying, begging. I kept trying to leave, but she always had something else to say. I'd never have got away if you hadn't called up. I felt too sorry for her."

"You felt sorry for her?"

"Oh, yes, awfully. She'd had a good deal of hard luck and besides, I'd always liked her; she was cheerful. But as I kept telling her all the while — I was married. She never seemed to realize that."

EVEN during the recital Winter had known that he was getting the truth; he had appraised every syllable as it had fallen from Butler's lips, not an accent had failed to bear the stamp of verity. He himself was convinced, but it was immediately apparent that for Janet's ravished credulity more was needed. In that predicament the lawyer had preyed upon his acquaintance with Anthony Grier, and by a variety of soft, subtle persuasions, peculiar to the interlacings of the business world, and which now evoked a smile, had prevailed upon that gentleman to procure what the lawyer had been certain Mr. Grier could secure — a reliable, if need be attested, statement from his personal underling and secret eyes, the so-called maid of Mrs. Grier's apartment. It was that document which was now on its way to Winter. He knew in advance what it would contain, and he waited for it, sitting there at his great desk.

The paper arrived before Janet. Byrnes brought the commercial-looking-envelope in and handed it to Winter. The lawyer opened it. The handwriting was less ill-formed than he had expected; the woman had evidently some intelligence. Men like Grier, reflected Winter, seemed to have little need of romance and illusion in their life and always engaged sound ability in their affairs. Odd, that stripe of man, efficient and material to the last ditch! In two glances he ran the first page through and in two more the second. It substantiated Butler; it was convincing; it would satisfy Janet.

He laid the paper down and continued to wait. She was already overdue. His eyes kept lifting to the doorway in momentary expectation that she might be framed there. There was vividly before him a picture of the girl as, upon the occasion a year ago, she had hesitated for an instant, palpitating, in that very spot before she had swept in upon him. He could see her now as she stood there.

Suddenly he looked up. Janet was there. For a second they gazed across at each other. He saw her nod at him and richly smile and move into the room. In the instant she was like a rose after a storm of rain; and then in a flash, with a joyous bound of some strange tight thing within him and before the girl had spoken a word, he knew that the great goodness had come to pass. The case of Janet Pierce was at an end. She was a woman.

THE events of the next hours of that day are treasured in the most precious archives of Charles Winter's heart. Whenever he wants to warm up his gray, meager soul a bit, he thinks them over. Sometimes he talks them over; that is, with Janet upon some tender summer's evening when he has motored out to Meadowhedge and they are together upon the little porch of the stucco house and Butler is inside keeping his conscientious tab upon the baseball scores.

From the moment when Janet came into the room that day she was wonderful. There was not a second's doubt that the paroxysm of youth had passed, that the great rebirth of the spirit had come. She was calm, not tumultuous; sober and steady, not headstrong and propelling; she seemed to exist in a new and infinitely finer aura; it was as if some baser metal in the alchemy of the world had been turned to gold. In her the lawyer found a glow of the spirit and not of the flesh; an enriched, luminous being was with him, gentle with the gentleness of pain; not tired, but pallid with wisdom and the distress of getting it.

She moved to the great leather chair beside his desk. Before she had sat down Winter was telling himself that here in reality was the being upon whom he had been bestowing his affection and care; in some mysterious, subconscious manner he had managed to project through the blur of the crudities and harshnesses of her girlhood a vision upon his mind of what the woman would be; and the woman was there. But it had only been a vision until then; now it was a vision come true in the full perfection of its beauty and grace.

Her first words were: "Dr. King came this morning." Her countenance was marvelously radiant. "The baby's all right."

As she continued Winter had a sense of beaming at her rather ridiculously and vacuously. The physician, it appeared, had made his daily examination that morning and given his unequivocal verdict that the boy's spine would be straight. And then she was asking him why he had sent for her and saying that she was sorry she was late.

Winter roused himself and reached for Mr. Grier's report. The paper seemed somehow hopelessly sordid as he held it in his hand and began his explanation. For a moment she listened with subdued amusement. And then she cut him short.

"Don't trouble, Uncle Charles — we don't need to go into that."

Nevertheless, he reached the document toward her. She motioned it away, shaking her head.

"It wouldn't really — that is, really — matter much," she went on, "what twenty of Mr. Grier's peeping, lynx-eyed maids might say. It would be easy enough now for me to forgive — truly forgive. You see, Uncle Charles, I've come through." She paused, and her eyes, clear as the day, smiled to him.

"To — er — understanding?" he threw out. "To — er —— "

"Yes, I guess that's it," she laughed. "Anyhow, I'm done with youth. I think I can begin now."

"Begin what?"

"Begin to live."

After she had said it she sat quite still, watching him. Her very presence had become restful. Winter regarded her. When he got up he stood above the girl and took both of her narrow, yielding hands in his. She lifted her untroubled face up to him. He had an impulse to draw her to her feet and kiss her; but only an impulse. Finally he spoke.

"Well, my dear," he said, "there'll be nothing — nothing — for you in life quite so hard. Your meanest tragedy is over. You'll never have to fight blindfolded again. You will have hurts, but they'll never be so bad. I'm more than — well — glad."

Again Janet smiled. She took away her hands, and for some moments while they looked at each other with a volume of comprehension between them the warm and affectionate silence continued. Then her smile broadened and she said with a hint of gaiety:

"Really, Uncle Charles, there's only one thing I want to know any more."

He was alert and just a trifle pleased. "I'll help you if I can, my dear," he told her, and waited.

"Where's Butler?" she brought forth.

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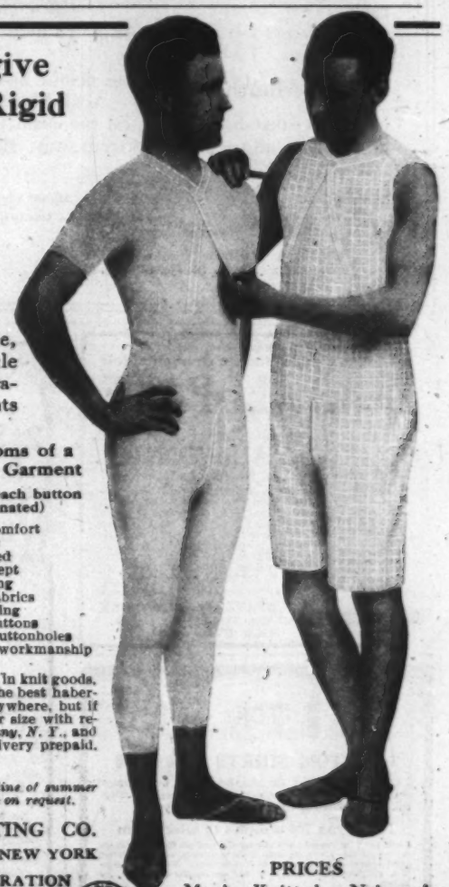

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It was on the way out to Tuckerton in his car that Janet gave Winter her story. For the most part she had performed her charming miracle for herself. "Just labored through it as best I could," she explained to him. "Tried to make my life and ruined it. Ruined my life and there I was — found I'd made it." But she had had to touch a very low point first, she declared, and spoke of an evening when she had stood on the Tremont balcony and actually surrendered. Upon occasions before then she had thought she had surrendered. Everything had seemed to stop; she had seemed to suffocate in a thick vaporous misery; not only had she been exhausted but the final resources of mind and soul had been exhausted, she said; when she had gone in she had been able to endure a short talk with Martha and then had gone to bed.

"Well," said Janet, crossing her legs in the ample depths of the limousine and facing Winter a little more directly, "it was about half-past eleven when one of Martha's maids knocked. I didn't answer at first. Somehow, I was half afraid to. But she kept at it and tried to whisper through the door; someone wanted to see me and wouldn't give any name. Then I was perfectly sure that some frightful thing had happened. Imagine — eleven-thirty, everyone in bed, Butler goodness knew where and — and a mysterious caller for me!"

Janet laughed and paused; the lawyer's eyes never left her face. "Somehow the first thing that occurred to me was that Butler had — oh, done some awful thing. You see, I'd been a little beast to him that afternoon."

"I gathered as much," put in Winter.

"He told you?"

"Most, I think."

"Well, I had been a beast and I went flying down the hall, my hair down, pulling on my dressing-gown and in a horrible fear. I hadn't any more than got the dressing-gown on when I reached the door and — and there she stood."

"Who?"

"It seemed incredible then," pursued Janet, with rising vivacity. "It was Lotta Reynolds; and, Uncle Charles, never in my life have I seen anything so ravishing!"

Winter grinned but his grin was less for what she had said than for his amusement at the finesse of the pause she was making to let the words sink in.

"She was in the very middle of the floor," Janet went on. "There was just one light on. The walls are gray anyhow, but the whole room looked a mass of grayness and Lotta — in a low neck — oh," and she grimaced and raised both hands, "oh, a very low neck, with her black hair high on the top of her head and no hat, was standing there and wearing the most gorgeously wonderful cloak I've ever seen or dreamed of — all red, a little lighter than autumn red, with a dark collar that got lost up around the neck. The coat was very long and it made her look ever so tall. In that gray room she simply stood and looked at me with those big eyes of hers. Oh, wonderful, Uncle Charles, wonderful!"

"I dare say," observed Winter dryly. "But go on!"

"Of course!" Janet good-humoredly admonished herself. "Well, I think I'd been half asleep; I was frightened anyhow and altogether I was too amazed, too puzzled to do anything except to hang to the side of the door and gaze at her like a stupid little fool. That's what I did! Think of it — Lotta coming to see me at that hour of the night. After a couple of seconds, I could half see her coming toward me — all tall and red, like some new kind of rich and expensive ghost — and I hardly realized what it was all about before she had me in her arms and was weeping frightfully and crying, 'Oh, you poor little kid! Oh, you poor little kid!'"

Winter turned his face away and screwed it up, trying to determine just how well he liked the idea of Tony Grier's mistress caressing his sanctified Janet. But Janet was going on; the two had had a talk, it appeared, in which Lotta had done all the talking.

"Of course, at the time," Janet explained, "I didn't believe a word she said. How could I? That was what I kept saying to myself — how could I? A woman like that! Well, what it all seemed to come to was that Butler — poor boy — had rushed off that afternoon and telephoned her to see me at once and deny things. She had had to go to the theatre and hadn't been able to come before. But she said she had come for something else besides. It was for something she had wanted to tell me for months, and then once when she did have the chance she didn't do it because she said she thought matters had got so bad between Butler and me that she was what she called 'entitled' to another try — try for Butler, I mean. Horrid! Ugh!"

Janet wrinkled her brows, struggled and went on more quietly: "Her point was that she never made a move until we'd rather busted up and she saw Julian getting — well, getting himself in deeper with me, or getting me in deeper with himself — either way, you know. Not nice, either, is it, Uncle Charles? And Lotta was rather confident of Julian, that is, was confident of Julian getting what he wanted and went after, and ——"

The lawyer was sorry for her in her embarrassment. "All you're trying to say," he put in, "is that what she wanted to tell you was that on each and every occasion Butler had resisted her not inconspicuous and negligible charms and behaved like a real husband and a real man."

"Yes, that was it," assented Janet; "and that real husbands and real men were awfully scarce and that in the future she would go what she called her 'gilded way' and let me go mine with Butler — not because she had the least scruples about anything or me, but because it wasn't any use doing anything else; and that if I weren't a kid and a fool I'd take Butler back with — with both arms!"

"To all which," interjected Winter, "you being a child, reasoned that there couldn't possibly be either truth or wisdom in such as Mrs. Grier."

"Exactly! Poor Lotta! She's done the best she could with what she had and what she hadn't and with that wretched marriage of hers which she made when she was young. Really, in some respects I think she's quite fine!"

WINTER gasped, but said nothing. He admitted to himself, the world being what it was, that it was conceivable that Janet was right.

"I'm afraid," resumed Janet thoughtfully, "I was awfully rude to her at the end. I must write to apologize and thank her for coming and especially for just the last thing she said. That was what started me off. Later, when I got to thinking it over, I found myself on the track. It was right at the door and she, in that idolatrous cloak of hers, was drying her eyes and I, in my dressing-gown, was watching her and looking probably like some silly statue of self-righteousness, she turned about and told me to be careful. I was looking at her just as offishly as I knew how, when she plunked it at me that one way and another more than half the people in the world did exactly what she had done — ruined their lives without knowing it — mind you, without knowing it — before they were twenty-five! . . . Terrifying idea, isn't it?"

Winter was silent. He did not look at Janet, and he knew she was not looking at him. Presently she added, "She went out then," and there was another pause full of solemnity for the lawyer before he heard her conclude with a remote note of sadness: "I don't suppose I'll ever see her again."

"Well," observed Winter, "it often happens that the people who've had most to do with our lives are the people whom, for that very reason, we never see."

"I suppose so," concurred Janet absently, and he could see that some sort of mood was heavy upon her. He did not prod her on with the narrative of her enlightenment. The machine slipped purringly and evenly along. They were running now through the park, rounding the modulated curves and nearing the turn and drop which would let them out upon the clattering thoroughfare. They scudded out of the park and climbed over to Riverside Drive. The Hudson towered and gleamed away to the north in strong noble lines that seemed to have in them the vigor of a nation. Passion, age, death — the lawyer was cogitating — how easy it was to cope with them in comparison with youth. Then Janet was speaking.

"I don't think I need to explain," she began, and faced him very soberly. "I think you know — know the kind of feeling about everything that I've come to have, most of all I guess about Butler and myself. The moment I began to think that even the most horrible things which Butler could have done or I could have done really didn't signify much, I began to feel that I had landed on honest ground. And poor Butler, what hasn't he had to endure! He hadn't learned — he couldn't have learned — to know himself, and of course then he couldn't cope with himself and that pride of his, Uncle Charles, and most of all — " she almost twinkled as she ended — "most of all, me."

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The lawyer grinned but kept his peace. He wanted to hear more of this from her.

"Well," she resumed seriously, "in the same way there were lots of things I'd done myself which were not in me in the least. They were my youth. In doing them the real in me hadn't come out at all. It was exactly the same as with Butler. I know what he really is; I think I know what I really am. Just for that reason everything is going to be all right — more than all right. Youth, the minute it was put to the test in living, simply twisted us both out of shape. Why, don't you see, Uncle Charles, don't you see that that was the riddle of the past? And don't you see how easy it was when I saw matters straight, to forgive — to forgive anything, even the worst thing Butler had ever done and to forget completely the worst thing I'd ever done? And most of all that it — it simply made me, well — " her eyes dropped — "well, care just twice as much for Butler?"

"Yes, I do!" vigorously affirmed the lawyer, conscious of an unusual fluster. "I do see. It was finer! Youth was squeezed out of him!"

"Exactly," she caught up, "and out of me, too; and we have been beaten and pounded until we are fit to live and fit to live together!"

She threw her hands with a gesture of finality, and folding them, rested back in the cushions of the car. Winter smiled at her; he was well satisfied. But he did not take his eyes from her, and it was no doubt to break his absurd scrutiny, he reflected, that very presently Janet picked up her story again and told him that of course she hadn't come to all that at once.

"Oh, but when it finally did come," she cried, "why, it was like a flash! It was away on toward morning. I hadn't slept much — worrying and thinking, you know — and I was watching a little oblong box of light beneath the curtain get a little grayer and grayer and then blue began to come into it. On and off it occurred to me that if only I could believe in Butler, maybe it would be worth while to try again. But everything seemed vile and tasteless and terribly futile, when quite unexpectedly — " she sat a little straighter and opened her eyes wider — "quite unexpectedly, Uncle Charles, it came to me."

"The whole thing?"

"The whole thing — ?" she asked a little uncertainly.

"Oh, I mean how ridiculous it was," he supplied, "to go around trying to keep faith in people and things; how much better it was to recognize universal fallibility and to be content with understanding — real understanding — what in each case caused people to seem to fall to pieces; that out of a clear mind comes all true nobility, true forgiveness, true everything and ——"

"Oh, I know that it's all there," she interrupted jubilantly. "All the philosophy I'll need to go on with."

"Oh, my dear," said Winter sadly, "all that you'll need will never be there. You've made your start, but the getting of it is life."

This somber note checked Janet for a moment, but only for a moment. Presently she was going on to tell him of how after that — and that, it turned out, was only this morning — everything had seemed to fall right and wonderfully. It was, Winter observed, as if the pattern of her life having changed, all the little pieces had begun darting about to find their new places in the scheme. The first was the physician's heaven-sent word. "And then Martha came in with the message from you, and the doctor hadn't any more than finished when, lo and behold — I had another caller. And of course," she laughed, "all this time there was only one thing I honestly wanted to do."

"Telephone Butler, I suppose," he teased her.

"You suppose rightly, my dear Uncle Charles," she gave him back spiritedly, "and then when I did have a chance to get to the telephone, of course, he had left your house without a word and ——"

"Yes, yes, I know. But this caller!"

Janet hesitated before she said in an odd, quiet voice and very simply: "It was Julian."

She turned her face, large with solemnity, to him and straightened in her corner as if to give importance to her words.

"And it took him to show me how tremendous Butler is. Not only had I been a fool about that dinner engagement. Of course Butler had an engagement that night, when he said so, with Julian, and never lied to me at all — I don't believe he's ever really lied — but there's more."

"Oh, I, too, think he's tremendous," agreed Winter promptly, almost hastily.

"Tremendous! I should say he was! But

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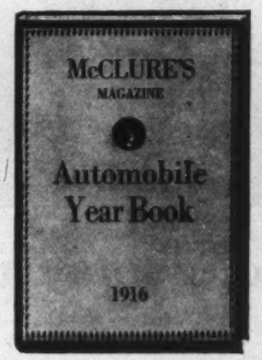

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most tremendous when I thought him least so; most glorious when he failed. And Uncle Charles, don't laugh at me. . . . I'm proud that that business went to smash."

This was a bit staggering to the lawyer. There was no especial reason for pride in the facts of that catastrophe as he knew them. Butler's notes at the Excelsior Trust Company had fallen due. For some time before that, because of a parting shot from Harsen, who upon the occasion of his retirement had deprived the concern of all its working capital by availing himself of his check-signing prerogative and surreptitiously paying every item, large and small, in sight, his balances had been wretched. Moreover, having paid Mrs. Fielding, Butler had not been able to offer the bank even a small payment in reduction. It was therefore natural enough, it had seemed to Winter, that the notes had been called, and natural enough, too, that Harsen should have at exactly the most propitious moment emerged from his hiding-place in Brooklyn and thumbing out the very funds paid to him a few months earlier by Butler, succeeded in getting possession of the entire enterprise. Far from offering any aspects of the heroic it struck the lawyer that the chapter was rather a highly farcical comment upon business inexperience and a most impressive one upon what a horny-handed individual like Harsen could do in twelve months without any initial money at all. However, for Janet's evidently emotional judgment of the part her husband had played he had only a vague smile of curiosity.

She was watching him soberly and steadily. The car turned and they headed up a broad, spectacular boulevard.

"I wonder if you know the story?" she asked; and he knew from her manner that he was to have a surprise.

"Probably not."

"Did you know that Butler's failure was of his own choosing?" She paused. "Of his own choosing — absolutely."

Winter's smile died. "Who told you that? Powell?"

"Yes, and he told me that he and I ought to be ashamed of ourselves."

AS Winter saw that she was going to let him have it piece by piece, he merely nodded and bided his time.

"Between us we did a horribly unfair thing. With me it was blindness — mere youth. With Julian it was — well, I don't know what it was with Julian. What we did was this, Uncle Charles," she declared, pressing her lips for an instant. "We tricked him into a place no decent man would hold. As he put it to Julian — he was financing his business — the business, you know, upon — upon ——"

Winter grasped it all. "Upon another man's affections for his wife;" and he turned away suddenly realizing that never before had he held Butler Pierce in such high regard. He saw a quality of fibre in him that he had not known was there, he placed a new value upon the kind of pride which the young man had. He listed his failure among the few failures, of which in long experience he knew, which were more worthy than successes. And the most admirable part of it, the lawyer reflected, was Butler's protective silence, even with him, during the weeks of his estrangement from Janet. Without explaining he turned to her, and with a phrasing of enthusiasm that surprised him he told her that her husband was "an ace."

In details Janet was hazy, but she told him of an episode one night upon the lawn at Tuckerton when she and Julian had been suddenly disclosed by Powell's returning car and she managed to repeat enough of what she had gathered from that young man so that the lawyer was certain that he had the transaction, clearly and fully.

"So Butler told the trust company that if they wouldn't renew the notes without endorsement they needn't renew them at all?" he eventually asked.

"Well, no, not just that," Janet corrected. "Without Julian's endorsement."

"They must have thought that strange!"

"They did! But Julian said that Butler wouldn't give them a hint. He promised to explain to Julian at dinner, but Julian broke the engagement. He wanted to get some business, he said, out of you."

"Well, he got it," laughed Winter. "It's rarely that young man doesn't get what he goes after."

By way of reply to this observation, Winter noted, with interest, that Janet let her eyes drop and pressed her lips.

"It wasn't till yesterday that Julian found out. He made Butler tell."

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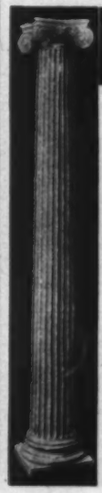

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"It was decent of Julian to come and tell me. He said we'd all been fools."

"A verdict," commented Winter, "which is generally safe and particularly useful in wiping out old scores. Was that all he had to say?"

"That and — and good-by."

"And what did you say to him?"

He knew before she spoke that she was going to close the subject down with a bang.

"What I said," she laughed from her corner with warning mirth, "and with many regrets to that most engaging and contrite gentleman ——"

" — who," took up the lawyer in spite of himself, "has learned that the everlasting getting of things blunts the soul ——"

"What I said," concluded Janet emphatically, "was . . . good-by."

"For good?"

"For good!"

"Along with youth . . ."

" . . . and some ideals!"

They dropped it there. Tuckerton was near, and there were still things he wanted to tell Janet — but the hour invited silence. He wanted to tell her that the magnificent strength of her youth had been the tragic weakness of her life; but that no youth without idealism, hot desires, buoyant faith — all of which she had had in double measure — was any youth at all. He wanted to tell her, too, that youth never knew its advantages — an exultant response to a baby's smile, a capacity to give oneself forth without reserve. Those blessings youth never knew were blessings; their value was never reckoned until with the coming of age they were gone. But he throttled his didacticism; in the full understanding between them it seemed misplaced.

And his mind trailed off to Janet's birth and robust childhood, her first flowering, her girlhood. . . . What pain, what infinite pain was needed to produce such a presence as was there beside him!

"Isn't it funny," and somehow he did not turn about when abruptly he heard her speaking, "you're all that really escaped — aren't you? — the only one."

He half guessed her meaning and kept his eyes upon the distant road. "Escaped what?" he asked gruffly.

"Escaped me," she told him with tenderness, "and my hopes."

Now he turned about, grinning, he was sure, like a sheepish schoolboy.

"Well," he observed dryly, "you never expected much of me. That's why I escaped;" and then, after a pause, added, "You see how nice it's going to be to live."

"Oh, it's going to be wonderful."

"Meadowhedge and . . . all?"

Janet nodded with great confidence.

"Little income and . . . little things?"

Again she nodded.

His eyes rested upon her face and their silence drew itself out. For his own delectation he would have liked to have her go on. For some such reason he continued grinning with faint inquiry in his expression. It was a delight when she took him up.

"It's this way, Uncle Charles," she declared with sudden matter-of-factness, "when out of a wreck like mine a woman has saved her husband and his love, her boy and his health — well, now, isn't that enough?"

He nodded.

"What more could a woman ask?"

This was her question, to which he replied with a certain grimness to cover his emotion.

"You're right," he told her. "No woman ought — at least, I don't think ——"

"Well," pronounced Janet, in a kind of benediction as they wheeled through Tuckerton village, "that's all this woman — please don't smile, Uncle Charles — asks."

For Charles Winter the grinding climb up the hill was all too quick. Just before they rounded the bend Janet, making the most of the car window as a mirror, tilted her hat a trifle more saucily.

In a moment, he knew, she would leap out. When she had taken the portentous bound, then, as always and forever, he thought, he would be alone; a great and wondrous thing would have somehow gone out of his life. But then, it came to him with a sudden remembrance, a far greater, a far more wondrous thing had come.

Up above them was the house. Even at their narrowing distance, the short brick walk seemed, in the sunshine, vividly red; and the gargoyle knocker gleamed with a keen, new brightness and splendor. It was a day, indeed, for Janet to come home — a day like the clapping of children's hands! . . . Her clear white face, so finely curved at the chin, was set ahead. In it there seemed a kind of near-heaven look; he saw her searching along the windows of the house — the house of her dreams and her despairs and of her youth.

They were at the crest of the hill now. The car, with a scrape, was swinging about. Suddenly, without a word or without warning, Janet seemed to turn to him; then he felt her kiss. In the instant there was a tender, silent squeeze upon his hand — so tender that it might not have been. That was all.

The car had stopped. Janet's arm was thrusting beyond him to the latch. He did not move, but followed the line of her vision to the door. It was open. Butler, a solid, tall figure, was framed there and seemed to balance at the threshold. Janet by now was out of the car and at the edge of the brick walk. Winter, a little dimly, saw Butler take a step forward, his arms opening. There was a sudden revealing flash of the firm lines of Janet's shoulders and back, bent in haste. . . . The lawyer leaned forward, shouted most peremptorily to his driver to go on, banged closed the car door and with a peculiar, small choke turned his head aside.

No need to look; another battle with youth had been won.

[*THE END*]

Cameron Mackenzie, author of "Mr. and Mrs. Pierce," is under contract with this magazine to contribute many more long and short stories to its pages. In an early number, "The Thing," a remarkable short story by Mr. Mackenzie.

The Straight Road

[*Continued from page 21*]

when you drop in on those dear old girls! They're certainly one grove of nuts. I have some right good fun with 'em. I sure would admire to be among those present when they get the first view of you — and the kid!"

"Why —" I began, but he broke in on me rather hastily:

"When you get to San Vicente you take the Arbolado Street car on the corner northeast of the station, unless you have the luck to catch a jitney. Give your check to the baggage man. He'll look after your trunk."

"My — my trunk isn't here," I said in some embarrassment. "It's to come later."

"Who's attending to it?"

"The driver at Meaghers. He'll send it on as soon as I give him an address."

"I could save you the express on it," said the brakeman. "The man that's taking my regular run could bring it down to San Vicente without it costing you anything."

"I oughtn't to let you do that, but ——"

"You should worry! It's not a cent out of my pocket."

"Well — then — all right," I said, and began to add some halting words of thanks. But he seemed not to hear them, and only said, before he strolled away, and with that boy's grin of his, "'Well, that chore's chored,' as the Yankee woman said when she poisoned her husband. See you later!"

So it came about that I climbed down from the Shasta Limited at San Vicente in the blue coolness of dawn. I was weary from my sleepless night in the vestibule, yet less frightened and shaken than I had expected to be. There were some other passengers getting off, a family group, with the regular porter of the car looking after them. Joe Tipton had warned me that he would be busy elsewhere, but the big black man, Bice, attended on me as though I had been a queen. He wouldn't let me touch a thing to carry it. He had washed and combed Boyce in the Pullman dressing-room, and he brought the child out riding on his arm with a stately air that made it look like a ceremonial. I remembered Joe's caution about not offering him money.

"Thank you — thank you ever so much,"

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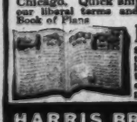

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I said. "You have been awfully good to my little boy and me."

"I was glad to do it for you, madam," his deep, courteous voice answered.

He had carried my suitcase to the station door. The train began to move as he was setting it down. He regained the platform with a very few long strides, and the last view Boyce and I had of him, was standing big and black and forlorn on the rear platform looking back to us.

Chapter III — The Door That Opened to Me

DAWN in the streets of San Vicente. The roar of the train was still in my head, its jar and movement through all my flesh. Here it was still, cool, empty, under the growing light. Boy pulled at my hand.

"Muvver — are we — there?"

I tried to answer him, but tears stung under my eyelids; my throat swelled. We were "there." The journey was made — the train had gone on. I was free. Freedom — a splendor but a terror. Freedom to do what?

"What you crying for? Where hurts?" Boy swung round in front of me, clutching my skirts, staring up into my face, scared.

"Nothing — I'm just so happy," I said, half scared myself to find tears on my cheeks. I wiped them away, and smiled. Boy was quick enough to believe me and forget them in the great adventure.

I didn't see any car with "Arbolado" on it; no jitney passed, though we stood a long time at the corner Joe Tipton had described.

"Jackie-Boy," I said, "would you like to walk up to the new place?" and we started along the silent street. At first everything was closed, except some drug-store or all-night saloon; then as we walked block after block, five, six, eight, ten of them, there began to be bungalows, with milk bottles on their steps, a woman sweeping the walk, a man using the garden hose, a child running on an early-morning errand.

"It's pretty far," Boy said. "Is breakfast there?"

"Yes, son," I laughed a little; "it has to be there." And after that he timed his short steps to the phrase.

We were both tired enough before we reached the big house which I recognized half a block away from Joe Tipton's description. It certainly looked queer at the corner of a city street, with its shingled towers, battlements, red sandstone bastions, and a cloistered arcade. It seemed there should have been a drawbridge and moat, instead of the usual stone steps and a front doorbell.

A neat girl in a blue cotton maid's dress answered my ring, and looked a little doubtful when I asked for Mrs. Tipton.

"If she isn't up yet —" I hesitated, realizing that I was in town where people wouldn't be keeping ranch hours.

"She's up," the maid vouchsafed. "She's in the kitchen." And I questioned:

"Could I go there and speak to her a minute? Or would you give her this?" and I put forward Joe's card.

The girl took it, turned it over and read that boyish scrawl:

"Dear Mother: Hoe out my room, and let the little lady and the kid have it. Making Shasta Limited run. Won't be home for two weeks."

"Huh," the girl lingered, muttering. "Joe Ed sent you here with that kid — the young devil! He knows better than that. Well — come in. I'll call Mrs. Tipton."

This was certainly a puzzling reception. I looked about me. The hall was a big, square room with rugs on the floor, a piano, and a great fireplace of rough boulders in front of which, but not too close, there was a table with books and magazines, a lot of rocking-chairs drawn up toward the hearth, and at one side a long seat with cushions, swung by chains from the ceiling. There was an air of homelike comfort a little different from what I had expected in a fashionable boarding-house.

"Mrs. Baird?"

The singular voice that spoke to me, technically a falsetto, I suppose, had none of the forced, shrill quality we associate with that word. It was like a little flute very softly blown. I turned to see a woman whom I recognized at once as Joe Tipton's mother. Though her eyes were brown, they had something of the same adventurous gleam as his, and the short chin seemed less inadequate on a feminine face. She looked to be under fifty. I got up and went toward her, beginning to explain:

"Your son sent me. He thought I could have his room for a day or two till I can get settled."

"Yes?" Again the soft little flute-like

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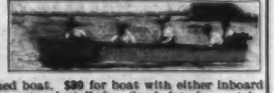

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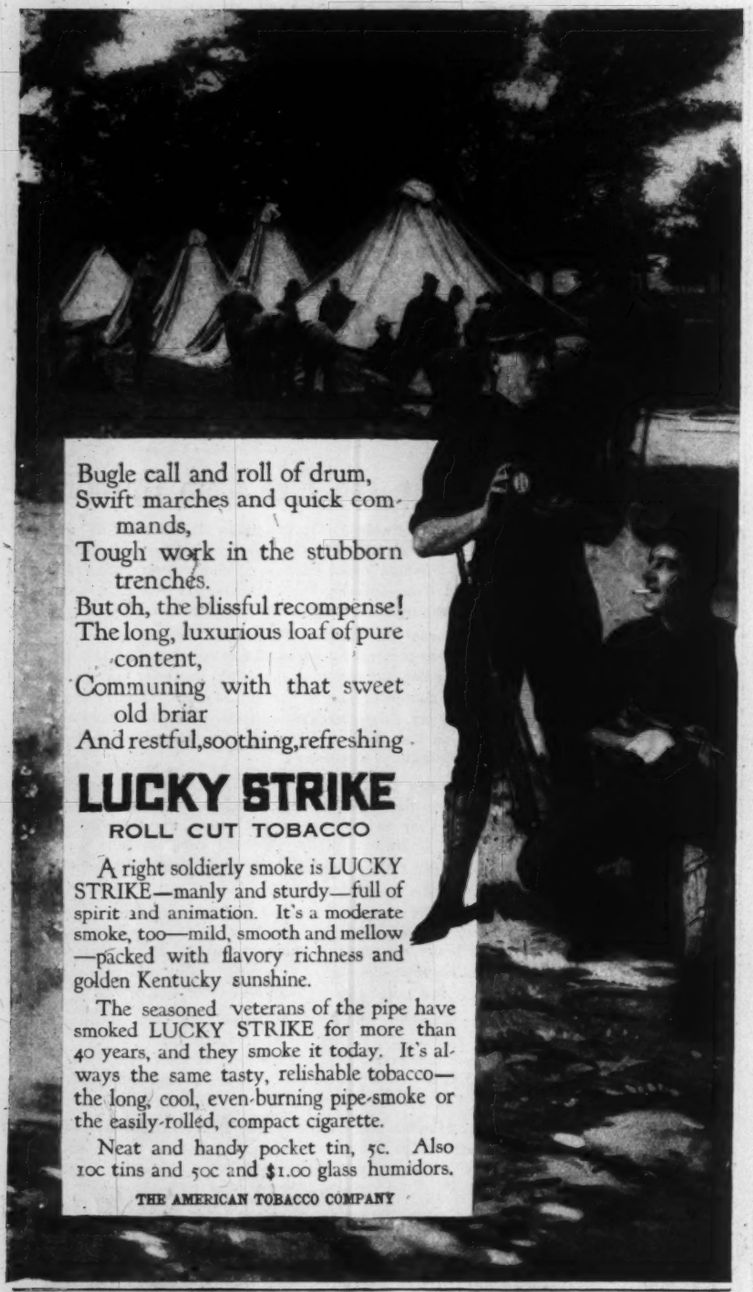
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voice surprised me. "Well — you might come up and look at it." She smiled Joe Ed's own light-hearted smile. "I'm not sure that you can get in — Eddie has a way of leaving his things scattered all over the place, and we never clean it till the last minute before he's expected."

Boy and I followed her up the stairs. The room was at the back of the house, on the third floor; a kitchen chimney came up close outside its one window, cutting off all the view and most of the light. The room was full of man — young man — wild, careless boy. It reeked of masculinity. Cigarette butts and ashes were everywhere. The half-open closet door showed soiled shirts and collars pitched on the floor, kicked into a heap but springing and rolling about as collars will. The carpet was worn, faded and pieced, made over from the leavings of a larger room; the old articles of furniture all more or less out of repair.

Bless the boy; with reckless kindness he had offered me this frowsy, neglected place as confidently as though it had been the best room in the house. And oh, I was thankful.

"Well," with another edition of Joe Ed's smile Mrs. Tipton repeated the soft, sliding monosyllable she had used in the hall below, "do you think you could stay here?"

For answer my suitcase fell thumping from my hand. I sank on a chair — and Boy instantly climbed onto my lap with that boring in of hard little knees which tired mothers know so well.

"Is this where we going to stay, muvver?" he demanded, kneeling on my lap, a fist on each side of my neck, staring straight into my eyes. "Will there be breakfast here?"

Mrs. Tipton turned at the door with a graceful air of leave-taking. She surveyed the room, me and my child, making no comment on Boyce, as the servant had done. Her courteous silence somehow made me a little uneasy. I felt that there was something back of the situation, and I hastened to say:

"Your son only offered to let me stay in the room because he was not occupying it. I didn't expect to get my meals here."

"Yes? You look tired — and the little boy — I think I can spare Orma to bring you up some coffee, and oatmeal and milk."

WHEN she was gone and the door shut I began automatically to pick up things and put the room to rights, when Boy called me from the window, "Muvver, come look at little house."

I went and stood behind his bobbing head. The back yard down there was a beautiful, secluded place; shut in from the side street by a ten-foot cypress hedge, separated from the other sides by a tall board party fence covered with vines and masked by shrubbery, and from the Poinsettia itself, even in that limited space, by a thicket of bamboo. In the midst, a tiny bungalow, wrapped, tied about, bundled in a great wistaria vine, almost filled our narrow field of vision. It was a little nest, a quiet, green hermitage. Through its diamond-paned window Boy's sharp eyes spied out a man sitting at a table.

"Me, too, Muvver — Boycie's hungry, too," he instantly began, on so loud a note that I had to hush him. But the welcome knock on the door interrupted us, and the maid came in with our tray.

"I brought your breakfast up here, because —" she was beginning when Boy turned with a shout and ran toward it. "Lady, you'll have to keep him quieter than that," she concluded. "Didn't the Mrs. speak to you about it?"

"Why, no," I said uneasily.

She put the tray on the bed, the only possible clear place to set it down. I began to get Boyce's oatmeal ready as fast as I could, making a seat for him of the suitcase and using one of the chairs for a table. When you are preparing food for a hungry child you pay very little attention to what is going on about you; but with Boyce finally settled, I noticed that the girl was still lingering, and evidently had something more to say. As I glanced up at her she began a little deprecatingly:

"You know you're right over Mrs. Thrasher's room here."

"Mrs. Thrasher?"

"Yes. She's the owner. She doesn't allow Mrs. Tipton to take any children."

"Mrs. Tipton didn't say anything about it to me," I repeated, rather blankly.

"Ain't that just like her?" inquired the girl in an aggrieved tone. "Left it to me to tell you. Listen: my sister's little girl came in from the ranch last month to have her eyes fitted with glasses — good, decent kid, about eleven. Could I have her stay here with me? I could not. But the Mrs. didn't say a word to me about it; she just turned loose them old cats on me."

"Do you mean the boarders?"

"The boarders, *and* Mrs. Thrasher. That old woman sure is one devil, esquire. She can't live with her husband. She won't get a divorce from him nor let him have one. She's got a separation, and half the money. She pinches a nickel till the buffalo kicks. She made it so hot for me while I had Fay here that I had to run the kid off between two days and telegraph my sister."

"Do they all — are they all like that?" I was bewildered. "What's the matter with them?"

"The devil," said Orma. "They've got nothing to do but sit around and kick."

A buzzer sounded below, two short calls.

"There's the only boarder in the house that ain't a crank." Orma dived for her towel which she had dropped on the back of Boyce's table-chair. "She's a lady. If you do anything for her you get paid. You'd like Miss Eugenia Chandler."

The door shut after her, and I heard her hurrying footsteps on the stairs. I turned to my breakfast. Whatever the situation, I must eat. Boy was chasing the last drop of cream round and round in the bottom of his oatmeal bowl. He looked up to say to me with the satisfied, replete air of a fed child, "'s good."

"Yes, dear it is," I agreed. It was a beautiful meal — amber coffee, with cream; eggs, bacon, hot biscuits, all exquisitely served. As I finished it, I began to hear moving about on the floor below me, the opening and shutting of doors. Boy, having slept and breakfasted, was ready for play. He began to investigate things, promptly knocked the hairbrush off the bureau, and it fell clattering.

"You must be quiet, dear," I cautioned.

"Why?"

"The people in this house aren't used to little boys."

"They can't hear me. I think I play train-a-cars."

"No, no, Boy; you mustn't."

"Huh!" He squared up before me, full of resistance; I cast about for a sufficient argument.

"Mother's head aches. I didn't sleep any last night, Jackie-Boy, you see. I want to sleep now."

"Can I cure your head?" he bargained; playing doctor was at least something.

Once down on the bed I realized how desperately tired and sleepy I was. I lay there and let him dribble a sopped towel over my forehead, where there began to be plenty of ache. The water ran down my shirtwaist; the feeling of the cool moisture, on shoulder and arm, reminded me with a sort of passive uneasiness that I had only one more clean in my suitcase. Men say that life presents itself to women mostly as a matter of clothes. Well — it is a woman who gets the little garments ready for us before we come here; it is a woman who struggles to have us as clean and properly clad as other people's children. A girl's pretty dresses may mean every opportunity in life for her; a woman can't go anywhere or be anybody unless she has decent things to wear. A man is estimated upon what he is, and a woman upon how she looks. As I lay there on Joe Tipton's generously-offered, tobacco-smelling bed, with my head humming, and Boyce lovingly prodding the corner of a wet towel in my eye, I couldn't think of anything much but the fact that I oughtn't to have lain down in my suit, the only thing I possessed fit to be seen on town streets — and that it wasn't fit.

Yet I must have gone to sleep almost at once and slept soundly. I wakened to the sound of the big stairway clock striking eleven, and the murmur of Boy's little half-sung play talk — he was used to making his own amusements. I lay there a moment, thinking. I knew what I had to do. I must get up and go over every stitch of my clothes, brushing and cleaning, the same with Boy's, then wash and dress us both with the unusual care that makes a great difference, even with shabby old things. When I got up and began the work, Boy welcomed me as though from a long journey. I was nearly done when Orma came in for the tray. Boy hailed her as a relief.

"Who lives in little house?" he demanded, twisting free and running to the window.

"Mr. Dale." Standing beside the child, she ran a finger through one of his curls. "You going out with your mamma to get lunch?"

"Yep," said Boyce. I stood pinning on my hat before the bureau.

"There's a nice little dairy lunch just

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around the corner on Forty-third street," she suggested; the servant girl in the house always seems hungry for someone to talk to.

"Thank you, that'll be handy," I said, and we all went together through the door, and down the first flight of stairs. When we came to the second-floor landing, where she would take the back stairs and we the front, she glanced down into the hall with a sort of chuckle. A little, long-faced, dried-up looking old lady was fluttering around the newel post, peering up at us.

"There's Miss Creevey," said the maid. "She gave Mr. Dale her book that she wrote — The History of Modoc County in Rhyme." I was moving on when she caught my sleeve to whisper, "She paid to have that book printed, Joe Ed says. There's one of 'em on the hall table. Sure nobody ever bought 'em,"

She went on down the back stairs, and we faced front. A sudden timidity fell on Boyce and me as we began to descend. He caught hold of my hand, and pushed in against my skirts. The little old lady let go the newel post and backed away.

They were gathered in the hall waiting for the dining-room to be opened for lunch. Mrs. Tipton sat at her little desk near the foot of the stairs, and just outside of the dining-room door. They all looked up at us. Conversation ceased abruptly. My son and I arrived amid utter silence. It is impossible to see anything when you face a roomful of people who are gazing at you. I got a confused impression of eight or ten middle-aged women, well dressed, and one small white-haired, whiskered old man, who seemed somehow almost as little like a real man as any of them. They grouped around the fire, though it was a fine, sunny day, continuing to stare at me and my child as though we had been stray animals who had gotten in by mistake. I nodded to them in general, and as I passed Mrs. Tipton, said to her, "We are going out for lunch."

"Shall you be in to dinner?" she inquired airily.

I was taken aback. There was no ignoring the hostility of the others.

"Why —" I stammered, "shall I? I didn't know — I thought ——"

I broke off. Mrs. Tipton sat smiling faintly and saying, "Oh, I guess we can give you some dinner."

"Thank you. I'll be here," and I went on without looking at the others. But as I passed through the swinging curtains at the vestibule and began to fumble with the big front-door latch, I heard somebody inquire, in awful tones, "Who was that?" And before any answer could be made, another. "A new boarder?" Then most accusingly of all, "Surely not — with that child!"

I tried to get away without hearing more; but Mrs. Tipton's clear, high tones brought me the answer she made to them.

"Oh, just a forlorn little thing that Eddie sent here. Lunch is served, ladies. Eddie has a weakness for picking up oddities."

I jerked desperately at the door and rushed out.

An oddity? Well, I must look that way to them — those expensively-clothed, idle, respectable women, in their well-furnished life-boat, chopping away at my fingers when I tried not to drown.

Chapter IV — A Stalled Ox

WHY hadn't I realized how things would look from the outside? Why in the world hadn't I gone straight to Delia Rogers? She had known me where I had some standing. Fifteen-year-old girl that I was then, I had been able to do her favors, and favors that she cared for. I was opposite one of those quiet little neighborhood drug-stores at the moment; I hurried in on impulse and began feverishly looking through the W's in the telephone-book. There, one below the other, were two Harvey Watkinses.

"Boy's hungry," my son contributed to my confusion.

"Yes, dear — we'll get lunch pretty soon. Be still a minute, please."

The first telephone must be Harvey's office —"The Cronin Building, Market St." The second, his residence, had "Las Ruedas" prefixed to its number.

The operator who took my call repeated to me several times, "I am ringing them." Then, after a while her voice came again over the wire, "They do not answer. Here's your nickel."

I gave up Delia for the moment — I oughtn't to burst in on her unannounced just at mealtime, anyhow — and found a little dairy-lunch place on a side street where I could get something suitable for Boy; I, myself, was too anxious and disturbed to eat.

Coming back to the street after his meal a big, heavy street-car passed us with the name "Las Ruedas" on it — the place must be a suburb. I would go out there. Even if I didn't find Delia at home, it would be a nice ride and occupy the time; I could shove a note under her door. The encounter with the women at the Poinsettia kept reminding me rather quaintly of that interview with Mrs. Stanley, whose searing, freezing memory had never left me. With a sort of passivity I noted the difference in my present attitude. Then my opponent had but to rouse my foolish pride, and I flew to help her pull down my own card castles. Now, disciplined a bit by life and with a child dependent on me, I meant to go back to the boarding-house and accept, at its surface value, Mrs. Tipton's invitation for dinner. I was glad that I had come to that resolution even before I found difficulty in reaching Delia Rogers. Of course Delia would have interests, affairs, burdens of her own; children, too, having been married longer than I Yet it seemed not too much to hope that she might be able to put me at once in the way of helping myself.

We rolled out along palm-bordered streets. I was glad I had come. At Las Ruedas, a little place up in the hills above San Vicente, we got off at a tiny station smothered in tall heliotropes and geraniums, a giant fuchsia with a trunk like a small tree hanging coral and purple clusters about the eaves. The wide, quiet streets and sidewalks of old Devonian red sandstone of a soft, dull-rose tint were beautiful against the green of smooth lawns, palms and pepper trees.

When, after wandering about a good deal and asking directions several times, we finally found the street that Delia's house was on, and began to come to numbers that were near the right one, I noticed a bungalow on the corner, set in such a way, with a pittosporum hedge cutting it off from the house next door, and a vacant lot coming up behind it, that it got an unusual amount of seclusion. It was one of those lavish modern bungalows into which rich people put as much money as would build a mansion. Boyce and I stopped on the sidewalk to admire it. The next house, a big, concrete place, with its broad plate-glass windows all open, the curtains fluttering, was the one I was looking for. With a good deal of excitement I went up the front walk. Ranks of calla lilies bloomed at the porch edge. A woman was just finishing the scrubbing of the porch steps.

"Mr. Harvey Watkins lives here?" I questioned.

She paused in her work and surveyed me, a large competent-looking person, with an expression that made you think of scoldings you had got when you were a child.

"Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are not at home," she said, and went on with her work.

"They're out of town?" I exclaimed, blankly, as one who has had a door shut in his face. "When are they expected back?"

"They're not coming home at the same time," the woman relaxed a little. "He'll be here first."

I sat down on one of the low, flat balustrades beside the steps, and looked at the woman's bent back.

"Well, when will Mr. Watkins get here?" I persisted.

"Tonight. I'm cleaning up and airing the house for him now," not uncivilly, but in a tone that showed me I was on trial — under inspection. I think she disapproved of my asking for Harvey only, so I said:

"I'm quite an old friend of Mrs. Watkins. I used to know her when she was Delia Rogers. I am Mrs. Baird. Will she be away long, do you know?"

"It's hard to tell. She goes and comes as she pleases. Your little boy won't pick the flowers, will he?" for Boyce had strayed over to the hedge and was down on his knees there.

I shook my head, wearily, and just sat still, waiting for energy enough to get up and go back to town. She glanced at me once or twice, and finally suggested:

"San Vicente is not your home?"

"No." Then I added, half desperately, "But I'm going to make my home here. I'm going to get a position."

"Oh, a position. Are you alone?"

"Alone."

She sat back somewhat ponderously on her heels, and gazed over toward the hedge.

"Who will tend to the little boy for you?"

"I don't know — yet," I said. "I'm at the Poinsettia at present."

"The Poinsettia?" she repeated, and, taking another and somewhat different look at me, rose from her knees and sat down opposite, remarking, "My name is Eccles.

I have charge of things when Mrs. Watkins is away. Isn't the Poinsettia satisfactory?"

"They don't allow children there. They — they ——"

I hesitated a moment, but she wasn't an ordinary scrub-woman. The lonely need to talk to someone was upon me. Out tumbled the whole story of my difficulties. She listened in silence.

"Well," she said, pulling down her sleeves and buttoning the wrist-bands, "you can't blame them. They've paid their money — and they have the money to pay. I don't feel that way about children; I like to have them around. But you can't blame them."

"Blame them!" I said, choking. "I don't — particularly. But what in the world am I to do?"

"I guess you'll have to get a place for the little boy to board away from you."

A cold feeling began to settle around my heart. Send Boy from me — deprive myself of the one thing that had given me courage to climb out of the pit? I could never do it! I got slowly to my feet, looking over to him at the hedge.

"Well," I said, "we may have to come to that, but not till I've tried my best to find some other way. We must be going now." I wanted to escape.

"I see you came out the Chandler street line," she rose weightily. "The Arboladó's more direct; and it takes you right to the door of the Poinsettia. Should you like to go back by it?"

"Why, yes." It didn't seem to matter very much what direction I went in — I always brought up against something painful and wounding at the end of my going.

"Wait a minute, then, till I close the windows and put my scrubbing things away — I'm through here — and I'll show you where to take the car. It's just down past my little house."

Boyce, squatting at the hedge, looked around, and, seeing me alone, came running across the grass whispering in a shout, or shouting in a whisper, as children do, "Come see, muvver!"

He seized my hand and dragged me along to a gap in the hedge. He approached it stealthily, Indian fashion, pointing me to look. I leaned forward, to please him. What I saw was the vine-embowered downstairs sleeping-porch of the adjoining bungalow, built so close to the hedge that I could almost have reached out and touched a man who lay reading on the nearest of its two narrow, canvas-covered beds. First I saw only the length of limb, the slippered feet, and the newspaper held by a well-kept hand with a broad, peculiar ring on the little finger.

Boyce, bursting with importance, nudged and pushed at me without speaking. In the warm silence I could hear the rustle of the man's paper, the indefinite small movements of his body on the couch. Then all at once it rushed over me where I had before seen that hand with its curious ring; it was reaching down to pass a coin to a boy — reaching down from the platform of that train that had left me last night at Meaghers!

I shook my head at bubbling, dancing Boy, caught hold of him, backed silently away — and straight into Mrs. Eccles, coming out the side door with a small, fat black spaniel. Boy instantly began to make friends with the dog. I looked guilty. It was a relief to have Boyce sing out:

"What's the doggie's name?"

"Fairy," the woman was beginning to thaw a bit to Boyce, "Mrs. Watkins always leaves Fairy with me when she goes away, because railroads and hotels don't like dogs."

"He likes me," shouted Boy, and he and Fairy trotted on ahead of us, Boy with a hand buried in the soft coat.

The woman looked back once or twice, significantly, toward the house next door. I saw she wanted to talk about it.

"Are you acquainted with the Pendletons, too?" she asked finally.

"No," I answered nervously, "not — that is, I met him once at a railroad station, but ——"

"She's away from home, too." The woman's pronoun evidently was meant for Mrs. Pendleton. "Gone to be with her mother in Los Angeles till after the baby comes."

"She's very pretty," I said. "I saw her picture in the paper at the time of her marriage. It interested us because the Pendleton camp is up in the Oregon mountains above Siskiyou county, California, where I was living then — ranch people haven't much to interest them."

She glanced again at the beautiful bungalow. "I suppose the land company thought they'd done a big thing when they got Alvah Pendleton, Jr., to buy and build out here. Well, he has plenty of money — or his father has. But his doings are a disgrace to everybody that owns near him."

I didn't want to gossip about Delia's next-door neighbors, so I said nothing, but she went on relishingly:

"Shame to the bird that fouls its own nest. Of course men will cut up when their wives are away; but they ought to keep it in its place, I say — not bring their women business right into their homes, like young Pendleton's doing."

Our car came along, and cut short her unpleasant gossip.

When Orma opened the door to my ring, there was nobody in the hall but the little long-faced, dried-up looking old lady, Miss Creevey, who came fluttering forward instantly — I got the impression that she had been waiting for us.

"Ith the child coming to dinner?" she hustled out the inquiry. I don't know why a lis should seem ridiculous in an old person.

"Yes," said Boy before I could answer, "an' my bud'n, too, he's hungry. Want to see my bud'n? He's upstairs. I go get him and show him to you. I feeds him in 'e little box 'at's his tummy."

Miss Creevey looked scared. I saw she had meant to be severe with us, and hardly knew how to go about it.

"I wanted to tell you, Mithith — Mithith ——"

"Baird," I supplied.

"Well, Mithith Baird, you ought not to bring that child into the dining-room. It ith not right. We — we won't thtand it."

"She's not going to bring him to the dinner table." Orma, still holding the knob, pushed the door a little to make me come through so she could shut it. "I'll be taking his dinner up to the room. You can go and tell Mrs. Thrasher that ——"

The little thin old lady ruffled and tried to show a fierce frown to the maid-servant, to me, even to Boyce; but that was as far as it went. I hurried on up the stairs, and Orma followed me, muttering:

"She needn't think she can run over me. I know who put her up to it. She's old Thrasher's little dog, Schneider. Thrasher's been chewing the rag all day. She's laying for you. She'll spring something on you at the dinner table — see if she don't. That's always their place for a row."

My head ached — not to mention my heart, and my soul. I was very hungry.

"Well," I said, "I am going to have my dinner, anyhow."

Boy was in his night clothes, washed and ready by the time Orma brought up his meal. He was so sleepy that he almost dropped off over it, and I finally laid him on the bed, with his bud'n clasped to the front of his pajamas.

All this made me late. When I got downstairs they were in the dining-room, seated at the long table. The front door stood open, a big, luxurious automobile was drawn up at the curb and a young lady was getting out of it.

"Gene," someone called after her from the car, as she came up the step, "we'll stop here for you at six then tomorrow. You must go. Everybody'll be there."

"At six tomorrow." The young lady paused on the step and spoke, merely turning her head. She was no one I had seen as yet in the house, not at all pretty, but of a tall, exquisite, slenderly rounded figure; and never before in my life had I seen anyone so elegantly smart. Of course my experience of fashion was limited, yet everybody sees the magazines and the models in the Sunday papers. I knew as soon as I looked at her that she must be like the people on Fifth Avenue — in Paris. We went into the dining-room almost side by side, though I drew back a little to let her pass me, and she acknowledged my courtesy with a nod and smile — the first friendly greeting I had had from any of Joe Ed's "grove of nuts." Mrs. Tipton sat at the head of her table with its old-fashioned cut glass and thin family silver, and, as I came in, rose a little in her place and said in her clear, high tones:

"Ladies — this is Mrs. Baird. Mrs. Baird — Mrs. Thrasher — Miss Creevey — Mr. Martin — Mrs. Martin — Mrs. Tutt, Miss Tutt —" and so around the line, till she came to the young lady standing beside me when it was, "Miss Chandler — Mrs. Baird."

I bowed to them all collectively. Mrs. Thrasher was directly across from me, a woman with a curiously hard-looking head and face, hair that I can only describe as scrappy, and an aggressive jaw. It was almost grotesque to see how well her name

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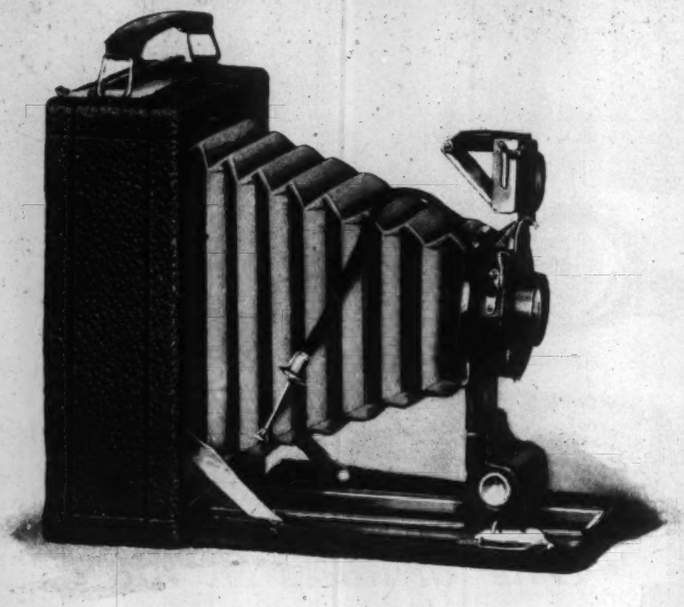

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suited her. On one side of her was Miss Creevey, on the other the Martins. Of this pair the husband was the little, old, invalid-looking, white-whiskered man I had noticed earlier; he seemed a perfectly suitable person to be included under Mrs. Tipton's term, "ladies."

A stoutish girl in a maid's dress, with a handsome, sullen face, pulled out my chair for me, and then turned to take Miss Chandler's motor-coat and hood. She — the one person who attracted me — sat on my own side of the table, and, once in her chair, was out of my sight. I could see for a moment that all the attention ran to her, a woman at my left whispering to the one beyond her something about, "That was the Hoard automobile," but almost at once I got a peculiar understanding that comes to you on entering a room full of people who have been discussing you — saying unpleasant things about you.

Orma came in from the kitchen with my soup. As I took the first spoonful I caught a glance passing up and down the table. It was as though they had supposed I wouldn't eat like a human being. I was hopping mad and hurt clear through. But it was good soup, and I fairly starving. I took another spoonful. Then I ate, swiftly, resolutely. With that sense of brewing hostility about me, with the women opposite openly neglecting their dinner — Orma had already changed most of the earlier comers' plates — bobbing their heads forward to exchange signals, I made haste to give myself the courage and support of some good hot food. Finally Mrs. Thrasher, elected speaker of the occasion by the silent vote of the eye, opened out as though she had stood on a rostrum:

"Mrs. Baird."

ORMA took my soup plate at the moment. I leaned back; the blood rushed to my head, and its dull ache increased. Mrs. Thrasher stared straight across at me with bulging eyes. The clinking of silver on dishes was the only sound that broke an expectant silence. As I sat there waiting, I glanced away at the others. I don't suppose there really is a special sort of woman born and made to live in a fashionable boarding-house and raise rows about everything and nothing, but at the moment I thought so. There was not a face within my view that held anything for me. The powdered countenances, gray, barren, devitalized, the bosoms over which their silk frocks fitted, on which the bits of good lace were displayed — were there beating hearts in them? If there were, I got no indication of it. The little old Martin man scrabbled at his plate, and paid no attention. Down at the foot of the table chubby Mrs. Tutt — I'd had some hopes of her — nudged her tall, angular daughter.

"Mrs. Baird, we've all been quite excited about you today," the Thrasher woman fired as her first shot.

The curious titter with which she ended most of her sentences, had no amusement in it, nor any nervousness; it just seemed to be a physical habit. It was odd to hear Miss Creevey echo the half-jeering little sound as though she wanted to share it.

Orma set my dinner before me, and I controlled the nervousness that shook me, and took up my knife and fork, before I questioned, as steadily as I could:

"Is that so? And why?"

"Itth the little boy," Miss Creevey put in. "I told her children were not allowed in the houth." She looked for approval toward her leader, but got a scowl.

I had realized all day that the heavy throbbing in my temples was a cry for rest and food. Appearances were against my getting either one. It seemed too miserable to have these women set on me at the table and spoil my meal while Mrs. Tipton, at the head of it, passed things and directed Orma and affected to see nothing. Well, I might not be up to Mrs. Thrasher, but I wasn't afraid of Miss Creevey. My knife twittered against the plate edge. I hastily laid it down and said:

"You didn't tell me that children weren't allowed in the house. You told me they weren't permitted in the dining-room. I don't expect to bring my little boy to the table."

"Good for you!" Orma's whisper scared me more than it reassured. The whole thing seemed nightmarish; the beautifully set dinner table, the well-dressed diners, the ugly spirit almost visible, the servant hanging around behind the chairs like a boy at a dog-fight.

"But you were intending to keep him in the house?" Mrs. Thrasher's air was that of a clever lawyer catching a lying witness.

"I only expect to be here myself a few days," I began, when she broke in on me:

"Then you are not planning to make your home in San Vicente?"

"Yes. I'm going to live in San Vicente — that is, if I can find work here."

Work! I could see that I had dropped definitely below consideration in the opinion of every woman at the table when I mentioned work.

"I take it you are a widow, then?" Mrs. Thrasher demanded as one who had a perfect right to question.

"No."

"Ah! And when do you expect Mr. — er — Baird to join you?"

"I don't expect him at all."

Leaning forward to glance down the table in Mrs. Tipton's direction, I caught the eyes of Miss Eugenia Chandler, faintly amused, rather friendly; she glanced from me to the line of women across, then looked down at her plate and went on with her dinner.

"You don't — expect your husband — to join you?" Mrs. Thrasher ejaculated.

I was just baited enough to be bewildered and unwise — After all, Mrs. Thrasher was nothing to me. She couldn't eat me.

"I've left my husband," I told the whole tableful, hotly. "I'm going to get a divorce from him. That's what I came to San Vicente for."

"Oh!" A sigh, the most ridiculous sound I ever heard, like the gasp of a collapsing bicycle tire, went around the line. It was as though I had announced that I had come to San Vicente to pick pockets.

"Aren't we wandering from the point?" asked Miss Creevey. "I tried to tell Mithith Baird kindly that children are not allowed in thith houth. They are *not*. I thpoke to Mithith Tipton about it, too. I athked her if you had gone out to get other lodgingth, Mithith Baird. Mithith Tipton thaid maybe you had. Ithn't that what you thaid, Mithith Tipton?"

The lady at the head of the table nodded, but Mrs. Thrasher gave her no time to reply.

"We have certainly *not* wandered from the point," she snorted. "I should say we had wandered *to* the point. Of course Mrs. Baird will get other lodgings for her little boy if she expects to remain in my house. There are institutions that take care of the children of working mothers. The Poinsettia is not one of them. It is this later development that attracts my attention."

"Development — later development?" I echoed.

"Divorce. All the world knows the stand I have taken on this question. I haven't written any books —" she jabbed this in an ironical tone at Miss Creevey, who cringed as though she had been prodded with a stick — "but I have spoken publicly before a number of assemblies. I have a reputation to maintain, national, if not international, and I should like to know what cause ——"

She paused, nailing me with those round eyes. I was as furious as a hungry, thwarted, tormented animal. Instead of saying, "It's none of your business," I exploded, "I'm leaving my husband and getting a divorce from him, because I felt that our marriage was immoral."

IN how many sleepless nights, watching the blue-lipped dawn in, had I agonized out that conclusion! It had become a commonplace to me — the raw, fundamental truth that sent me running away in the night. At its announcement a hush fell upon the dining-room.

"Marriage — immoral!" murmured Mrs. Tutt, feebly. "Why, a marriage *can't* be immoral!"

"Er — er — ump!" little Mr. Martin began to croak unexpectedly. "Er — er — hasn't this lady got a right ——"

But Miss Chandler's voice, mildly ironical, was raised for the first time since she thanked the maid for taking her hat.

"Don't you think, good people, that these personal discussions are bad for the digestion?"

The speech produced almost the same effect as her entrance into the dining-room. There was a straightening out of their faces; an attempt to smile and be civil.

"I don't want to talk about my affairs at the table," I said, abashed. "I'm sorry I allowed myself to do so."

"Oh, well, it can't matter — as you're leaving so soon," was Mrs. Thrasher's conclusion. "Ermentrude," she spoke to Miss Tutt, "did you overtake Mr. Dale this morning? What did he say? I do hope he promised to come."

"Well," Ermentrude was almost sprightly, "he didn't say he wouldn't come."

"He never does say he won't," lamented Mrs. Martin; "he just doesn't come."

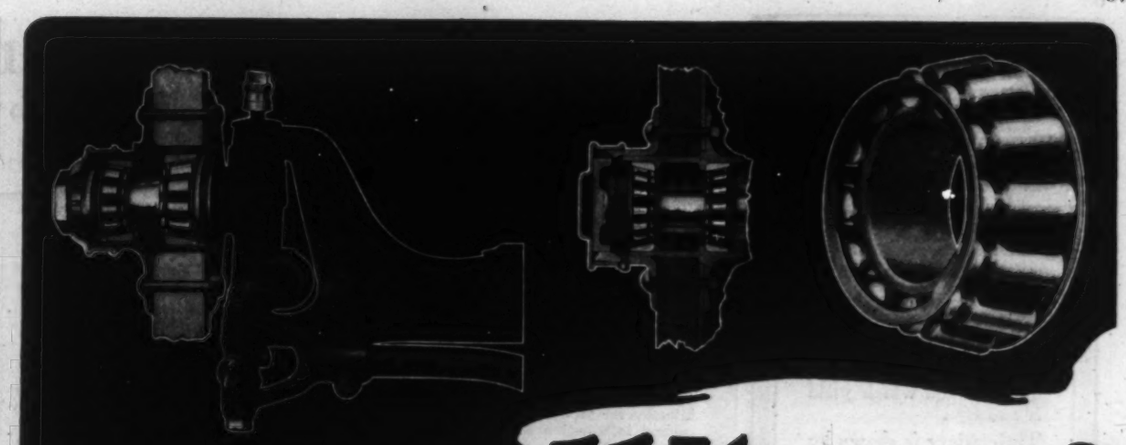
After a moment of depressed silence, Miss Creevey asked with passionate concern whether Mrs. Tutt had found the double threaded canvas at a certain shop, and then Mrs. Thrasher went into the discussion of some score-cards that would be needed at an an approaching festivity. The talk flowed toward what was evidently its usual channel; solemn, trifling arguments, over the important question of twilled or plain, the relative merits of some recent novels, with a great deal of criticism on the new hat of a lady not present. I and my unfortunate affairs were let alone. I might eat now — if I could. I sat through the rest of the meal, silent, trying to steady my quivering nerves and control my stung sensibilities. This boarding-house was not all the world; tonight was not all of time. I never glanced up again. Without waiting for dessert, I murmured, "Excuse me," in the direction of Mrs. Tipton and got away — upstairs to the room and Boy.

I stood by the bed and looked down at him. He had mounted the covers with that queer, plunging kick of a sleeping child; one foot was outside and one in. He lay in a sort of galloping pose that brought out all the vigor of his body. What had those women downstairs there to be proud of, as I was proud of him? Besides the ache, my head had a sort of spongy feeling as though it were filled with cotton. One moment I saw the child as he really was, the next he shrank suddenly like a thing seen through a reversed opera-glass. I covered him. He promptly kicked the cover off — asleep or awake my baby man had no truck with doubt, hesitation or timidity. I undressed, set the sliding window well ajar for air, and lay down beside his rosy, courageous sleep, reaching up to turn off the electric light that hung just above the bed.

On the instant my troubles rushed over me again. I had been dead for sleep, yet with the stretching out on my bed, the darkness and quiet, all power to command it left me. It wasn't that I was wide awake. I seemed almost as sleepy as ever — yet I couldn't sleep. Things that had been only mental worries in the daytime, in the light, took actual form and came at me. I found that I was going to cry. I was afraid of myself. If I began that I might wake Boy, I might rouse the house. I struggled to control the long, shuddering sobs that took me and shook me from head to foot. Disappointment, failure, humiliation — it had all begun back there — back there — I felt the thought coming, and tried desperately, vainly, to push it away — back there with the ending of things between Philip and me, there in the side yard of his father's house. For the moment I was that girl, suffering all she had suffered, with the woman's added keen perception of what it was going to mean. I tried to get up, and fell back on my pillow, muffling my head in the bed-clothes, terribly frightened lest I should scream as I had that time when I had to tell my mother.

Life disciplines us. I didn't scream. The crisis passed, bringing almost unconsciousness at the moment, leaving me weak, shivering, spent, the tears slipping down my miserable cheeks — but I had made no disturbance. I lay there, longing intensely for the boon of sleep, but it was denied me. The clock on the landing of the stairway checked off the hours and the half hours. There was no wind and the house was very still. I heard it strike two, and then I must have dozed, for it seemed almost instantly that I was listening to it again. One — two — three! I counted the strokes, bewildered, not recognizing what sounds they were at first. There in the dark I slowly adjusted matters. I reached out and touched Boy, gradually recollecting where I was. The smell of the room helped me in that. It told my senses that I was not in my home; it addressed something that answers very quickly, and brought up the whole matter of this place, its owner, and the way I came to be occupying it. Across from me there was a long, narrow strip of dim illumination — the window. At the foot of my bed the door would be. On the instant there came a cautious sound from that direction. I knew then that the clock had not wakened me — it was this little noise. A cold prickling ran over me as the knob of the door was turned cautiously, tried, gently rattled — and then silence.

My heart plunged so that it almost choked me; I opened my lips to breathe more noiselessly. After all, it was another person's room — mightn't someone be just making a mistake? But it was no use. My heart was still pounding, and a [*Continued on page 71*]



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How the Stock Exchange Works

By ALBERT W. ATWOOD

Editor of McClure's Monthly Financial Department, "Your Money and How to Make it Earn"

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Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing this booklet. Some new material has been added by Mr. Atwood, but the purpose of this Financial Booklet remains the same. It is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that this booklet is invaluable to them. See page 85 for a more complete description of it, also of library edition bound in leather.

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Address all letters and orders for booklet to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, McClure Building, New York.

THIS article is an attempt to answer as exactly and definitely as the limitations of space permit, numerous typical questions having to do with the purchase and sale of stock. The machinery by which this vast industry is carried on, the *modus operandi*, is a never-ending source of curiosity to many readers of this magazine. Newspapers take so much for granted in their financial pages that thousands of buyers of stocks never fully understand what it is all about. I have tried in previous articles, in the McClure Financial Booklet and in personal correspondence to cover important aspects of the subject; but a number of questions have come in recently which may be answered to advantage:

1. "If I buy on a ten-point margin, who carries the other 90 per cent.? That is, if I pay $10 on a 100 share certificate, who carries along the rest of it? As I understand, the stock must be bought outright."

2. "If I buy on a margin and the stock goes down how do I lose? Does my investment merely depreciate in value, or do I lose everything?"

3. "How do I go about buying stocks on a margin with amounts as small as $100 at the outset? I am absolutely green as to how to proceed. How may I determine the least amount of margin on which a stock is sold? How much do I add to the amount invested for broker's commission? In other words please state specifically and in detail how I should proceed with say $100, to buy American Locomotive, United States Steel, Bethlehem Steel, and Crucible Steel on a margin; also, just how (in detail) to dispose of stocks so bought. How much is deducted from proceeds for broker's commissions? I am located in the Pittsburgh district within lose call to Pittsburgh by train or telephone."

4. "Will you give me the name of a book that describes in detail the partial payment and margin methods of buying stocks? I am a major in the United States Army and am doubtful whether in my position I should engage in such operations, but I am constantly being asked by others for information about these things."

5. "I wonder if it would not be sufficiently interesting to all your readers to justify an article on how stocks are bought and sold on the New York Stock Exchange, how they avoid mistakes, how disputes are settled if one broker says he bought from another who disputes it, etc."

Taking these questions up in order, it may be said that if a speculator buys a stock on a ten-point margin the broker supplies the other 90 points, provided the stock is purchased outright, as it must be on all legitimate stock exchanges. Very few brokers, however, have the available funds, and consequently borrow from banks, corporations, other brokers or rich individuals. It is none of the speculator's affair where the broker gets the money. Until a purchaser of stock actually pays for it in full he is not entitled either by custom, or by law in several states, to acquire physical possession of the stock. In fact he never does.

The common practice is for the broker to put up some money himself, usually about 10 per cent. in normal times, and borrow the remaining 80 per cent. from a bank, leaving the stock itself with the bank as collateral. Indeed, the actual location of a very large part of all stocks bought on margin is in the vaults of the large New York banks, because those banks have made it possible to buy the stocks.

Answering Question 2, it may be said that if margined stock goes down far enough the speculator loses everything he has invested unless he puts up more margin, because if he does not do so the broker sells the stock for what it will bring and retains the proceeds, thus "wiping out" the speculator. This the broker is absolutely obliged to do to protect himself with the bank from which he has borrowed. As to just how much additional margin a speculator is required to put up, as to how big a decline is necessary before he should be asked to put up "additional," how long a period of time the broker should give the customer to comply with the call for more, how much notice the broker should give before selling out—all these are questions the answers to which vary with circumstances in thousands upon thousands of cases. The courts have been called upon to decide them time and again.

In general it may be said that brokers do not call for additional unless a stock has declined a full point or more. The broker must always give "reasonable" notice. Everything depends upon the credit and resources of the speculator. Unless a speculator is convinced that he has bought a worthless stock or one that will never again rise in price, he shows only the most rudimentary common sense in keeping his margin ample at all times to protect against any decline that may take place.

As to Question 3. A man with $100 has no business trying to buy such stocks as Crucible and Bethlehem Steel on margin, or any others for that matter. He stands as much chance of escaping injury as a child who sticks her soft little fingers into a furnace. Under certain circumstances a man with only $100 might be justified in buying stable, standard, regular dividend paying stocks on the partial payment plan, but never as a straight margin operation.

However this is not to answer the question. The reader who lives near Pittsburgh wants to know *how* to do it, not whether he *ought* to do it. The first step for him is to learn the name of a reliable broker, a member of either the Pittsburgh or New York stock exchanges. He should then call upon or write to the broker and discover what terms the broker will make, that is, what margin is required and what is the minimum deposit and also the minimum commission. While it is a rule of the New York Stock Exchange and most other organized exchanges to require a minimum commission of 12½ cents a share on both buying and selling, few brokers will buy one share of stock for less than $1.25. By minimum deposit I mean that in practically all cases a customer will leave with his broker enough to cover the cost of the stock, the commission, some additional margin, transfer taxes and any other items that may arise.

Indeed there are no hard and fast rules for buying or selling stocks on margin. It is largely a matter of negotiation. At the present time most reliable brokers require more than a 10 per cent. margin, because of the uncertainty of the markets. Indeed in normal times many conservative brokers like to have margins of fully 15 per cent. Moreover at all times the amount of the margin depends much on the character of the stock which is dealt in. At present many margin buyers have at least 40 per cent. with their brokers.

Having learned what the broker's requirements are in any particular case (and they differ with the broker, the customer, the stock and the general condition of the market) the customer merely fills out a printed slip which the broker gives him, directing the purchase of a certain stock. Precisely the same course is followed in selling the stock, although a letter, telephone or telegram will do as well as the printed slip. In any case the broker reports back to the customer shortly after the transaction is effected an exact statement of the credits and debits between them. Much of No. 3's question relates to routine matters which are taken care of by the clerical force, and these are the least of the worries which a stock speculator has after he has once started.

The army officer has answered more than half his own question when he suspects that one in his position should not engage in marginal operations, although I see no harm in his buying conservative stocks on the partial payment plan, provided he does not commit himself too heavily. There is no book which gives anything like a complete or

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thorough description of marginal and partial payment transactions, except possibly one highly technical work on brokerage accounts, which very few persons would understand. Many books contain references to these subjects, but none of them give the full information which is desired. Numerous reliable brokerage firms issue booklets explaining in some detail the partial payment plan, and the best course is to decide upon a broker, write for his booklet and then ask him to explain in a letter any points which are not fully covered in the booklet and any other literature which his firm issues.

To answer the last question fully would require several separate articles. Fortunately this is a subject on which books are available, such as Van Antwerp's "The Stock Exchange from Within," Pratt's "Work of Wall Street," and several others. There is opportunity at this time merely to say that whatever evils there may be in speculation, there is little room for improvement in the standards of both efficiency and honor in the actual buying and selling of securities on the stock exchange. A broker goes into a crowd where United States Steel stock is traded in. He wants a hundred shares. He hears another broker shout an offer of that amount of stock at say 80. He himself shrieks, "Taken," or merely raises his hand or nods his head. Both brokers write down a memorandum of the contract on little pads which they carry for the purpose, and that is all there is to it. After the market closes they turn over the little scratch pads to clerks, who compare the buyer's and seller's memoranda. Disputes are relatively infrequent, but of course there are many of them. Committees with arbitrary power settle such disputes almost immediately. I suggest that the inquirer read Chapter 10 of Pratt and Chapter 8 of Van Antwerp.

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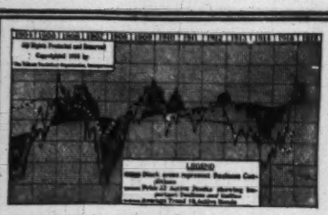

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upon request "Investment Factors," giving valuable suggestions to investors.

H. M. Byllesby & Company, 208 South LaSalle Street, Chicago, and 111 Broadway New York City, will send upon request a booklet describing investment in bonds and notes of public utility companies including large organizations such as Standard Gas & Electric Company, Northern States Power Company, and Western States Gas & Electric Company.

A very interesting booklet has recently been issued by The F. B. Collins Investment Company, Oklahoma City, Okla., which gives valuable information to prospective investors in Farm Mortgages.

The Babson Statistical Organization, Wellesley Hills, Mass., furnishes weekly reports and charts which help its subscribers to anticipate the larger movements in security, commodity, and labor prices.

"How to Invest in Standard Securities by the Partial Payment Method" will be sent upon request by Harris, Winthrop & Company, 15 Wall St., New York.

S. W. Straus & Company, Straus Building, Chicago, and 1 Wall Street, New York, will send upon request Straus's Investor's Magazine, also Booklet No. E-551.

N. W. Halsey & Co. have recently placed upon the market two absolute First Mortgage Public Utility issues, the West Penn Power Company 5's and The New Jersey Power and Light Company 5's. These bonds which are secured upon Eastern properties have been absorbed rapidly by investors. Circulars MC-36 will be sent upon request.

A new booklet called "The Cumulative Investment Plan" has been issued by John Muir & Co. It shows how profitable a program can be made which consists of saving $5, $25 or $50 a month, using these savings as instalments in payment for sound securities and reinvesting the income in more securities in the same way. The booklet opens up a most interesting way to financial independence.

Booklet T, issued by E. J. Lander & Company, Grand Forks, N. D., tells about six per cent. farm mortgages on rich agricultural lands in the Northwest.

Valuable information on Oregon Farm Mortgages may be obtained by writing for list 12 to the Cronan Mortgage Company, 903 Spalding Building, Portland, Oregon.

A description of a Public Utility Bond which is very desirable from the point of view of Public Utility men is given in Circular No. AS-171 which A. B. Leach & Co., 149 Broadway, New York, will send on request.

In their booklet "How," Beyer & Company, 120 Broadway, New York, describe in detail an attractive small payment plan for the purchase of investment bonds which does not increase the cost of the bonds purchased. A copy of this booklet will be sent upon request.

A very desirable $100 bond to yield 6.54% is being offered by Keane, Zayas & Potts, 15 Broad Street, New York. Ask for their Circular No. M-12.

Renskorf, Lyon & Company have ready for distribution a letter explaining the merits of certain industrial Preferred stocks, which the great improvement in industrial lines throughout this country makes especially timely.

The Title Guaranty & Trust Company, 903 Broad St., Bridgeport, Conn., will send upon request an interesting booklet describing Georgia farm loans. Write for booklet M-32.

To those interested, the Citizens Savings & Trust Co., Cleveland, Ohio, will gladly send Booklet D, which explains their system of Banking by Mail.

Perkins & Company, Lawrence, Kansas, publish an interesting booklet describing high grade farm mortgages. Send for list and booklet M-1.

The Municipal Bond House of William R. Compton Company has published for free distribution among investors a comprehensive booklet on Municipal Bonds entitled "The Premier Investment." The booklet is illustrated and describes in a non-technical manner all classes of Municipal Bonds and the purposes for which they are issued.

Some interesting data regarding Preferred Stocks and Bonds and also information about several strong preferred stocks will be given those who send to William P. Bonbright & Co., Inc., 14 Wall Street, New York, for their Special Letter No. M-11.

No advertisement is accepted for the financial section of McCLURE'S until after careful investigation by trained experts of the personal integrity of the advertiser and of the soundness of the proposition. While we cannot guarantee the result in any particular case, the acceptance of the advertisement by us is evidence of the strongest character that the advertiser is worthy of public confidence.

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cold wetness beginning to gather on my forehead, when a new sound, over by the window, went through me like an electric shock. With a shaking hand, I fumbled for the light switch above my head. Somebody was pulling at the sliding casement, which I had left ajar!

I strained my eyes and made out what seemed to me to be an arm across the lower part of the glass. Yes, there was someone kneeling there on the kitchen roof and trying to slide the sash. It gave suddenly with a rasp, and the figure stood up. I got the silhouette against such light as there was — a woman in her nightgown.

I couldn't make a sound. The intruder had climbed through the window before my hand found the switch and I snapped on the light.

As the room sprang suddenly into sight, there was a hoarse, loud, startled whisper, "Joe!" I saw a young woman in a nightgown whose top was coarse lace, standing just inside the window looking wildly at me, at my clothes on the chair, my sleeping child.

For a moment she halted so, her mouth open, her eyes scared; then she groped back with her hand toward the window sill, found it, whirled her bare feet up and over it, and I heard them come down on the flat tin roof outside. I switched off the light. In the instant of its illumination I had recognized the girl Addie.

NEXT MONTH: Callie Baird encounters Harvey Watkins, now practising law in San Vicente, and learns more about the world of men. She also meets Frank Dale — another type altogether — and is curiously separated from her child. Miss Chandler, too, very definitely enters her life — and Callie learns more about the world of women.

The Old Way — and the New

[*Continued from page 25*]

not consistent. The young chap was assigned to the Reformatory barber-shop. One day, while shaving another inmate, he was seized with an attack — and severed the jugular vein of the man he was shaving. A fine commentary on this superintendent's "method"!

Upon entering the institution an inmate was allowed to receive and write one letter every three months. After receiving a letter he was permitted to read it, but was obliged to return the letter after reading. It made no difference how many letters came for him, nor from whom; he received only *one*. And he was restricted in his letter writing. He was prohibited from mentioning anything pertaining to his case. He could not even write, asking a lawyer to visit him. If he violated either of these rules he was deprived of the privilege of writing a letter — and punished otherwise. He was obliged to have his coat buttoned whenever it was worn or be punished. If even one button were missing from the coat, more punishment would be imposed.

Under no circumstances were the men permitted to talk to one another. Only once a day were they allowed the use of the toilet except in cases where a written order from the prison physician was had. If the toilet was used more than once without this order, a whole month's credit marks were lost; this, possibly, resulting in an additional month being added to the term of imprisonment. Looking-glasses, magazines, pencils — in fact, almost everything not actually required to maintain a bare existence, was prohibited. No matter how hot the day, only two drinks of water could be obtained; and this was warm and unpalatable.

"It is a mistaken idea on the part of the public that the prisoner confined in penal institutions should be coddled." Such was the favorite statement of Mr. Brockway.

He used to say: "Make a man *hate* a thing and he will shun it. Kindness, in the generally accepted sense of the term, has no place in penal institutions. I surround the men with rules which, if broken, bring sure, swift punishment. I thus instil an unconscious desire for implicit obedience."

The population of the Reformatory averaged fifteen hundred men. They were graded into three classes. Each grade wore different colored suits of clothes. When first entering the institution the men were placed in the second grade and clothed in a suit of gray.

After having remained in this grade six months without having been once reported, they were promoted to the first grade and given a blue suit. If, however, after being in the institution a month or more they made no improvement, they were placed in the third grade and clothed in a bright red suit. *Three-fourths of the men wore red suits!* Why shouldn't they? They had on an average of half a dozen examinations to pass monthly in shops, school of letters, arithmetic, nature study, military and trade schools. It required an unusually bright chap to get through with all these examinations.

When asked how it was that three-quarters of his charges were classed as incorrigibles and fully fifty per cent. of the graduates were inmates of State Prisons, the superintendent invariably replied: "Well, the Almighty made 'em — I didn't!"

It was a wonderful system — wonderful theoretically. Practically, it was a failure. A system of espionage, based on the style of the third degree of Russia, was started. According to the law of New York State an officer and a guard is assigned to every twenty-eight prisoners. This man petitioned the Legislature for sixteen officers, but the request was refused. The problem he saw confronting him was the old problem of maintaining discipline. How could the industries be kept in operation? How could the general personnel of the institution be smoothed out and toned up? The honor system was not even dreamed of then; so into the shrewd brain of the superintendent crept the old saw, "Set a thief to catch a thief."

It was an unwilling task he set for the men. He selected about one hundred; gave them almost arbitrary powers and set them to work. There was nothing that smacked of honor about the job of inmate officer. Under pain of severe punishment the inmate *had* to maintain discipline. This condition of affairs created a feeling of revolt. The least provocation would cause these inmate officers to be assaulted. The idea of taking one of their own friends and elevating him to a position of power made the men resentful and rebellious. Seldom was good judgment exhibited in the selection of these officers; so a continuous warfare waged between inmates and inmate officers.

One of the duties of these officers was to strap a fellow inmate to the door of a cell when he was to be "paddled." A broad strap was placed around the man's forehead, another about his waist, and his hands were thrust through the bars of the door, high above his head, and handcuffed. The paddle, as the name implies, was like that of a canoe paddle, but made of heavy, sole leather, with a number of holes in it. When this instrument of torture was brought down on the back of the victim, a sort of a vacuum was formed by these holes. There was suction and the skin was drawn from the victim's back. Three or four blows were all the sufferer could bear. To be sure, there were cases where eight or nine blows had been administered — before the victim succumbed. Imagine, if you can, a large, powerful man, swinging the broad, leather paddle, with all the strength in his body, down on the backs of human beings — the small of the back; (you know what that means). An unearthly shriek of agony at each stroke, then a moment of silence. Again and again the paddle falls until the shrieks jerk into long, lingering groans much likened to the wails of lost souls pouring out their misery, and then falls on your ear the shuffling of heavy shoes on a cement floor, as, with a last long wail, the wretched creature mercifully lapses into unconsciousness and is borne away.

The paddle was wielded by the blacksmith — a beast in human guise; and when the outraged public demanded the abolition of this implement of torture, the superintendent yielded to the demand — but smiled, grimly and knowingly, the while. A few days follow-

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ing the cessation of the use of the paddle, he was closeted with the blacksmith. When this brute left the "reformer's" office, he, too, was smiling. He was a mechanical genius. Instruments of torture were his specialty. Prohibited from using the paddle, he devised other means. His twisted, inhuman brain set itself to work and the result was the creation of the "sheet-iron" and "bar" handcuffs. They were simple in construction, but their very simplicity was founded upon more painful results. The devilish ingenuity of the maker was horrible. The bar cuff was the regulation police handcuff with three links taken off and securely riveted to an iron bar about nine inches in length. This bar was fastened to a cell gate with set-screws so that they could be easily removed — for, sometimes, visitors got into the chamber of horrors — and when a man was to be anchored to these cuffs the bar was attached to the gate about twelve inches below the shoulders of the man so to be punished, his back to the gate, wrists through the cuffs and bars of the door, and there left for twelve, fifteen, sometimes twenty-four, and even forty hours! Try standing in this position for *five minutes;* you will then begin to realize what the bar cuffs meant. If, *by chance,* the victim became fatigued or ill and fainted, he merely broke both wrists with the weight of his body.

By way of variation the sheet-iron cuffs were resorted to. These were a modern adoption of the colonial stocks — but with a difference. One could easily move the head and hands in the stocks, while with the sheet-iron cuffs the wrists fitted, snugly, into the cuffs. The iron from which this cuff was made was about one-eighth of an inch in thickness. After having been locked in them for a period of from four to six hours the wrists began swelling. As the swelling became greater, the thin, knife-like iron bit deeply into the flesh, causing inflammation and retarding circulation of the blood. The entire arm became swollen to almost twice its normal size from shoulder to wrist. One could not help submitting to anything under such excruciating pain.

On the verge of physical exhaustion, the spirits of the inmates undergoing the brutal torture of the sheet-iron cuffs *were for the time being broken.* What occurred afterwards was too horrible to recall. Hate in all its power swayed the victim with a mighty force. Any good that *was* in him was irrevocably shattered and further punishment served but to fan the flames of hatred. Upon discharge from the prison, he became a menace to the world.

One day, a few years ago, a man was found murdered in Central Park. Pinned on the body a note was found which read: "I killed this rat because he had all the good killed in me while we were inmates of the same Reformatory."

And this "reformatory" is well represented in prisons all over the country by its "graduates." Very fittingly it has been called the "training school for crime."

ONCE, in the days of the old Sing Sing, a little group of men were seen crossing its yard. In the center of the group a man half walked and was half carried along. Wearily, he dragged one foot after the other. His hair was a tangled mass. His face and hands were filthy; the dirt caked under the fingernails. A ten days' growth of beard accentuated the ghastly appearance of the man. A guard walked beside the little group, directing its movements. The man had just been taken from the "cooler." He had been confined for ten days on bread and water — one gill of water and a crust of bread every twenty-four hours.

How many glasses of water do *you* drink a day? One isn't always sufficient, is it? Hence, you take another, don't you? The average drinking-glass holds about eight ounces, or about half a pint. If you are curious, try this experiment: Fill a glass with water on a hot summer's day. Now pour a little more than half of it away and carry the remainder to a darkened room. Notice, particularly, the time on entering the room. Say it is nine in the morning. Could you make this less than half glass of water last you until twenty-four hours had elapsed under these conditions? Possibly you could bear it the first day, but how about enduring it for nine or ten days? Have the room absolutely bare of furniture and light. If the room is large, chalk an oblong space four feet wide and seven feet long. *Be careful not to go outside this boundary line;* if you do, the experiment is worthless and it is a failure. Promptly every morning at nine o'clock arrange to have someone give you *one* slice of bread — dry bread — and a gill of water. Now then, if, at the end of the third day, you can eat the slice of bread, you are a marvelous being. On or about the third day the whole body shrieks aloud for water. The tongue swells and turns black; hungry as you are, you dare not attempt to eat the bread, for that will only serve to accentuate the intense craving for water.

Go through the Reformatory at Elmira and you will find that about fifty per cent. of the inmates have been previously confined in the House of Refuge, the Juvenile Asylum or the Catholic Protectory. Does not that prove, conclusively, that something is abominably rotten? How many of the Superintendents of these institutions can tell, off-hand, why it is easier for a boy to lie than to tell the truth? Why does a youngster like to fight? Do these men know anything regarding the age of puberty and the psychological or physiological effect it has on the minds of boys? It is impossible to circumvent the laws of nature; and because the heads of these institutions are ignorant of these fundamental laws, the boys, through fear, are not taught to be themselves, but to do the things they know to be not right, *and not get caught.*

From the institutions for juvenile delinquents is but a step to the reformatory; there conditions are worse. Fear, the hydra-headed monster, again takes possession.

Once, under the Old System, in the dining-room at Elmira, one of the boys had half a dozen cigar butts. (Tobacco, in any form, was prohibited.) These butts were, literally, worth their weight in gold. The chap was going to divide them when another inmate, on the alert for "screws" (keepers) gave notice of the approach of one. Panic-stricken, the boy crammed all the butts into his mouth, and through some mysterious contortion managed to swallow them. His ready wit saved the situation to the distress of his stomach, and within a very short time he was groaning in agony. To this day his case remains one of the unsolved mysteries of the prison physician!

Another incident turned out more disastrously. In the sign-painting class a large quantity of wood alcohol was used. Fear prevented the men from drinking this stuff in the shop, and what little they could get was carried to the cells. One Saturday night nearly a gallon was stolen and taken to the cells. The next morning, while saying mass, the priest was interrupted, and hurried to the cells of three inmates who had drunk the wood alcohol. Two of them were found dead; the third expired as the priest knelt at his side.

Take the case of the boy who was assigned to the laundry and put to work on a centrifugal wringer. After having worked on this machine for almost a year and during that time conducting himself properly, he suddenly found himself in difficulty. A new man — a young negro — was put to work on the same machine. Sheets were being washed in the laundry one day, and as they were taken from the wheel, they were placed on a truck and wheeled to the wringer. The negro was packing the sheets in the extractor and suddenly he turned on the power, causing the machine to revolve at a very high rate of speed. One of the sheets became loosened from the rest and the terrific force of the revolving wringer caused one of the ends of the sheet to fly about as stiff as a board. A yell from the negro caused the young fellow in question to look around. Immediately grasping the situation, he rushed to the machine to stop it when the flying sheet wound about his arm like a band of steel, breaking it in three places and throwing him half the length of the laundry. When he was discharged from the hospital four months later, he was dumfounded to learn that he had been *reported for carelessness,* and fined ten dollars! This boy, who had previously exhibited signs of intellect, became a raving maniac. He may be wearing out a weary existence in some state institution for the criminal insane, even now.

Again: George F — came from a family of musicians. He inherited a passionate love for music from his mother. High-strung, nervous, as are all true musicians, he one day, in a nervous frenzy, struck his brother-in-law with a cornet, fracturing the skull. For this he was sentenced to the Reformatory for a term of five years and assigned to the band there. He was given an alto to play and seemed as happy and contented as possible. The band used to play every afternoon on the parade ground. Near the center of this space was a telegraph pole. The parade ground was of asphalt, and about three feet from the base of this pole a hole had been dug to repair a sewer-pipe. The hole had been

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refilled with dirt, but the asphalt covering had not, as yet, been laid. The band was marching in review before the battalion, and the boy, absorbed in his music and not noticing the small, dirt-covered section under his feet as he came upon it, stumbled and crashed against the telegraph pole. Four of his teeth were knocked out, his lips badly torn, and of course the horn was broken. For this he was fined and punished. Today he is in State Prison.

Here is the point: The boy was an excellent musician. He was unjustly punished, and this punishment played havoc with his life, totally wrecking it. This bred in him an intense hatred for music; instead of going home a well-trained musician with, perhaps, a brilliant future before him, he refused to touch an instrument for the rest of his life. Hence, a good musician was killed while a bad thief was born.

They tell a story of grim humor at Sing Sing. When new arrivals were first brought before a certain keeper, he would question them closely in regard to their pasts, what there occupation was, etc. The following is an example of his methods:

"And what did you work at outside?" would be the first question.

"I'm a linguist, sir," one prisoner timidly replied.

"And what is that?"

"A lin——"

Turning impatiently to his clerk, the keeper said:

"What the devil does the boy mean by that word?" And after it had been explained to him he turned, frowningly, to the prisoner and said:

"So you speak French and Dutch and all the rest of them, do you? Well, my boy, we speak only one language here and damn little of that. Put him in the blacksmith shop!"

THERE are, in round numbers, approximately seven thousand prisoners confined in the State Prisons and Asylums for the Criminal Insane in New York State. It has been stated that *more than sixty per cent. are graduates of Elmira Reformatory!*

Upon discharge from Elmira — or parole — the average amount given a man is fifteen dollars, plus railroad fare to destination — that is, to the place from which he was sentenced. The average fare given each man is about five dollars and ten cents. About nine hundred men are either paroled or discharged yearly. About thirteen thousand dollars is the sum expended on these men leaving the institution, while four thousand, five hundred and ninety dollars is expended in railroad fares. The clothing given them — shoes, socks, collars, in fact, all that a man needs — is computed by the State as costing twelve dollars per man. So the law has fixed the price which means ten thousand dollars per year. In railroad fares, clothing and "earnings," then, the annual sum expended is twenty-nine thousand, seven hundred dollars. For maintaining each prisoner about ten cents per day is allowed; and feeding on an average of fifteen hundred men a day means an expenditure of fifty-four thousand, seven hundred and fifty dollars, thus bringing the total up to eighty-four thousand, four hundred and fifty dollars annually. These are but a few figures. Including salaries, at the lowest estimate, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars is expended annually on this institution.

Under the "forced" process the men, in order to regain their liberty, must show, *on the surface*, signs of reform; and as soon as their restraint is removed a prisoner reverts to first principles — goes back to *normal* again. Here lies the crux of the matter, one that has been given very little consideration by so-called penologists. The rapid transition from the subnormal to the normal causes an upheaval. The resultant shock makes recidivists of an alarmingly large number of the men.

However willing a man may be, however earnest his endeavor to work honestly for his daily bread, he cannot compete with the man whose muscles are hardened and who can wield a pick or shovel for eight hours daily with but little exertion. Upon his discharge he finds himself run down. His muscles are soft and flabby — an all-round incompetent — and two or three hours of hard work cause exhaustion. Remember, he has fallen into the habit of *doing the least amount of work possible under the boring eyes of a keeper.* Subconsciously, his mind works along the line it has accustomed itself to. Here, then, is a condition of affairs only the trained mind of the psychologist can appreciate. It is a question altogether too mighty for the average prison official to cope with — too far-reaching and pregnant with results.

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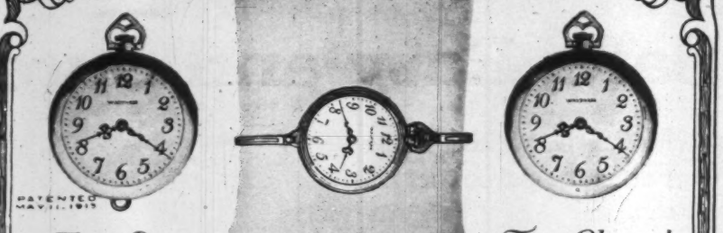

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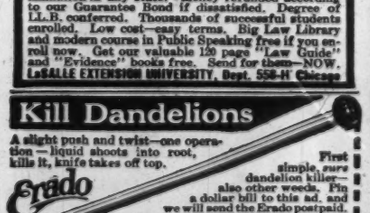

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Our lives are adjusted by habits. When we attempt to break a habit the result is ofttimes disastrous. Yet this is exactly what the prisoner recently released faces. Too often—and quite ignorantly—does he confuse liberty with license; he plays both ends against the middle and loses all around. Some day, not far distant, the jurist will be more of a psychologist and less a lawyer. Then, and then only, can punishments be meted out as they should be.

The "forced," or subnormal life brought about many peculiar circumstances. Men, who under normal conditions would never have dreamed of becoming addicted to the use of drugs, soon became drug-fiends. For fifteen hours every week-day and for twenty hours on Sundays or holidays the men were bolted, barred and locked in a narrow, dark, unventilated cell. In many instances two men were confined in one cell. These cells are thirty-six inches in width and eighty-four inches long. The gate is six feet in height, half of which is of sheet iron, while the other part consists of fifty-four small square holes about two inches square, made by intersecting bars; and it is through these small two-inch openings that the men in confinement get their air. Scarcely is there sufficient for *one* man, let alone two. This is Sing Sing.

Continued confinement in these cells was the cause of the much spoken of "prison-pallor." Drugs, that "Man of the Sea" of the prison official, lent its contributory cause also. The most ingenious methods were resorted to in procuring the drugs. Until a few years ago the guards and keepers were so wretchedly paid as to cause them to welcome the opportunity of obtaining a few extra dollars. For many years the prisoners depended upon these officers for their daily supply of drugs. If the men had not the necessary means they would steal tools, cloth, blankets, leather, shoes, clothing—in fact, anything that could be carried out of the prison and exchanged with the officers for morphine. To this day sealed canned goods are rigidly barred. Around 1905 or 1906 a prisoner in Sing Sing received a box from home. In this box were three large cans of tomatoes. The guard who had charge of the incoming packages casually glanced at these cans, thought no more of them and proceeded to examine the other articles in the box. After the inspection he found he could not return all the articles in the box; so, for the purpose of making more room, he removed one of the cans. Its lightness aroused his suspicion. Imagine his surprise when, upon opening it, he discovered it to be filled with cooked opium.

Chairs were permitted to be received by the prisoners from their friends. Sometimes the legs were drilled, packed with morphine, "Yen Shee," opium or vials of laudanum and chloral and then plugged with sawdust mixed with glue. Another novel idea was resorted to. Morphine was placed under the postage-stamps of letters and under flaps of envelopes. Heels of shoes were hollowed and filled with drugs. One after the other these means of smuggling were discovered and stopped. Shoe-polish, soap, tooth-powder, talcum-powder, etc., were prohibited because of the facilities offered as aids in obtaining this contraband. Even nuts were made the medium of entry. One can easily split a walnut, remove the meat and intersecting walls, filling the empty shell with drugs, then neatly glue together.

FINALLY, there was conceived in the keen, perverted mind of a drug-fiend a clever plan. In the other life this chap was a chemist. He instructed friends as follows: Dissolve a few grains of morphine in water; dip a clean handkerchief in the solution, then hang the rag up to dry. In the drying process only the water would evaporate, leaving the morphine clinging to the cloth. The handkerchief was then to be sent to him. When he received it, it was a simple matter to soak it in water, wring it out and boil the water. The residue, of course, contained morphine and little was wasted. This, too, was brought to the attention of the officials, and in order to stop these means of smuggling all linen sent to the prisoners was first sent to the laundry, washed thoroughly, and then delivered.

A rigid examination proved that out of seventeen hundred men confined in Sing Sing, about eighty per cent. of them were drug-users. The greater portion of this alarmingly large number *had learned to use the drug while in confinement*, not because they desired to become drug-fiends, but simply to lose themselves and forget, in so far as they might, the horrible conditions under which they existed.

About sixty per cent. of the inmates of the State Prisons of New York State are second-termers. Does not this prove the statement that the prison system of the old régime was a glaring failure? Yet, year after year, the prisons were run under that system, and accomplishing what? Battering down manhood and killing the desire to reform and all good that is inherent in those who came under its lash.

There came the day when the finer instincts of those who were burdened with the stigma of "convict" and subjected to all that accompanied it, were relieved. They had an opportunity to show their manhood. The faint dawn of a brighter tomorrow was breaking over a horizon once black with storm and reeking with the turmoil of unrest, distrust and hatred. The convict was no more to be treated as a ferocious beast; brutality in maintaining discipline was at last realized to have been the wrong method.

IN September of 1913, Thomas Mott Osborne, philanthropist, editor, manufacturer, former chief-executive of the city of Auburn, New York, reformer and MAN, was serving a voluntary "bit" in the State Prison at Auburn.

Here was a man of wealth, whose blood was not sufficiently sluggish as to cause him to ignore his less fortunate brothers; nor was he too cold to feel that prisoners were not confined for the sole purpose of physical and mental torture. The seed of compassion for the fallen had been planted in his heart at the time of his birth, and now at the age of fifty-four, with tender nursing and ceaseless care, it had been cultivated and had blossomed forth. The desire to create such a system where those who had come under the hand of the law would not be treated with harshness, thereby killing all that was ever good, but by using kindness whereby a truer understanding of previous errors might be realized and corrected, was his.

It was during his incarceration in Auburn that he conceived the idea of a prisoners' organization within the walls. The result was that a few weeks after his "release" the Mutual Welfare League was inaugurated, and with the aid of Warden Rattigan of Auburn prison the wonderful work of revolutionizing prison conditions was begun. The then Governor, recognizing the beneficial results of Osborne's work, recommended his appointment as Warden of Sing Sing. When word reached Sing Sing Prison that he was to be the next warden, a wonderful transformation took place. Tom Brown was coming to Sing Sing! Tom Brown! One of the boys! Here was the man who could understand and treat the prisoners accordingly.

The cheering populace for a prominent person and the cheering of prisoners for their warden, are as different as black is from white. There is no difficulty in applauding and shouting approval for anyone, whether he be liked or disliked outside of prison walls; but when convicts yell, *joyously*, until they can only speak in whispers and clap their hands until they ache—oh, you who are ignorant of the workings of the prisoners' hearts can never know what this means! So it was on the day of Osborne's arrival at Sing Sing. At sight of him every prisoner removed his cap with deep respect, while the cheers surely must have caused the old prison to sway in amazement after its century of silence. This feeling on the part of the men for the new warden was a powerful asset to Osborne. It must be understood that the prisoners were *offering their confidences to a warden!* Not a few, but *all of them*. All the prison reformers in the world, together, could accomplish nothing without this. It is the key to success. The golden light of prison reform was now growing—the wedge was enlarging the opening that was to let in the glorious light of day.

When Mr. Osborne entered upon the duties of Warden at Sing Sing the men confined there recognized what this new dawn meant to them. He came, not as a trained penologist, but as a man who did not always gaze over his left shoulder to ascertain whether or not his wings needed trimming. The problem before him—one of time-worn mystery—was to be compared with the riddle of the Sphinx. To the wardens who had gone before him the solution of prison reform surely must have been unsought.

Osborne had not been in the institution long before he discovered a place called the kitchen. Previous to his coming a tasteless something called "coffee" was served the prisoners at their meals. In the very first hour in his position of Warden he drank a

mouthful of this stuff — and spat it out in disgust. Two days later *real* coffee, containing milk and sugar, was placed before the men. In fact, the entire system of feeding was changed for the better. The food furnished the prisoners, heretofore, was scanty and of comparatively poor quality. Again, it was wretchedly cooked, and what little nutritive qualities it possessed were wasted in the preparation for eating. About three-fourths of the meat purchased found its way to the tables in the prison dining-hall — the rest was stolen and sold to the prisoners. Only two meals a day were served under the old system — breakfast and dinner. For what was called "supper," the men received a couple of slices of dry bread and a weak — very weak — preparation of "tea." It couldn't be anything else but weak because half of it was stolen. On Sundays, one meal was served — breakfast — at ten o'clock in the morning. When the men were locked up on this day they would receive a piece of evil-smelling bologna and some dry bread or a dish of about five prunes; *perhaps* six. If a man found *seven* in his tin dish the extra ones would have afforded topic for conversation for the coming week. When Judge John B. Riley was appointed Superintendent of Prisons he asked why the prisoners did not get at least one warm meal on Sundays. Not long after the question was asked, the men were given one that was a little better than that which was served at mid-day during the week. Understand, this extra dinner *did not cost the State one penny more.* Every evening a supper is now being served at Sing Sing, but this, also, does not require larger appropriations. In a word, under the new system, *eight meals more than under the old system are being served each week on the same appropriation.* In other words, *twenty-one meals are served each week, where, formerly, there were but thirteen. This is nearly twice as much with the same appropriation! And the food, under Osborne, is better than it ever was before!*

Where, under the old system, at almost every meal the dining hall of the institution on the Hudson had resounded with the weirdest yells of disapproval, disgust and anger of the prisoners, all is order and harmony. Where there had been from forty to fifty keepers and guards distributed about the dining hall during meal times, now but one can be seen. This should not be considered too lightly. The fact of over seventeen hundred of what have so often been called the "most vicious class of criminals" (and in the most talked-of prison in the world) assembling in a body with no guards nor keepers about may seem remarkable to some. Why? *Because it has not always been so.* Many times when visitors have seen the men having their meals with no officers, they look upon it as a matter of course; but the moment they are apprized of the fact of this being an Osborne innovation and that, under the old system, officers lined the aisles of the dining hall, then come gasps of "Oh! How wonderful! "Would you believe it!" and thousands of others. If you were to visit Sing Sing for the first time under the present régime and knew nothing of what had occurred years before, you would look upon the present government there as a matter of course. But the moment you are enlightened as to the conditions previously existing, then would you (and then only could you) appreciate what the new system means. Because Osborne has *dared* make such radical changes for the better, you would be surprised; but if you had viewed the old order of things you would have been horrified to know that former wardens had *dared* countenance the murdering of their charges.

Before the advent of Osborne, dissension ran riot among the prisoners. An army could not have held them in check when their ire was aroused, (and this happened frequently) caused by the dirty and unpalatable stuff served as food. The men would pick quarrels with their table-mates for the sole purpose of giving vent to their feelings. Heads would be broken by the heavy, flying crockery-ware. At times these fights assumed such a serious character as to cause the guards to be afraid to interfere.

Not so long ago, after the day's work was done, the men marched to the river-front for their "buckets" at 4:30 and returned to their cells, passing a table from which each man would take not more than three slices of bread. On arriving in their "holes in the wall" they would be given a cup of that stuff called tea, then be locked up until 7:30 the following morning.

Now, at the time we write, which is before the time of Warden Osborne's absence from the prison, directly after supper, the men, as before, march to the river-front for their "buckets," whence they proceed directly to their cells, after which count is taken. Following this, those who wish may attend the various educational classes that have been formed in mechanical drawing, commerce, arithmetic, Spanish, Italian, automobile repairing, stenography, travel and history, electrical engineering, etc. There are, also, moving-picture entertainments, song recitals, knitting (for the war sufferers in Belgium and Poland), Bible classes, choral singing, lectures of educational value and many other affairs that serve Osborne's purpose in keeping the prisoners out of the disease-breeding cells as much as possible, at the same time benefiting the men mentally.

WHAT the Mutual Welfare League has accomplished, under the New System, may never be known. It is a wonderful thing. The Court is of vital importance to the League. It is the foundation upon which the whole movement rests. It is made up of five members who are appointed by the Executive Board, each member holding office for a term of five months. No one can be reappointed until two months have elapsed after the expiration of the term for which he was appointed. It is so arranged that one member of this Judiciary Board retires from the bench each month through expiration of the term of office, another being appointed.

All members of the League who are brought before this body are dealt with fairly and justly. The smallest detail pertaining to each case is discussed until a clear and complete understanding of the matter in question is attained from witnesses for all concerned. Then a finding is agreed to by a majority of the Board. The offenses are now few and far-between. During the ten months from October, 1914, to August, 1915, these reports averaged but one a day, fifty per cent. of the total being extremely trivial. A year prior to the inception of the Mutual Welfare League and Warden Osborne a dozen fights daily was the general order of things rather than the exception.

The sentences and punishments now imposed are radically different from those meted out under the old régime. No longer is the "cooler" used. This horrible and inhuman hell-hole where punishment by solitary confinement in a dark, filthy cell with the daily ration of one pitifully small crust of dry bread and a gill of water — all have been banished. No longer are the men secluded in these dungeons for days and sometimes weeks at a time. A more humane sentence is imposed by the Judiciary Board, each of which results in a more appreciative condition of mind to those concerned, cultivating a desire for correction and reformation rather than breeding feelings of distrust and revenge as did confinement in the "cooler." Now, suspension, as members, from the League, for from five days upward, resulting in the loss of privileges for the specified period, is the lot of those who come before the Court and are found guilty of the offenses charged. Should the sentence be considered excessive, or the offender feel his examination has not been properly conducted, an appeal might be made to the Warden's Court. This Court is composed of the Warden, the Principal Keeper and the prison physician, and a thorough rehearing of the case is given. The fact of the Warden's Court rarely reversing the decision of the Judiciary Board proves the efficiency and fairness of the inmates' court. Appeals are not frequent. The men, under the New System, immediately realize the extent of their errors and willingly yet conscientiously accept their suspension from the League, during which time (as has been evidenced by careful observation) resolutions to atone are formed with the intentions of conducting themselves as worthy and honored participants in the fight to DO GOOD and MAKE GOOD.

The Old Way and the New Way — how different they are!

NEXT MONTH: The first of a new business series by James H. Collins. McClure's always has something for the business man by writers who know: Edward Mott Woolley, Frank Goewey Jones, Waldemar Kaempffert, Cameron Mackenzie, and now James H. Collins.

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HER anxious eyes follow the clock—pictures of wrecks—of street accidents—of the thousand and one things that might happen to you—pass through her mind.

It isn't just her "nerves." She knows that one man in seven is killed or hurt in an accident every year and that you may be the next.

Consider this: Out of 128,000 claims paid by the Ætna—24,000 were for falls—4,000 for burns and scalds—5,800 for cuts with edged tools or glass—5,000 for crushed fingers—hundreds for tripping over mats or rugs, for splinters in hands or feet and for crushed toes—2,500 for injuries that resulted in blood-poisoning.

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We will pay you $50 a week for as long as you are totally disabled by a railway, steamship or burning building accident, or $25 a week if you are disabled by any ordinary accident. And we will pay you $25 a week, up to fifty-two weeks, if you are totally disabled by sickness. We will pay hospital charges or for a surgical operation.

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EVERY time one of the huge moving cranes in the Ford automobile factory picks up a load, a Klaxon automobile horn installed on it shrieks a warning to workmen to stand from under.

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There is a Klaxon for every kind and size of car — $4 to $20. They are made only by the Lovell-McConnell Mfg. Company, Newark, N. J. To make sure that the horn on your car is a Klaxon, look for — and find — the Klaxon name-plate.

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Dealer's Sign

The Aliens

[*Continued from page 13*]

To suffer and to languish through long hours?
MONA LISA — I know not. But I fear me I shall die.
I feel that I can never smile again,
For one spake blasphemy in this foul room
When he made light of my immortal lips.
GREGORY — (*in the shadow*) Do you hear?
CONSTANCE — Yes; how strange!
MAN WITH HELMET — O Mona Lisa, did I hear a voice
Other than yours?
MONA LISA — Perhaps.
MAN WITH HELMET — I wonder whose?
MONA LISA — If 'tis the poet and his lovely maid,
Let us not fear; for they will understand.
(*She leans from her frame and peers into the surrounding darkness*)
O poet, art thou here?
(*a silence, Gregory is afraid to speak*)
Pray answer me,
For I am lonely in this crowded room.
MAN WITH HELMET — Yea, answer; for we still can speak if thou
Art listening; but only if 'tis thou.
GREGORY — (*coming within the radius of light, with* Constance *clinging to him*) How wonderful! Yes, we have dared to listen. We wondered if you spoke when you were alone.
CONSTANCE — Have we done wrong?
MONA LISA — Fear not! We love you for your comprehension.
We have been soul-sick for our vanished place;
And I, who spent bleak hours far from my home
Because a vandal stole me, suffer now
Far more than in the years when I was lost.
Send me back home!
MAN WITH HELMET — Yea, send us back again
To the old dream and wonder that we miss.
MONA LISA — O thou who understandest — take us back.
Else we shall perish on these unloved walls,
And fade to nothingness.
MAN WITH HELMET — Our hearts will break
Unless we know again those corridors
That sang with praise of us.
MONA LISA — Be thou our friend,
Thou who dost visit us and reverence
The ancient magic that imbued us both
With feeling and the very breath of life.
Da Vinci made me out of hope and love;
His genius wrought me, and through him I throb
Upon this canvas, speaking his great name.
He willed that all the world should love me. See,
I am unloved, unhonored in this place,
Save when thou comest, Poet, and young maid,
Astonished at my wonder and my smile.
MAN WITH HELMET — When Rembrandt touched the brush that made me breathe,
I knew the marvel of existence. Now
Through him I tremble in the midst of life,
A thing of flesh and blood — a man indeed,
A being made of Genius and Despair,
A warrior who hath triumphed over War,
And heard the praise of an adoring world.
For though we live — children of artists' brains —
We live again for those who find us good.
MONA LISA — 'Tis true. I heard of him in far Berlin
From those who stood before me in the Louvre.
Thus he and I, both children of high minds,
Were never strangers, but brother and sister of Art.
O wonder of the world in which we live,
That we have met at last, and spoken here.
But now we sigh, we sicken for our home.
O take us there!
MAN WITH HELMET — Yea, take us back once more,
For we are weary for the old lost lands,
Rising but now from the foul night of War.
(*They both stretch out their arms in supplication*)
GREGORY — To think that everything I dreamed about you is true! Of course I'll take you back, O Mona Lisa and Man with Helmet! *We'll* take you back!
MONA LISA — How may that be?
MAN WITH HELMET — (*sternly*) Make thou no jest with us!
GREGORY — Listen! I see a way already. Constance and I are to be married within a few days. My father has asked each of us what we want most for a wedding gift. He will give us *anything* we ask. He has told us so. I want you, O Mona Lisa!
CONSTANCE — And I want you, O Man with Helmet!
MONA LISA — (*unbelieving*) What means this boy?
MAN WITH HELMET — I cannot understand.
GREGORY — O don't you see, you two beautiful, pathetic people! We're going abroad on our honeymoon, and we'll take you both — back home!
CONSTANCE — We'll give you back to those who love you, but were too poor to keep you, at the Louvre and the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin. We'll take you back ——
MONA LISA and MAN WITH HELMET — Home! (*a silence. Then the Mona Lisa leans down*)
MONA LISA — Poet, thou must kiss me! (Gregory *stands amazed, not daring to move*) This is thy reward!
GREGORY — To touch those lips! It would be as wonderful as to touch the lips of Helen of Troy. O no, it cannot be!
MONA LISA — Come, thou must kiss me. (*He obeys*)
GREGORY — O wonderful!
MAN WITH HELMET — And thou, dear maid — come, let me kiss thy brow. (Constance *holds back, afraid*)
GREGORY — (*to* Constance) Go! If we are dreaming, let us sleep! (Constance *kisses the portrait. Another silence; then a sound on the stairs, as of someone climbing up laboriously*)
MONA LISA — Hark! Someone comes!
MAN WITH HELMET — Let us be very still. (*They resume their poses. The door opens, and* Mrs. Logan *enters, breathlessly*)
MRS. LOGAN — I left my knittin' here. I wonder where it is? (*searches for it and finds it*) Oh, here it is on the settee. . . . What are you two youngsters doin' up here all alone? Flirtin', sparkin', I guess! Well, you're only young once. (*a slight pause*) How strange you both look! Everything's all right, ain't it?
GREGORY — Yes, mother, everything's all right. (*looks up at the Mona Lisa.* Mrs. Logan's *eyes follow his*)
MRS. LOGAN — Land sakes! If that critter don't beat all! Her smile changes every time I look at her. Wish yer Pa was here to see her now. I don't know as I want her around much longer. What *do* folks see in such things, anyhow? And the Rembrandt feller looks different, too! *I* think they're spooks instead o' portraits.
LOGAN — (*downstairs*) Em! Em! Ain't you comin' to bed?
MRS. LOGAN — Yes, Hen, in just a minute. (*starts toward door; looks again at the Mona Lisa*) I wonder what she's grinnin' at this time? Mebbe you know, Gregory, you're such a strange boy.
GREGORY — Yes, I know, mother. She's happy because she's going home.
MRS. LOGAN — Home! Well, you *are* queer, Gregory. You'll be the death o' me yet. How can a inanimate portrait have a *home?*
LOGAN — (*without*) Em! Em! Come to bed!
MRS. LOGAN — (*going*) I'm comin', Pa! But you should hear Gregory up in the Gallery talkin' nonsense again. I guess he's gone crazy with Love! (*laughs. Goes out. A silence*)
GREGORY — (*gazing at the portraits*) Good-by, dear friends. And remember, we're taking you — home!
He and Constance *stand by the door, looking with rapt faces at the portraits. The* Man With Helmet *looks back at them, gladness on his stern countenance. The* Mona Lisa *smiles wonderfully at them*)
MONA LISA — Home!
MAN WITH HELMET — Home!
THE CURTAIN SLOWLY FALLS

***NEXT MONTH:** A satire, out of the war, by Robert Hichens, author of "Bella Donna," and "The Garden of Allah;" also "The Cage Door," by Mary Heaton Vorse.*

Must We Pay More for Automobiles?

By Waldemar Kaempffert

THIS is the first of an important new series of twelve automobile articles by Mr. Kaempffert, formerly editor of the Scientific American, now editor of the Popular Science Monthly. The author has made a profound study of motor wonders, and will write, in popular vein, of the developments, the changes, the improvements in this, the most romantic of all modern manufacturing industries. The present article is the result of a very thorough investigation of the entire automobile field.

EVERY motor-car owner ought to be a self-taught political economist as a result of the war. He never troubled himself before about the Concert of Powers, or the bickerings of turbulent Balkan states, or the ambitions of Italy, or Germany's commercial aggressiveness. But now they concern him deeply. His bill for tires, horns, batteries, bumpers and lamps is a document of historical importance; it teaches a practical lesson in political economy and international politics; it crystallizes the whole European turmoil. Who dreamed, two years ago, that the assassination of a man, who happened to be the heir-apparent to the imperial throne of Austria-Hungary, would increase the price of leather? Who divined that the interchange of telegrams between royal cousins would affect the market for antimony, tungsten and steel? Who connected the invasion of Belgium with the price of automobiles in America? Who foresaw that the booming of the first cannon would be echoed in higher rents and higher food prices in Bridgeport and San Francisco?

That the automobile industry should have been profoundly affected by the deluge of fantastically profitable war orders follows from the very nature of an automobile. The motor-car is a composite of nearly everything that this earth produces. Western steers supply hides and hair for its upholstery; South America and the Far East furnish the rubber for its tires; Peru mines the vanadium that makes its alloy steel; Spain strips her cork trees for some of its parts; Canada digs into her earth for the asbestos that lines its brakes. Every quarter of the globe pays tribute, and for that reason every automobile manufacturer is an industrial cosmopolite.

Unfortunately, the thousand and one substances manufactured into an automobile are needed, in other forms, to feed and clothe armies, to make 42-centimeter guns, to heal the wounded, to blow up trenches, and to build aëroplanes. Nations are spendthrifts when they fight. No sum is too huge if it can buy wings to fly over an enemy or shells to blow him into the next world. The automobile manufacturer of Detroit, Flint, Toledo, and Cleveland must compete with Kitchener and Gallieni—with men who are actually spending over twelve thousand dollars to kill a single enemy in the trenches. Because Europe must be outbidden, if automobiles are to be made at all, some paints have increased eight dollars a pound — an increase to be reckoned with if a high-priced body receives from twenty to forty coats of paint; aluminum, worth about nineteen cents a pound normally, has risen to fifty-nine cents; vanadium steel, sold for one dollar and eighty-five cents a pound a year and a half ago, has exceeded the price of eight dollars and a half; steel bars, bought for one dollar and ten cents a hundred pounds, have climbed to more than two dollars a hundred; high-speed steels, profitably made at one dollar and five cents a pound, have reached the price of three dollars and thirty-five cents; leather, dear sometimes at twenty cents a foot, has brought over thirty-three cents a foot; copper, once a drug on the market at fourteen cents a pound, has commanded twenty-five cents for months. Up and up the prices soar until the quotations of yesterday seem ridiculously low today. By the time this magazine is printed, paint, steel, copper, and all the other materials required in automobile-making may not be purchasable even at the rates here set down.

But, you argue, the automobile manufacturer has also received war orders. Why is it not possible to apply the greater profit made on military trucks to reduce the loss in the home market? We are not selling as many cars abroad as we were a year ago. Ambulances and trucks are handled more carefully now than they were at the outbreak of the war. At first a car was discarded about as soon as it was disabled — actually left on the roadside if it needed a few hours' repairing. French and English thrift soon saw the folly of this extravagance. More attention is now paid to what may be called the psychology of motor-trucking. Cars were once driven from battle front to base hospital without a coat of varnish; it seemed senseless to trouble about externals so long as motors did their duty. Efficiency experts insisted on varnish. They discovered that the driver of a battered and worn vehicle took neither pride nor interest in his machine. Now the cars that speed to the battle front are as painstakingly finished as a fashionable limousine on Fifth Avenue. The money spent on mere frippery has been returned a thousandfold in the increased care taken of operating machinery. That is one reason why war orders for American motor-cars are not as numerous as they were — why home consumption is all-important.

Even though he be willing to buy materials at any price an automobile manufacturer will find it difficult to arrange for deliveries. Steel mills will not fill his orders within six months. The largest manufacturer of automobile springs — he buys more than fifty per cent. of the special kind of steel needed for springs — writes to me:

"As it stands today, one concern is 2,380 tons behind our specifications for delivery up to date. Other firms are 264, 740, 100 and 285 tons behind. . . . Several months ago, in endeavoring to make contracts for the coming year's supply (1916), I was met with an advance of 16 per cent. in the kind of steel I need. Within thirty days there came another advance — this time of 37½ per cent. A few weeks later still another advance was quoted, so that my steel cost me 100 per cent. more than a year ago (January, 1915). Willing as I was to pay what was asked, my orders were not welcomed."

To buy steel at all the president of an automobile company must go to Pittsburg himself, his hat in his hand, and wait his turn in the reception-room of a steel firm. What is more, he must brace himself for a shock. The head of a great Detroit company tried his best to buy two thousand tons of a certain grade of steel indispensable for his purpose. He used to buy it at one cent and a half a pound.

"You can't get it at the old price," said the sales manager of the steel foundry.

"I know it; but what's the price? Let me have it square between the eyes!"

And the sales manager did. Four and a quarter cents a pound was the blow. The Detroit manufacturer blinked. Then he retorted with an order — not for two thousand tons, but for four thousand! The sales manager reluctantly compromised on three thousand tons at four and one-half cents.

True stories in a similar vein are told by the dozen in the steel market. A jobber who wanted to buy three thousand tons at one and a quarter cents a pound — the old price — was glad to make a contract at five; another, who was accustomed to pay seven cents, bought one thousand tons at seventeen cents a pound. Eight months ago an importer of high-speed steel had an

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He had old-fashioned notions, until the Boys bought B.V.D. and made him put it on. Now, Pa joins right in the young folks' fun, because he's cool.

Loose fitting, light woven B.V.D. Underwear starts with the best possible fabrics (specially woven and tested), continues with the best possible workmanship (carefully inspected and re-inspected), and ends with complete comfort (fullness of cut, balance of drape, true-to-size fit, durability in wash and wear).

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(*Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries*)

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London Selling Agency: 66, Aldermanbury, E.C.

J. B.—, New York City, writes:

Financial and Insurance Department
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

Gentlemen:

I have received and read the Financial Booklet and I am very much pleased with it. It seems to me that the common sense used, coupled with the simple language, is just the thing for the average person without special knowledge of such matters. I hope it may be widely used, and I am quite sure that I and many others would gladly pay for a copy.

option on two hundred tons at two dollars a pound, the steel to be shipped from a neutral country. He allowed his option to expire; the price was too high. He would buy that steel now at three dollars and a half if he could.

At the outbreak of the war, steel mills were running at about 66 per cent. of their capacity. Then came the avalanche of war orders. The mills were asked to produce steel not only at 100 per cent. of their capacity, but at 106 per cent. Simultaneously, almost, came the announcement that our crops were worth the unthinkable sum of five and a half billion dollars. They had to be transported, and their transportation entailed still further demands on the steel mills — an additional 40 per cent. So, we have a total demand of 146 per cent. to be handled by a 100 per cent. capacity.

But have the steel mills made no effort to enlarge their plants? Of course they have. But to increase their output they in turn require structural steel in large quantities, not to mention metal for new machines. The steel industry is a monster which feeds on itself in times of prosperity.

Before the war the automobile industry never fully realized its true relation to the steel trade. It had come to regard itself as a gigantic consumer of steel; yet it had never absorbed more than five per cent. of the gross annual production of the country. It must compete keenly now not only with the warring nations — the most difficult kind of competition to meet — but with the railroads, the manufacturers of farm implements, shipbuilders, and the rest of those who consume the other 95 per cent. If it is to exist at all it must pay its pound of flesh in the form of a generous bonus.

When everything is going up rents and living costs must keep company. The price of cement, aluminum, oil, gasoline, belts, white lead and ten thousand other commodities cannot be increased without affecting the great public. Since a very important part of that public is grouped under the general heading, "laboring class," it is but natural that artisans should demand more wages. Economic necessity and not mere greed and envy of the profits made by munition-makers has occasioned the numerous strikes of which we have read in months past. The greater cost of living has brought with it a general increase in the wages paid to labor — an increase of about ten per cent. in the automobile industry. A manufacturer of motor-cars cannot pay 100 per cent. more for aluminum castings and twenty-five per cent. more for alloy steel, and finally ten per cent. more in wages and survive, without increasing the price of his product.

The millions declared in dividends each year by some of the larger manufacturing companies might lead one to suppose that the profits in automobile-making are enormous. They are anything but that. Only on very expensive cars, of which comparatively few are made, is the profit as large as 25 per cent. Profits on medium and low-priced models are enormous only because the volume of sales is enormous. Competition is so keen that only sixty dollars is made on some of the most widely known automobiles. Not more than seven or eight per cent. is earned on many a famous model costing less than fifteen hundred dollars. A manufacturer of sad-irons or clocks considers himself entitled to ten, twelve and even fifteen per cent. So small an increase as one per cent. in the production cost of an automobile must be reckoned with. When the increase is twenty per cent. and is therefore more than the actual profit, it requires no highly-trained financial intellect to point out the utter folly of attempting to maintain the established selling price without radically changing designs or shop methods.

But can such changes be made? No self-respecting manufacturer will cheapen his product. His good name and the reputation of his car are worth more than his capital stock. He dare not skimp. If he sees that his plant can be speeded up by installing a faster set of machine tools, he will be thwarted by munition-makers in his efforts to buy them. It is all but impossible to secure automatic machines of the latest type. Shrapnel makers contracted for them months and months ago.

Paradoxically enough the inefficient company may gain something because it can no longer buy raw material at the old price. Why? Simply because the progressive, resourceful, inventive manufacturer long ago simplified the construction of his car so far that it now comprises the fewest number of essential parts. He cannot eliminate a single bolt or nut; he cannot speed up a plant

Purdue University

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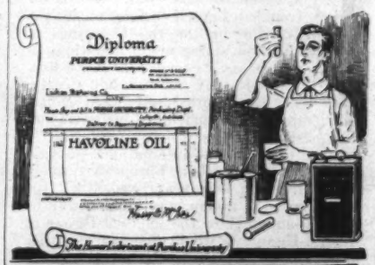

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already working at maximum efficiency; he must increase his selling price or face bankruptcy. But your easy-going, inefficient manufacturer, whose car is as complicated as a watch, whose production methods have never been minutely analyzed, will be prodded into improving his car and his methods. He can offset the rise in the price of raw materials by redesigning and simplifying his models, to their benefit, and by employing motion-study experts to cut down his production time and cost. Necessity is not only the mother of invention but of efficiency. Who knows but some slumbering manufacturer may be awakened by the booming of cannon across the water? Who knows but the war may bless him with insight? Who knows but his own shortcomings may be the foundation of his prosperity?

If he hesitates to increase the price of his car, the efficient manufacturer may decide to disregard the whims of fashion and duplicate his 1916 models in 1917. Automobile buyers hardly realize what it means to modify the lines and the machinery of a car year after year. Changes made because the latest mode must be followed entail an investment of princely sums in specially designed machinery, to make the new parts required, and in such purchased material as pedals, brackets, bolts, pipes, hinges, forgings, bars, and sheets. If, then, the old model is made another year, no new shop equipment in the form of expensive tools and fixtures need be purchased, and money can be saved by using the same specifications for the fabricated materials that an automobile manufacturer usually purchases from part-makers. Will that policy be followed? It is doubtful. Automobiles, like Paris gowns, must change in style from year to year—at least so automobile makers believe.

But why is it that some manufacturers will maintain their prices and others produce even cheaper models at a time when labor and material have increased in cost? Plants which are selling cars by the thousand each month are conducted by Joffres and von Hindenburgs. They know exactly how many frames, clutches, motors, carbureters, transmission shafts, radiators, foot-rails and fenders will be required a year hence, simply because a definite number of finished cars is produced every working day. Each machine-tool devours so many forgings or bars and ejects so many finished elements an hour. Material must be fed in an endless stream. It follows that contracts must be made with steel plants, saw mills, leather tanners, paint makers and brass workers to insure the delivery of supplies a year hence. Many of the inexpensive cars will be sold at the old price simply because of the favorable contracts made in 1915. Although this is Anno Domini 1916, the manufacturing conditions of 1915 govern, so far as the low-priced car is concerned. Thanks to this system one great Toledo manufacturer has not only been able to save three and one half million dollars in aluminum alone and another million in steel, but actually produce a newer car selling for fifty dollars less than anything he produced before.

It is barely possible that some very cheap cars may become still cheaper. The automobile industry is nurtured by general prosperity. In these piping days of war orders, when every shed in which a few machines can be installed becomes a factory for the making of ammunition and when every skilled laborer demands and receives an unprecedented wage, more money will be spent for automobiles than ever before. I know of one Cleveland grocer, who, a year ago, was selling his merchandise to sixty mechanics of a nearby factory — ten per cent. of the entire number. That factory now employs seventeen hundred men, and he still sells to ten per cent. of them. If arithmetic means anything he must be making more than twice as much money as before. Soon he will be an automobile buyer. And he typifies tens of thousands, who never thought of owning a car. If the absorption of low-priced cars has been extraordinary in the past two years, it will surpass in the present year the wildest dreams of optimistic prophets. With an output of over five hundred cars a day — and three times that number is the present capacity of the largest and most famous of Detroit manufacturers — the profit may be so very small that the rising price of steel, copper, and aluminum is not alarming.

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The Lone Rider

[*Continued from page 11*]

had gotten from a rancher was developing a saddle-gall, he explained, and he had gone in to get something at the drug-store.

"And say, Bill," he grinned, "it was lucky I did go. I got onto something — and I didn't have to tip my own hand to get it, either."

"Shoot," invited Bill, in much the same tone as when he had spoken the invitation to Wolf Masters. "Dope's what we need, right now."

Charlie unsaddled his horse, however, and rubbed on the stuff he had bought for the saddle-gall before he said any more. Then he came over and squatted beside Bill against the sheer rock wall which sheltered — and also shielded from view — their camp.

"Nothing that a few minutes more or less will spoil," he explained. "Come on, kid — I've got a tale to unfold. What surprises me is why the posses never got hold of it.

"Yuh know the fireman that got kicked by the mule? Darn idiot, to go foolin' around the business end of one like that, anyway! Well, he's outa the hospital, and taking a lay-off at some ranch out the other side of town. He came into the drug-store while I was there — wanted a prescription filled. First I got was the druggist joshing him about getting kicked, and him coming back with the remark that he wished he'd tackled the bandit and let the mule alone. He'd be better off, he said. So then the druggist went back to mix the medicine and I throwed in with the fireman. Sympathized with him a little, and remembered connecting with a mule once myself; and when we was both waited on we went across to the saloon and had a drink together.

"He told me all about the hold-up. And the funny part is, he remembered something he hadn't thought of before, he said. There was a saddle horse standing back from the track a little ways, just at the end of the cut. The headlight picked him outa the darkness when it swung around the curve. He told me the horse throwed up its head and looked at the train, and that it looked like it wore big goggles or something — the way its face was blazed, down around its eyes. He just got one good look, and then the engineer seen the mule on the track and reached for the air and they stopped right on top of the mule, almost.

"Of course, maybe he'll tell somebody else, and maybe he won't; but being fond of his booze, and me being free-hearted like, he's most likely weeping over his unhappy past, by now. I left him singin', 'Just break the news to mother,' and bragging what a fine school-teacher his sister is. He's visiting her outa town somewhere.

"And that," finished Charlie, "is all I got — but it helps some; don't it, Bill?"

"Sure, it helps! Helps a lot, from my point of view. More than what I got from Wolf Masters, even. I saw him, Charlie. He says rustling's bad around here — which kinda makes me think the fellows we want are on this side of the border, all right. How does Cobra strike you, Charlie?"

"Plumb snaky," Charlie replied promptly, and laughed with Van at the accidental pun on the town's name. "Good little place for a bunch of outlaws to hang out their shingle. What did Wolf tell you, Bill?"

Whereupon Bill Gillis, squatting on his heels with a sharp-pointed rock in his fingers, duplicated the crude sketch which Wolf Masters had drawn on the tail of his yellow slicker; duplicated the sketch and repeated the information that went with it.

"It's early," he said. "We'll eat and get down there and take up the trail where Wolf left off — if we can find it. There'll be a moon so we can get back after night easy enough."

DOWN in the rocky draw where the trail had been lost, the three dismounted and began a painstaking search of the little sandy patches between the rocks, where the hillsides were not absolutely inaccessible to a horse.

The kid, who took the western branch, first found old hoof-prints and called Charlie who was nearest. Charlie came and identified one wel defined print as having been made by the horse which had been left at the railroad cut. They got Bill, and the three went scrambling up a rock-strewn little cañon so steep that riding was quite out of the question. They worked their way to the top, and found themselves against a gray, grim, waterworn wall of rock. In the time of summer freshets this was no doubt a very picturesque little waterfall; but it certainly was never an outlet for man or beast from the wider arroyo below them. Swearing desultorily they scrambled back to the starting point.

"That," Bill decided after he had bent to inspect again a single hoof-print where a horse had set a hind foot down between two rock ledges, "that's likely Wolf's horse. Chances are he tried this draw, himself, before he turned back."

"If he did," Van objected, "where's his tracks? We've made tracks — lots of 'em. But there ain't any old ones except this one set, coming in here."

"Good point to make, kid," Bill conceded indulgently. "May not have been Wolf. May have been the outlaw himself. I've got it doped that he's played a lone hand from start to finish. Everything points that way. Cobra's a mean little place, all right, and there may be a gang in there; but this ain't gang work. It's one man — and that man's clever enough to work alone all the way through."

"WELL," hazarded Charlie Horne, squinting up the gulch through a thin haze of smoke from his cigarette, "if it was the outlaw, and he went up there and kept going, believe me, he flew!"

"In the night, too!" Bill pensively elaborated the puzzle. "Couldn't be done, boys. Well, we can easy find out if it was Wolf. I'll ask him, next time I see him."

"Wolf's a dandy trailer," Charlie observed, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with the back of his hand. "Kinda wish he was along."

"I guess we don't need any help," Bill retorted, quick to resent the implication of failure. "Wolf's a good man in the hills, but he ain't the only one."

"I don't care how good a trailer Wolf Masters is — I can spit on a better one," Van praised bluntly and inelegantly.

A lonesome-looking gopher crept out from under the ledge and blinked at them inquiringly. Van, reaching carelessly down for a pebble to fling boy-like at him, tangled his fingers in a piece of binding twine a scant yard in length. He he'd it up and looked at it, vaguely wondering how it came to be in such a place, miles away from any habitation or from the trodden trails of men. But he reached again and found a pebble and threw it. The gopher dodged back under the ledge, and Van giggled.

"Funny place for a string to be lying around," Bill remarked, and took the twine from Van and wound it into a little skein around two fingers. "Well, let's go, boys."

They left their horses standing there together and hunted every yard of the arroyo's sides. They found the outlets which Wolf Masters had mentioned, but it was plain that no horseman had used any of them since the last rain — which was long before the robbery. So they mounted, finally, and went back the way they had come, to the railroad. All along that trail the three watched closely for hoof-prints not accounted for by their own passing or the riding that way of Wolf Masters and the horseman he had trailed. There was nothing whatever to show that the outlaw had ridden cunningly back along that trail, and they crossed the railroad and went on, choosing the easiest shortcut to the main road which would give them smooth traveling to Cobra.

That night there was no dusk; for before the sun had finished painting gorgeously the sky and, in the lavish way which belongs to the West, flinging an opal-tinted radiance upon the earth as well, the moon was shining full-faced over the hills. So they passed insensibly from the sunset to moonlight, and not once was their horizon narrowed by darkness.

Bil Gill s dropped behind and rode slowly, trying to piece together the meager bits of information he had gathered. What had become of the outlaw after he had reached that draw in the hills? That he had actually ridden into it four men were certain. But where did he go from there? And how best could they go about their search for a horse whose blazed face so strongly resembled spectacles that the fireman had laughed when he saw it?

"Here's the trail, Bill," Van called cheerfully back to him after a while, and Bill hurried a little to overtake them.

Between them stretched one of those deceptively shallow washes which heavy rainfalls have dug into the softer patches of soil in the gullies where the water ran down to the lower levels. Bill happened to strike the wash at a place where the sides were sheer and crumbly. Van and Charlie, glancing back from the ridge where ran the wagon road, saw him turn and ride down the wash looking for an easier crossing. They did not wait, but rode on slowly, talking in that low monotone which does not carry far. So they did not see Bill stop and sit staring down at something plainly revealed in the moonlight at the bottom of the wash, and they did not see him dismount and pick up a small bundle and examine it hastily, and tie it behind the cantle of his saddle before he mounted and rode up into the road. He overtook them presently and they went on to camp, keeping well out from Cobra and meeting no one at all.

BILL did not mention the small bundle, but after the others had crawled into their blankets he untied it from his saddle, took it out from the shadow of the ledge into the moonlight and unrolled it.

What had first fixed Bill's attention upon the bundle was the perfect imprint of a horse's unshod hoof in a piece of burlap—he called it gunny sack—that seemed to have been rolled hastily up and thrown into the gully. Bill knew that there is only one plausible method of getting such an imprint, which is, tying the burlap over a horse's foot and letting him walk in it. When he investigated and found that the bundle consisted of four pieces, and that each piece had unmistakably been used to wrap up the hoof of a horse, he felt as jubilant as though he had stumbled on a bag of gold pieces. He remembered, too, the piece of binding twine which Van had found in that rocky little cañon and which had seemed so utterly out of place among the rocks.

Now the puzzle of the lost trail was absurdly simple. The outlaw, as Bill figured his movements, had simply ridden down into that draw where Wolf had traced him, and had pulled the shoes off his horse, muffled the hoofs in gunny sacks and had retraced his steps to the main road much as the three rangers had done that evening. It was no wonder that Wolf Masters lost the trail in that draw; no wonder that Bill Gillis and Charlie and Van could not find it. For whatever imprint the wrapped hoofs had left the first little wind would erase.

At any rate Bill knew now that the outlaw had come up into the road and had, for all anyone knew, ridden straight into Cobra itself. Bill smiled to himself while he rolled up the telltale squares of burlap and hid the roll under a pile of loose rocks near camp. Afterwards he made sure that everything around camp was snug for the night, and went to bed and slept like a dead man until daylight; for the time had not come for one to be always awake and watching, as was so often necessary in their work.

The next day Bill tried to see Wolf Masters in Cobra. But Wolf was afield on business of his own, and Bill's careful queries brought him no information as to his whereabouts. The men of Cobra knew Wolf. They drank with him, played cards with him, joked with him when he came to town — but they did not seem to know where he lived or where he went when he left them. Bill, knowing Wolf as he did, believed implicitly in their ignorance.

Van and Charlie were scouting here and there, hunting blazed-faced horses that had white patches circling down under the eyes. Charlie found three with blazed faces, but his imagination could not paint spectacles on any of them, he reported, save a pinto whose white patches on shoulders and chest quite overshadowed his peculiarly marked face.

Van discovered that the little schoolteacher, who was the fireman's sister, rode a blazed-faced brown pony. Purely in the interest of their quest, as he was careful to explain, he had ridden over to a mineral spring with her and helped her fill a water-bag and carry it back to the ranch where she boarded. During the afternoon he learned that the brown pony belonged to the rancher's wife, and was sixteen years old, and perfectly gentle, and that it had a pernicious habit of stubbing its toes when put into a gallop. It further developed, in the course of a rigid questioning by Bill, that the horse really was monocled rather than spectacled by the white patch. And it was terribly scared of trains, so that the little schoolteacher always waited behind a hill if she saw train-smoke in the near distance when she came to the railroad crossing.

Bill Gillis eyed the kid curiously and told him that the school-teacher might safely be eliminated from suspicion. Bill said he did not believe that she had held up the train, and he did not believe that Van need investigate that clue any further. And the kid, knowing perfectly well what Bill Gillis meant — having had some slight discussion with his own conscience on the subject of letting so flimsy a pretense take a whole afternoon away from his quest — colored guiltily.

"I can't see anything better right now than for you two to keep on scouting around for that horse," Bill decided, mercifully forgetting the school-teacher incident. "Cobra may not be his hangout, but I've got reasons to think he came this way all right. So you just scout around on the quiet like you've been doing — and Kid, them big eyes of yours see a whole lot more than you sabe, sometimes. Don't think anything is too small to notice, and don't forget to tell me everything you notice. Some mighty small happenings pan out the biggest clues. You know my motto — 'You never can tell!'"

"That's why I rode with Margy Wheeler ——"

"Aw, forget Margy Wheeler. She don't figure in this case ——"

"You never can tell!" Van flung back at Bill banteringly, and rode off giggling like the boy he was, because he had stopped Bill's mouth with his own pet truism.

Bill left soon after, riding by a roundabout way into Cobra. He had by now a good many acquaintances there among the idlers, and he had come to know a good deal about the town and the ranches around it. Without hitting upon the warm trail of the lone rider himself, he had heard a good many tales of mysterious robberies and hold-ups which had never been fixed upon anyone in particular. Always, when a glimpse had been gotten of the fellow, the description had tallied closely with that given by the express and mail clerks. The man was tall and broad-shouldered and bearded, and he was always alone.

Bill, in the next three days, was tentatively offered a chance to make some easy money — which chance he artfully shelved until his own "deal" was put through successfully or otherwise. He settled one fight, helped to staunch the wounds of the principal in another and wrote a letter to the near relatives of the loser of still another argument, asking where the body should be sent. He heard an acrimonious discussion of the best method of altering cattle brands, and was pleased to see that his opinion on the subject was received with some respect. But with all this he made no progress in his search for the lone outlaw whom it was his business to capture.

ONE day when he had played out his string of pool and had thought of a new story and was telling it to the tune of profane appreciation and much laughter, Wolf Masters, covered with trail dust and filled with a great thirst, came in and drank his beer while he listened to the end of the story, whereupon he came over and sat down beside Bill, and told one himself wherein the joke was on him.

Bill, feeling sure that Wolf wanted a quiet word with him, presently strolled out and up the street to the post-office, where Wolf's lean black, sweatier than ever but looking good for a hard trip still, stood with reins dropped at the hitching pole. Bill's own horse stood there, and Bill found something to do with his stirrup-leathers. So Wolf, coming up to get his horse and ride away, got the chance he wanted.

"Any luck down where I to'd you about?" he wanted to know at once.

Bill told him what luck they had in looking for tracks in that draw.

"Hell, ain't it?" Wolf looked up and down the street disgustedly. "And Cobra's just as blind a pocket, too, far as my work goes. I've been milling around here for four months trying to land a bunch of brand-workers. I know in my bones they're here, and I see their work in the hills, but seems like I can't get my hands on 'em, or any clue that leads to 'em. I've kinda got an idea this outlaw of yours is one of the gang. I don't know, though, — Cobra's mean enough to hold a dozen gangs."

"It won't hold quite so many, maybe, when we're through," Bill told him, more as a hazard than a prophecy. "There's some border work going on here, too. I've kinda

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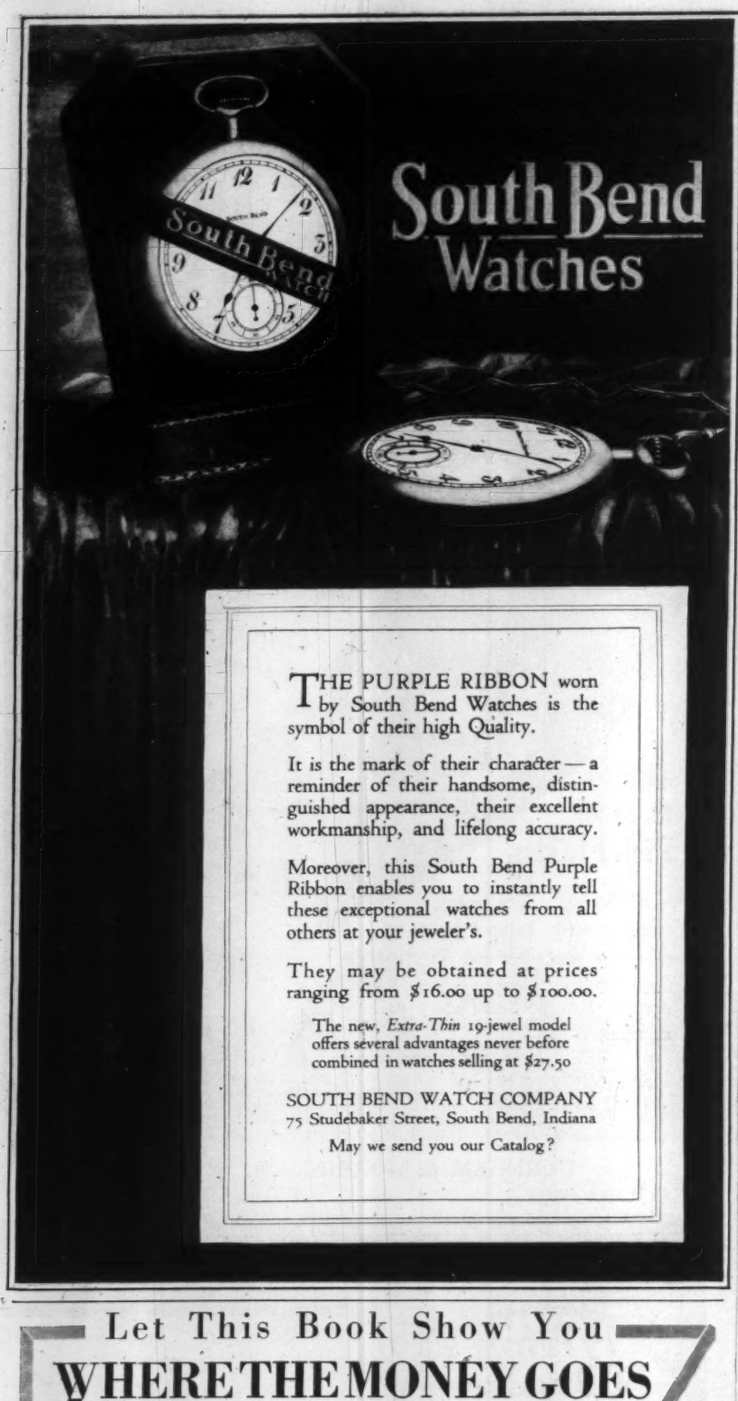

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got an inkling of that; but that lone outlaw I can't seem to place yet. Cobra don't seem to know anything about my cattle being stolen, either. But I'll bet you money, Bill, that I drink with the men I'm after, every time I ride to town. Why —" Wolf, leaning against the hitching rail, made himself a cigarette and proceeded to unburden himself of his troubles.

Incidentally he gave Bill some important information concerning Cobra citizens and the country immediately surrounding the village, so that Bill rode home thoughtful and feeling, as he had felt after his first talk with Wolf, that the day had not been wasted.

Charlie was waiting for him, fagged after a fast ride up from the border, where he had gone early that morning. He had struck the fresh trail of a saddle-horse, he said, and had followed it from a point a mile or two West of Cobra to the Rio Grande itself. The rider had been in a hurry, if the tracks told anything at all. He had lost them in a cottonwood grove, but he was sure the man had not crossed the river, for he had searched the bank closely for two miles and had not found a single track, of man or beast. Furthermore, he had picked up the return trail of the man, who had chosen a different route which brought him to the east of Cobra. He had ridden in haste as before — the deep, slanted prints of the front feet told that plainly enough. The only clue which could in any way assist them to identifying the horse, Charlie said, was a trick it had of changing its stride when it was loping, throwing first the left and then, after two or three rods, the right foot forward. "And," Charlie added slightingly, "only a greaser would stand for that."

WHILE the two were discussing the possible significance of this discovery, Van Dillon came walking in from where he had staked his horse. Bill knew at a glance that Van was bursting with news; witness the straightness of his back, the length of his stride, the pursing of his boyish lips, the bigness and the roundness of his eyes.

"All right, Kid — shoot your news," Bill grinned, "'fore you plumb bust with it."

"Aw — how do you know I got onto something?" But Van could not hold it back even long enough for Bill to reply. "Say, Bill, I seen something queer," he announced. "I was riding around back of town, next the sand hills. And I was coming down an alley to cut into the trail to camp, and I seen a horse tied in a tumble-down shed there. And just as I was riding past I heard somebody whistle — shrill, the way you do through your teeth. And, Bill, that horse throwed up its head and listened — and the whistle come again; and then it just jerked back and broke the string it was tied with, and busted outa there and up the alley. I took after it to the end of the buildings, and I saw it turn into a draw and go loping up it towards where the whistle sounded. And say! It was blaze-faced, all right — just the upper part of its face white and the rest sorrel. But I couldn't see as it looked like spectacles or goggles."

"How do you know it broke loose because of the whistle?" Bill's face was something of a study.

"Aw, how does a feller know *anything?*" the kid retorted impatiently. "He acted just like a person that heard a signal. When the fellow whistled back in the sand-hills, the horse just listened a minute and then beat it when the second whistle came. He was just tied with a piece of twine, and he broke that. I went back and looked around the place as well as I could without leaving any tracks in the dirt-floor — but I couldn't find nothing. There wasn't even any signs of horse-feed. He was just tied in there to a ring in the wall."

"All right, Van. I'll look after that horse. You better go with Charlie and scout along the border for that horseman he was trailing today. I can handle Cobra now, all right. Better take a little grub in case you want to camp on the trail. I'll sleep here, a-course, so you can get me, and if you don't run onto anything urgent, make camp every night. I might want you."

That night Bill lay awake, studying the puzzle of the blaze-faced sorrel. Since the horse had left for the hills just before sundown, Bill did not believe there was any chance that he would be there again before the next day. As he saw it, somebody felt it wise to appear afoot in Cobra, and to leave on foot. Once in the sand-hills, he called his horse, which was trained to come to the whistle. There was, of course, a reason for this. Bill believed that the fellow must know he was taking a risk every time he went into town, and that he might want to leave it in a great hurry — else he would have hidden the horse in some of the little draws in the hills. Supposing, for instance, that the man was at the post-office or some of the saloons in that immediate neighborhood; suppose Bill, or Wolf, or some other officer attempted to arrest him. It would be comparatively easy to dodge between buildings and make a run for the sorrel in the adobe ruin in the alley. Tied with a string, and trained to break that string, the horse was free to go the instant he jerked loose. To reach the broken wilderness behind the town was but a matter of a few seconds — and that meant freedom, if the man were being hunted through the town in the belief that he was trying to escape afoot.

It was clever — so clever that Bill felt as though the gauntlet had been flung down before him personally. It was as clever as the chaining of a packed mule to the railroad track so that the train must stop or be wrecked; and if it stopped, the attention of every man would be fixed upon the amazing features of the obstruction. It was clever as the riding into that rocky draw and then, pulling the shoes and muffling the hoofs of the horse, riding back again the way he had gone in, and along the main road towards Cobra. Bill was put upon his mettle. He wanted to demonstrate once more that a ranger can make good even against such guile as this fellow was showing.

On the other hand, there was the clue which Charlie had picked up. It might be that there rode the man they were after — to the border where he could receive Mexican money for the currency he would not dare show in this country. They could not afford to ignore the hoof-prints of the horse that changed its stride every few rods whenever it traveled faster than a walk. At first Bill intended to tell the boys his theory about the blaze-faced sorrel; but he did not, for fear that their minds might not be quite so alert upon their own quest if they knew of a stronger clue than the one they were following. Besides, he argued that both clues might lead to the same man — the lone rider who was big and bearded and uncannily clever in covering his trail.

At daybreak he was hidden in the sand-hills back of Cobra, watching through field glasses the alley and the dry wash leading into the hills. At sundown he was still straining his tired eyes unavailingly toward the place. Even when the moon rose, big and bright though a trifle warped from perfect roundness, Bill was easing his cramped legs as best he could and staring into the dry wash and at the alley and the tumbledown adobe with the great gaping hole which had once been the doorway.

He slept a little that night, after Van and Charlie had returned from a fruitless exploration along the river which forms there the boundary between Texas and Mexico. The next morning he went on watch as before, and got nothing for his vigil. Late in the afternoon he gave up for the time being, and rode into Cobra, perched on the counter of the general store — which was his favorite roosting place — and clicked his heels together while he told a funny story to those foregathered there; and afterwards got his mail and went his way. There was nothing to be learned in the town itself. Cobra was wary as the snake after which it was named — and in Bill's opinion it was very nearly as venomous.

He did not know how often the sorrel horse stood in the ruin; not every day, he was certain. But he circled the town and just before sunset reached his station again in the hills above the alley and the dry wash — and he was careful to leave his horse in a different place where the rocky soil and the scant bushes would receive the least impression of its trampling while he waited.

He stole to the rocky crest of a ridge and focused his glasses on the adobe ruin. There, blinking half-closed eyes in the far corner, one hind leg crooked and resting lightly upon the toe, hip sagging in that absolute relaxation which marks a horse familiar with his surroundings, stood the blaze-faced sorrel.

Bill shoved the glasses into their case and swore. He had hoped to see the fellow who rode that sorrel. With the glasses he would have been able to identify him as surely as though they stood face to face. The man must bring the horse there — since it could not tie itself to the iron ring. Just as certainly, he would not show himself there when he left town. Out in the hills somewhere he would whistle and wait for the horse to come. Bill knew better than to build any

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hopes upon catching him in the act; a man so clever would not be easily waylaid in the hills.

What Bill did was to get down to that ruin as speedily and as cautiously as was humanly possible. He went in, stepping carefully so as to leave no definite imprint of his boots — which were remarkably small for a man to be wearing and would betray him to anyone who knew him — and he made friends with that sorrel in just about two minutes of soothing pats and gentle scratching of the forehead. Then, too clever to untie the animal, he broke the string and led the horse out, being careful to shield himself as much as possible from view. In the dry wash he mounted and let the sorrel go where he would, while Bill himself used his eyes and his ears and kept his right hand within reach of his gun.

The sorrel struck that pace which Bill called a *poco-poco* trot, and went away into the hills, turning up an arroyo that led into rough country where no man was supposed to have an abiding place; where mother coyotes brought their pups boldly out upon the sunny slopes in early spring, secure in the knowledge that here was wilderness indeed. Dusk came swiftly down and hid the farther hills, and a cool breeze crept down from the chill *cimas* above.

It might have been an hour that Bill rode in this way, alert to every little twist in the trail, every little noise or movement of night-prowling animals. Then the sorrel turned sharply from the narrow cañon it had been following, and picked its way carefully over the rocks at the side of a deep gulch so narrow that it was no more than a split seam in the rough pattern of hills which Nature had joined in haste, perhaps. Bill eased himself in the stirrups ready for whatever lay before him.

PRESENTLY the horse turned and scrambled up a rocky bank overhung with scraggly bushes that made Bill duck low over the saddle horn. At the top they traveled for a few paces and then went scrambling down upon the other side of what Bill knew now for one of those low, narrow ridges that are like a crude wall of earth and rock, and frequently close the mouth of little hidden basins. One detail he noticed in that steep descent: The stirrups were not much too long for him, though he was a small man; which was to him a strong argument against the tall bandit being the owner of the horse.

The sorrel seemed to know exactly where he was going, for he stepped out more briskly, picking his way mechanically among the rocks. And Bill, testing the stirrups again and again, felt that he could make a very close guess at the height of the rider, which was another step forward in his quest. Then quite suddenly he came upon a little corral built into a niche in the sheer side of the bluff which formed the left wall of the basin. The moon, risen to where it shone full upon that side, lighted the enclosure and showed it empty and with the gate wide open.

Here, thought Bill, was probably the missing clue which held Wolf Masters back from solving the riddle of the cattle thieves that worked through this section. Here also was the home of the blaze-faced sorrel, if a horse's actions could tell Bill anything. The horse turned into the corral as a matter of course; stopped at a spring that seeped out from under a ledge at one side, took a swallow or two of water and made straight for a feed-box on the farther side of the corral and nosed it expectantly.

Bill dismounted and made haste to put himself in the shadow of a ledge while he surveyed the place. If only one man made this place his headquarters, that man was safe in town — or, at the worst, on his way out afoot. If there were more than one, it behooved Bill to be careful. Once he was sure that the corral held only themselves he left the horse nibbling desultorily at some scattered wisps of *sacate*, and began a hasty inspection of the basin itself.

In the first place, he saw that it was little more than a wide, flat-bottomed gulch and that if the sorrel were kept there permanently all of its food must be carried into the place, since there was no grass. This meant that the horse was probably fed grain mostly — which would make grain sacks and twine the commonest thing in the basin. He did not find a trail anywhere, and if he had he would have avoided it as he would the plague, for fear of leaving his boot prints there. But he followed the strip of shade over the rocks to another brush-filled niche in the bluff. Before even his alert senses warned him of a habitation he found himself almost within arm's length of a cabin built of adobe and rocks.

Bill backed quietly away until he had put the distance of a long pistol shot between himself and the cabin. Then he slipped across to the opposite side of the gulch and made his way up it until he faced the hut. The moon was higher now and it lighted dimly the cabin front, revealing a closed door and a window. Within there was no light, nor any other sign of life about the place; but Bill, to make sure, shouted a peremptory hello. There was no answer save the echo of his call; and, time being rather precious to him just then, he went warily back and tried the door. It was not locked, and he went in and after a minute which he spent with his hand on his six-shooter, he lighted a match and looked around him. The one window was heavily curtained with the burlap which was beginning to seem the most familiar feature of this case. Very good, thought Bill, and applied the match calmly to a lamp that stood on a table near the door. If the master of the house was satisfied with his window blind and felt safe behind it at night, there was no reason why Bill should be afraid that a light would betray him.

With the lamp in his left hand he began a search of the cabin, for he very much wanted to know who lived here. Someone did, since a pot of freshly-cooked *frijoles* sat on the primitive hearth of the crude stone fireplace at the back of the room. A few dishes stood in a neat row upon the shelf; and Bill, before he looked farther, made sure that there were only two plates and one cup — a solitary man's meager outfit.

Bill examined the narrow bunk, looked under it and pulled out a pair of boots of the largest size that a shoestore ever carries in stock. He gave a little grunt and pushed them back again. Lying across the end of the bunk was a loose, dark overcoat. Beyond that, in the niche formed by the stone chimney, hung a yellow slicker such as practically all rangemen own. Bill took down the slicker to see if anything hung beneath it. The wall was bare. His arm was outstretched to hang the slicker back upon the peg, when he suddenly changed his mind and threw it down upon the floor; for between two rocks in the chimney-side dangled a bit of red string such as banks and express companies use. Not more than an inch long, it looked to be, but when Bill stooped and pulled at it inquisitively a good eight inches came out. Then the string held fast, and he put the lamp on the floor and began pulling at the rocks themselves. One rock seemed to move in his hands. He studied it for a minute, gave a lift and a twist to the left, and with a grin laid the rock on the floor beside the lamp.

It was the old, old artifice of a secret recess in the chimney, and Bill, reaching into it eagerly, was not in the least surprised at what he found. Indeed, he would have been puzzled and disappointed had he not brought out a package of bank-notes, and he would have been amazed beyond words if their numbers had not tallied exactly with the numbers of the stolen currency taken from the train at Dry Devils.

Bill was accustomed to getting what he went after; but kneeling there with ten thousand dollars in his two hands, he felt as keen a thrill of exultation as Van himself would have experienced at the discovery. The diabolic cleverness of this lone outlaw had first piqued Bill's interest, then his pride; and now, to have trailed the fellow to his cabin, to have found his secret hoard . . .

That reminded Bill to look farther. He laid the money down on the dirt floor and reached farther into the chimney, touched a buckskin bag and pulled it out; a bag of gold pieces, this proved to be. He dared not take the time to see how much was there, and he dared not wait to see what were the little, hard lumps like dried peas in the bottom. He guessed that they might be jewels, however, and dropped the bag into his coat pocket.

He thrust his hand into the hole again and tangled his fingers in what proved to be a brown beard made up carefully of real, human hair. This did not astonish Bill in the least, for he had all along suspected that the beard was merely a part of the disguise. Nor did the cork heel-lifts which he next pulled into the lamp-light surprise him. When he noticed the length of the stirrups on the sorrel horse, he had known that the man he wanted was not unusually tall. The subterfuge of the beard and the heel-lifts merely matched the cunning of the false trail down toward Dry Devils and the muffled hoofs that traveled back — back to this very cabin, as Bill knew now without any shadow of a doubt.

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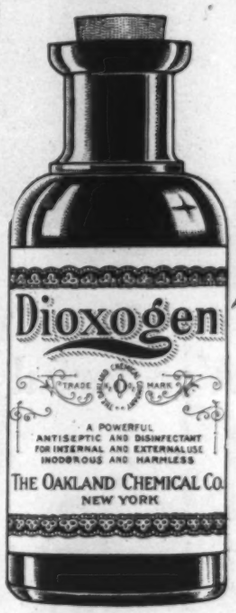

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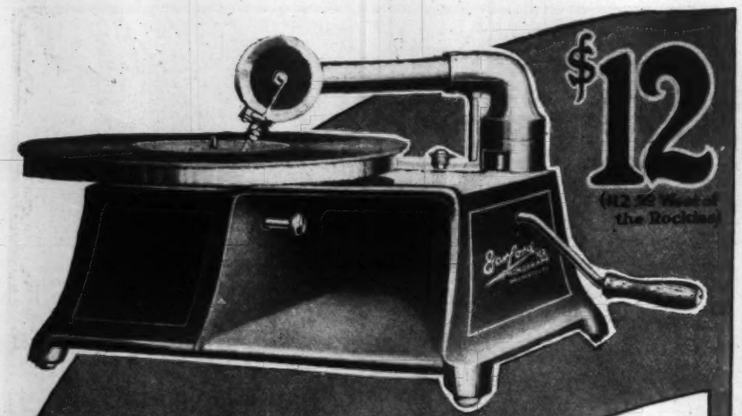

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Very likely, thought Bill, he would discover that he had, as Wolf complained, touched glasses with the very man he was seeking; probably the lone outlaw had laughed at Bill's stories — perhaps he had beaten him at pool, since Bill was not much of a player. "You never can tell," Bill muttered under his breath, and thought of Van Dillon and grinned.

It occurred to him that it would be just as well to put a little distance between himself and this spot, unless he meant to wait here for his man; and if his man came straight to his hidden camp after finding his horse gone, he would not be "running true to form," as Bill expressed it to himself. Bill decided to leave everything as he had found it, except that he would carry the contents of the chimney cache away as evidence. He would take the sorrel back and leave him in the wash, so that if the fellow discovered it there he would believe that the horse had for some reason broken the string prematurely.

Bill carefully replaced the loose rock and even made sure that an inch of the red cord dangled outside. For all he knew this might be another bit of cunning on the part of the outlaw, and Bill was too clever to leave even so small a sign to warn the fellow.

He stooped to pick up the slicker — and of a sudden his muscles set themselves in the rigor of a paralyzing amazement. There, just as he had flung it hastily aside, the slicker lay with one corner turned back; and in the corner was a tiny scorched spot the size of a pea, with faint pencil-markings radiating from it in a hasty, well-remembered sketch of the trails and arroyos down Dry Devils way.

BILL groped dazedly behind him, found a bench and sat down upon it, and hid his face in his two hands. He hated to think; yet in very mockery of his misery little sinister memories marched through his mind and damned Wolf Masters with their significance. Wolf! Who but Wolf was clever enough to work alone and unsuspected of all men? Wolf, who rode here and there and everywhere, hunting down cattle thieves for the Association that employed him; doing his work faithfully and well, yet finding it a convenient mask for his own criminality.

Bill tried to believe that the slicker had been stolen and brought here to this cabin; tried to believe that Wolf was not guilty. But there were the heel-lifts and the large-sized boots, and there were the stirrups on the saddle which Bill had ridden out — stirrups just about the right length for Wolf. More damning still, there was Wolf himself — his reckless optimism that had led him into many a fool-hardy exploit when the two were boys together; his trail-craft, that would give him so great an advantage over those who might pursue, and his position as brand inspector, that would make his movements unquestioned. In his heart Bill knew that Wolf was the man they were hunting.

He raised his head and glanced around the room, and looked at his watch. It was time for him to go, unless he wanted to face the issue there in that cabin. Reluctantly he picked up the slicker and hung it beside the chimney — and, his movements were sluggish, like an old man who has lost all heart in the game of life. He carried the lamp to the table and set it down just where he had found it, and took a last, heavy-eyed survey of the cabin. Nothing betrayed his presence. He blew out the lamp and went out, pulling the door shut after him, and went doggedly down to the hidden corral.

In the shadow of the rock ledge the sorrel horse was nosing hungrily. At the sound of Bill's steps it threw up its head and glanced at him startled — and in the full light of the moon its face wore an odd effect of spectacles. Bill's throat contracted with the dull ache which misery brings, but he went on to where the horse stood waiting. In a minute he mounted and rode away to Cobra with his chin sunk upon his chest, and with his mind steeped in bitterness.

At the stockyards which straggled along the railroad just south of the town, an engine was puffing black balloons of smoke into the yellow sunlight of early morning, and shunting empty cars down the siding where were the weather-blackened loading chutes. With tally sheets fluttering in his fingers and his hat pushed back upon his head and a cigarette in his lips, Wolf Masters stood on the platform between two chutes, inspecting brands and counting the shipment as it was his duty to do.

Now and then one of the cowpunchers, whose work it was to force reluctant cattle up the chutes and into the cars, yelled a hoarse sentence at him above the clamor, and Wolf would grin and wave a hand — or, if he caught the words, would shout a reply. But with that wariness which had come to be second nature, he still found time to watch furtively the road that ran past the yards.

Therefore he saw Bill Gillis come jogging down the trail beside the track. He glanced down the platform to the far end of the yards, where his lean, black horse was tied, and cursed inaudibly because that far pen was not the one that was being emptied into the cars. There was no tangible reason for this desire. He had not seen Bill since that afternoon in town, and he had not been alarmed when the sorrel appeared a little sooner than he had expected the night before. But, argue against it if you will, there is an unnamed sense which warns sensitive persons of coming crises, and it warned Wolf now.

He began edging down the platform while Bill was yet a rifle-shot away, in spite of the fact that Bill rode alone and at his accustomed *poco-poco* trot. (Bill rode alone as a matter of policy, and because Van and Charlie had failed to show up in camp the night before; and he rode at his habitual easy trot so as not to alarm Wolf — though all his instincts were for hurrying through with the heart-breaking duty which fate had given him to perform.)

Wolf turned to hand his tally sheet to the shipper and make some excuse for quitting his post. To him, at that moment, Bill Gillis was not the schoolmate grown to manhood's unquestioning friendship. He was a Texas Ranger riding unexpectedly — not up on Wolf Masters, brand inspector performing the duties of his office, but to Wolf Masters of the secret cabin set against the wall of a little hidden basin in the hills off there to the West; Wolf Masters of the long night rides and the wolfish hunt for adventure and gold.

The shipper was across the chute, roaring at his cowpunchers because a lunging steer had fallen and refused to get up and was blocking the chute and delaying the loading. Wolf climbed to the overhead plank and started across just as Bill Gillis jumped from his horse to the end of the platform.

A dozen reasons might have taken Wolf across the chute at that moment; but Bill knew, the instant he saw him hurrying across the plank, that Wolf was running from him. He knew it as surely and as instinctively as Wolf knew that the time had come to run or to fight. Without a word Bill started after him.

He saw Wolf drop to the platform and push a man or two aside as he made for the next chute. This one being empty, as was the pen below, Wolf whipped around the end next the train and ran down the incline into the empty yard.

Bill halted, glanced across the yards to the main line of the railroad and saw what Wolf was aiming at. A heavy freight train was just pulling out for the run to Del Rio — starting, with much puffing and straining and an occasional slipping of the big drive wheels on the engine, up the slight grade that made this particular stop the bane of engineers. Bill whirled and sprinted back to his horse, made a flying leap into the saddle and leaned to pick up the dropped reins. He whipped around the end of the stockyards and raced after that train, trying, as he went, to pick out the car which Wolf would be likely to catch. He overtook the dingy red caboose, passed it and went on, gaining a little at every leap. He wanted to catch the car which Wolf would be on, since Wolf could not possibly expect Bill Gillis to do anything more than chase him across the yards — and there Wolf knew he had the start that spelled safety.

The engine, having strained past the hump in the grade, began to yank the train over it with increasing speed. Bill did not risk riding further upon his horse; he leaned and caught the hand-iron on the rear of the car that was sliding past him, and left his horse and trusted to luck and hard muscles. He dangled for half a minute, and then he swung his feet to the iron below, and climbed up to where he could look along the swaying car roofs.

There was Wolf, standing in the middle of the car just ahead of this one; standing with his six-shooter aimed straight at Bill's hard, gray eyes. The horse, veering away from the train when Bill left the saddle, had warned Wolf. Bill stopped where he was, and the two stared at each other.

"Don't go making any foolish play like that, Wolf," Bill admonished in his friendly drawl that had a hardness beneath it.

"You drop off, Bill, while you can," Wolf advised whimsically, all his dare deviltry brought to the surface. "Better not crowd up on me. You know what I'll do."

Bill, for answer, climbed calmly up until he stood upon the running board. "Have some sense, Wolf!" he cried impatiently. "Shooting me won't get you anything. I've sent my report and a lot of evidence to headquarters already. Be a sport and take your medicine."

"Why, Bill," Wolf expostulated in a grieved tone that was not half as mocking as he tried to make it, "Bill, I always thought you was a friend! Why, you'n me used to play hooky together — and get licked for it with the same stick!"

"Things," Bill Gillis pointed out grimly, "are different right now." And he added, "I've got you dead to rights, Wolf; the money and the whiskers and heel-lifts and the horse and the gunny-sacks you wrapped his feet up in — I've got it all, Wolf."

"Damn you, Bill, I oughta kill yuh!" In his eyes as he spoke was the cold scrutiny of his namesake, the wolf.

"Aw, have some sense!" Bill repeated, walking forward until only the space between the two swaying cars separated them. "Put these on and don't be a fool. A ranger can't back up for friendship or anything else. You know it, Wolf." Bill did not attempt to draw his gun. To do that was to die, and he knew it. He did slip the handcuffs from his left pocket very casually, so as not to mislead Wolf into thinking them a gun.

"Me put on handcuffs?" Wolf laughed sneeringly. "You sure are crazy with the heat, Bill. Plumb crazy. Listen. Can you figure me giving up and going to jail? *Me*, that can't take any comfort except in wide open country! Can you?"

"I'm figuring on doing what I set out to do," Bill retorted. "Go ahead and argue — you're at the end of the trail, and you know it."

Wolf's face hardened, and Bill braced himself mentally. Wolf raised the gun until he was looking along its barrel into Bill's eyes, that would not waver even then. "It's you or me, Bill," Wolf said between his teeth. "I'll never rot in jail!"

The hammer came back under Wolf's thumb. His eyes stared into Bill's while he breathed twice through whitened nostril that quivered. From the look in Wolf's eyes, Bill knew that death was within a few heartbeats. The certainty steadied him. With a whimsical humor he smiled his sudden-sunshine smile.

"Adios, Wolf," he said cheerfully. "Damn it, I like yuh anyway!"

Wolf winced, but the gun did not waver a hair's breadth in his grip. Only his eyes softened and then quite unexpectedly they blurred with tears.

"The devil, Bill! *I* can't shoot yuh," he muttered plaintively and flipped the gun-muzzle back against his teeth.

Bill jumped the gap and caught him while he was reeling there on the running board — an unsightly, limp thing that sagged sickeningly in Bill's arms.

Three cars behind them, a brakeman came running, and shouted as he ran. Ahead of them the engine whistled raucously for a crossing. Bill heard neither sound. He knelt there on the running board and hid his face against Wolf's quiet breast and thought how bitter hard is that stern mistress — Duty.

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IN a ditty known among cowboys the West over and sung at night to quiet many a herd of wild range cattle, the crowning feat of Sam Bass and those "bold and daring lads" who were his followers is proclaimed in these lines:

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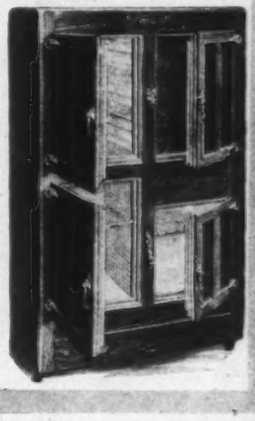

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Am I My Husband's Keeper?

[*Continued from page 15*]

him. I will move over his belongings in the morning. When I mentioned that his shaving-stand would leave an ugly space by the north window, Ned suggested sending me a cheval glass, a real luxury to a woman. He is so thoughtful,—and yet—for eight years I have watched him shave by that north window!

November 9th: Mother came in as I was arranging Ned's things in the yellow room. I started to explain that my restlessness kept him awake, but right in the middle of it I went to pieces. If one can't admit the truth to one's mother, how is one to retain her reason? And I had to talk. I have borne this cross in silence for six weeks. Mother does not see it as a tragedy in our lives. She talked in her calm, even way about self-control and one's duty to one's children. Duty! I am hedged in by it—and outside the pale is what I once had—great, absorbing, all-satisfying love and joy.

November 15th: Ned is going to Washington to argue the Hinchman case. For three years we've waited for this—our second honeymoon. We've planned to stop at the same hotel where we went eight years ago, with rice popping out of our clothes at the most awkward moment. Ned insists that I shall go with him. He'll take the best care of me says this most devoted of husbands.

November 18th: I came home, leaving Ned in Washington. It was the only thing to do. So much depends upon the success or failure of this case. I could see, with hideous clearness, that my presence interfered with his work. We must always be on guard with each other. We play hide-and-seek with our emotions. The wife who was once his inspiration is now a mere care. He is afraid of hurting my feelings, yet he must hold me at arm's length for my own protection. And I knew he needed to concentrate on the hearing. I merely told him that I felt anxious about the baby—that a bottle-fed baby is such a care. He looked his gratitude—and that hurt worse than even the most considerate of husbands could appreciate.

November 23rd: Ned brought me a bracelet studded with sapphires, to compensate for my interrupted visit. He kissed my hand as he slipped it on my arm. Perhaps all men do that when they give a bracelet to a woman, but it seemed an odd thing for Ned. It chilled me. It was so different from the old way. The old way! Centuries ago, that was.

December 1st: Ned asked me to come to his office today to sign some papers. As it was almost noon, he invited me to stop with him for luncheon. I was telling him how cunning Elizabeth had been in her bath this morning, when I suddenly realized that he was not listening. His glance was following a stunning-looking girl on her way to the door. Never before since we married have I seen my husband look in that interested way at another woman. He did not answer my remark, but merely asked for his check. I turned so faint and dizzy that I could hardly rise.

December 6th: Junior woke me last night, crying out in a bad dream. As I came back from the nursery, my night light shone through Ned's open door. He lay on his side with his back to the light. I crept in, just to look at him in his sleep. I stood staring down at him for several long, wonderful minutes. He is so fine, and big and strong. Why must I, his chosen one, fail him?

He never speaks of the barrier between us or the doctor's verdict, but, as I stood there, he suddenly flung out his hand and gripped the pillow where my head ought to have been. Then he seemed to sense its emptiness, and he sighed, a long, shuddering sigh. If I had not clapped my hand over my mouth, I must have screamed. Before I realized what I was doing, I had blown out the light and was creeping close to those dear, empty, yearning arms.

Then I *remembered*. Stumbling and swaying, I made my way back to my room. But I could not sleep. Finally I ran to the nursery and carried Helen back to my room. With her cool, small hand in mine, I could regain my self-control; I must never forget the children. I brought them into the world. I owe them my life.

December 15th. Ned telephoned that he could not come home to dinner tonight. An out-of-town client. This has happened before, and I have always wished him success, but tonight the words caught in my throat.

Is it a client? I don't know why, but I recalled how his glance had followed that stunning woman in the restaurant where we lunched together the last time.

December 17th: Mother is here today. I suggested that perhaps I should give Ned a divorce—even go to another State, if necessary. She was quite shocked, and reminded me that I had married a gentleman who would never bring disgrace on his wife and children. He would always show me the proper respect.

Respect! And I have had his love! Then she said that in time marriage comes to mean something better than mere romance—an established domestic habit. I sometimes wonder if I am really her child!

December 18th: Fraser makes all my gowns now. We fairly ooze prosperity. She has just sent home a marvelous creation of sapphire velvet for Mrs. Barclay's tea in honor of the Hayes's bridal party. I am to pour.

December 20th: My sapphire velvet was the sensation of Mrs. Barclay's tea. I could not resist the temptation to keep it on until Ned came home for dinner. I wanted to hear him say just once more that I am beautiful, that he is proud of me. He was bending over some papers in the library, when I swept in, crying, "Look! Isn't this the most beautiful frock? Do you like me in it?"

I waited for his answer in a sort of panic. A woman may dress to make other women jealous, but she craves most the admiration of the man she loves. He sprang to his feet, overturning his chair, and stretched out his arms. In a second I was clasped to his heart, in the dear old way.

"Then you *do* like me in it?" I persisted, when I could find my voice. Oh, I was starving for his praise!

"Like you in it? My God! in that color you are the most beautiful creature in the world! Do I like it?"

Then his voice broke. And when a man sobs—I never want to hear the sound again. In a few minutes we were far apart—he was holding me off, his arms like steel.

"I must go—" His voice was harsh, his eyes were averted. "I—I have a business appointment."

I heard him cross the hall. The front door closed. I was alone, a dead thing swathed in shimmering velvet.

December 21st: I have seen Dr. Payne again. I told him I would no longer be my husband's wife in name only. There must be something in medicine or surgery to protect me. In reply he talked of the law and medical ethics. What right has he to bring laws and ethics between husband and wife who love as we love? With so much matrimonial misery in the world, happiness like ours should be a sacred thing, to be kept alive like the flame on an altar. Shall we women demand the impossible of our husbands, that smug medical men may say, "Behold, my hands are clean!" Shall we force temptation upon our husbands that the medical profession may preserve its ethics? They're all wrong, such laws, such ethics!

January 31st: The children and I will spend the cold weather in Florida. This is the first time I have left Ned alone in the city. He says he will join us for a fortnight if business permits.

March 10th: Home! I found the house filled with flowers, and a new grand piano in place of the old upright. Ned seems absorbed and absent-minded. He is looking for a partner. His practice has grown wonderfully.

March 14th: Ned has gone to Washington again. We did not even discuss my going with him this time. He sent me flowers before he left. He never forgets to do the kindly, courteous thing. I am beginning to feel happier. The children are so lovely.

Perhaps Mother is right. Marriage is a habit and more lasting than the mighty emotion of Love.

March 17th: Molly Prentis, of Washington, dropped in today. She is as clever as ever, but chatters incessantly.

"That cousin of Ned's is a tearing beauty, my dear. No doubt he'll tell you how I swooped down on them in the tearoom of the New Willard. I saw her blonde head, so like yours, and when I found it was not you, I was completely bowled over. She wasn't what you'd call cordial to me, but good-looking women don't *have* to exert themselves. Who'd have thought of finding blondes in Ned's family! He is so dark."

It is wonderful how a woman can lie to save her pride.

"She's only a distant cousin," I answered, "and I have a cousin who is as dark as a Spaniard."

I don't blame Ned for taking a good-looking woman to tea. I don't blame him for fibbing to Molly and preventing gossip. I don't blame him for anything. I cannot. He is so gentle, so thoughtful of me. He never stays out evenings. I know where he is night and day. I refuse to be suspicious and jealous. He loves me and his children.

Mother is right. He is a gentleman.

March 19th: This is my birthday. Ned brought me an exquisite band of pearls for my hair. When I tried to thank him, the words died in my throat. I could only stretch out my hands to him. The pearls fell to the floor.

"I don't want jewelry!" I cried. "On my birthday I want your arms about me — your kisses on my lips."

When I looked at him, I could have torn my tongue out by the roots. He had turned fifty. His face was lined and gray. Then he kissed me very gently, and left the room. I wore the pearls at dinner; but I did not ask him how he liked them in my hair, and he offered no comment.

I cannot endure this any longer. I *will* be happy. I *will* possess my husband's complete and undivided love so long as I live, whether that be ten years or ten months. This existence is living death. Any woman, honest with herself, knows that when she thrusts her husband from her arms, there are other arms eager and less worthy waiting to receive him. That is the way of men, and my husband is no different from other men.

April 17th: Ned is going fishing with Mr. Barclay and several other men. This is the first time he ever planned a vacation without consulting me. I tried not to show the hurt, but he saw it. He took my hand in his and said: "They are a fine, wholesome lot of men, Nell. Try to understand that it might be worse. I need — a few weeks in the open. I am not feeling quite myself."

Strange, I had not noticed it before. He does look worn. He is losing his boyish enthusiasm, and his eyes are too brilliant. I remember once meeting a young Jesuit priest who had the same tense lines around his mouth, the same gleam in his eyes.

I will look up Ned's fishing-clothes. They must be in one of the attic closets.

April 20th: He has gone. He took his bags to the office this morning but at the last minute he came in the machine to tell me good-by. He really acted as if he hated to leave, which made me unreasonably happy. It gave me an unexpected sense of security. After all, I am his wife.

The machine was hardly round the corner when I picked up a book of his favorite flies that had fallen from his pocket. I knew I could catch the train if I took a taxi, so I had one called while I flung on my things. But I did not give him the book of flies, after all. As I started to step from my taxi, I saw him standing at the curb — with a woman — just such a woman as Molly Prentis saw with him in Washington. He looked annoyed and a little stern. I could see she was pleading with him. He shook his head and tried to help her into her taxi. She must have said something that angered him, for he threw back his shoulders, and, turning without a word, crossed to the waiting train. She flung herself into her cab, sobbing angrily. Then I was suddenly aware that my cabby was still holding the door open for me. I told him I had changed my mind and huddled back in the darkest corner of the cab. Not for worlds would I have had Ned see me.

I don't know what this woman is to him, but she has no hold on him — yet. And such a creature as that never shall. I must save him from her and from himself. He could not care for a woman like her. Only to protect me — Oh, if only I could talk to someone who would understand and not condemn him. I must have help — I must have more light. . . .

Her hair is not pale gold — it has a reddish cast.

May 3rd: Everything is unreal — impossible. That silent little figure in the cold nursery is not our boy — Ned's and mine. Our real boy, with his father's laughing eyes and teasing voice, must burst into the door, and tell me that it is all a dream. There was no automobile accident, no gaping crowd, no ambulance-doctor bending over our Junior. Ned will be here very soon. Father telegraphed him immediately. My husband will tell me it is all a mistake.

May 4th: I am preparing myself to meet Ned. I will have to tell him just how it happened, and I know that he will listen, dry-eyed and calm.

Junior and I went for a drive on the Bluff. I was at the wheel. An enormous express van skidded. I saw it coming, and turned my car. But the great creature crowded us against the bank. When I woke up, Junior lay across my knees. Something was trickling into my hand. Ned's only son was dead. And I can never bear him another.

June 20th: I am feeling much better, but a change of climate seems advisable. Southern California is soothing. In California divorce laws are very simple. Only a year's residence is required. I feel I will never know peace until I set Ned free. I will not discuss this with Mother — with anyone. They would all talk about dignity, self-respect, social duty, standing. I can think only of saving my husband's body and soul. He has the right to a wife who will fill his life in every phase. If I were dead, no one would criticize him for remarrying. So the wife in me shall die. The mother will live for the children he has given me. When they are old enough to understand, I will explain.

June 23rd: Dr. Payne called in a friendly way, he explained, to say good-by and to recommend a physician he knows in our new home. I can't remember clearly what passed between us. I think I must have told him the truth about these past eight months of misery and wretchedness which he refused to relieve, that he might live up to the standard of medical ethics. I cursed the medical knowledge that he would not use to save our love. He was very white when he left me. I must have been very cruel, but he took everything out of my life, this man of science and ethics — who protected his own wife but not me — everything: love, faith in my husband, peace of mind, wifehood itself.

September 14th: Elizabeth, child of love, is a year old. I have bought a home in Los Angeles. Nearly three months of my year's residence have passed. The details of my divorce case are all settled. Ned will permit it to go by default. He is not even fighting to hold me. And he is right! I am not the sort of woman to be satisfied with marriage founded on expediency. Neither he nor I could ever live a lie. I would know — and he would know that I knew. I want him to be free, to be as happy as it lies in him to be after this tragic year. He will marry some fine woman. And when I know that all is over between us, I, too, may be at peace once more. Perhaps I will be a better mother. "Am I My Husband's Keeper?"

And I have work to do — a big work for my sex. Here, in this State, where women vote, I mean to organize the fight against the unjust law which makes it impossible for a wife and mother to protect herself against excessive child-bearing. When repeated child-bearing becomes a menace to her life or her health, when it robs her children of care and companionship, when it raises a barrier between her and the man who loves her, then she has a right to knowledge concerning birth control, the same right that she now has to protect herself and those she loves from contagious or infectious disease, white plague or black. With other women who have paid the price of ignorance, I will fight to raise the ban of silence now laid on the family physician by the law and ethics.

For who shall say that a woman is free when she suffers under the curse of knowledge withheld? More light — more light for my sisters, my daughters — their husbands!

For every woman is her husband's keeper!

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